



Collier's

MARCH 25, 1944

TEN CENTS

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INVASION LIES • By SIGRII
A WARNING FOR AMERICA

Mar. 25, '44

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

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The OWENS-ILLINOIS Radio Program
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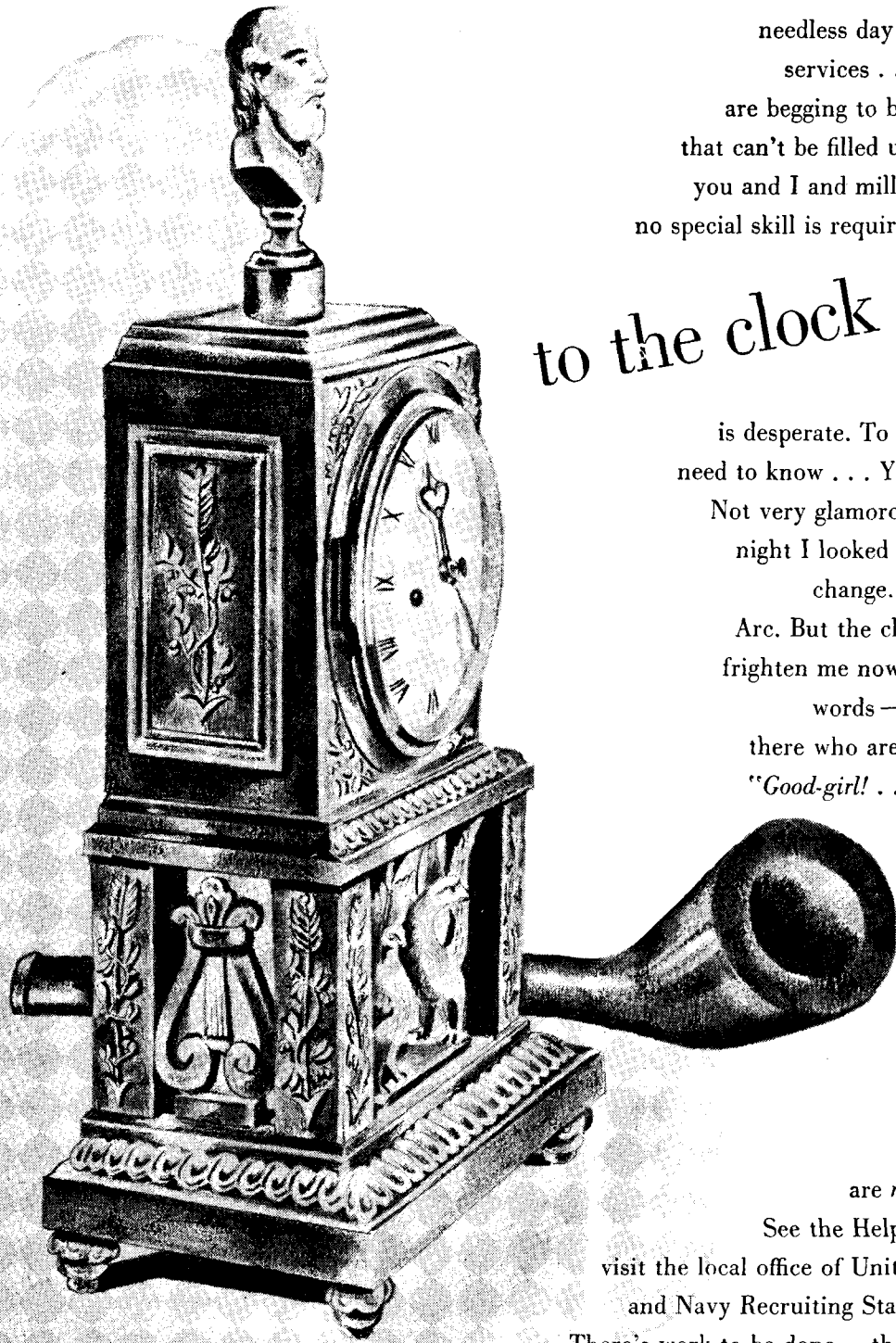


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"Last night

I listened



to the clock . . .

• Have you a clock that talks? Ours does — has ever since I married Jack. "Hap-py . . . Hap-py . . . Hap-py!" — that's what it always said to me until the time he left to fight. Then we — the clock and I — were left alone . . . Since then it haunted me. "How-long? . . . How-long? . . . How-long?" . . . it kept on ticking. How could a woman answer that? There is a way. Not one that will set the day, month and year when all our enemies will finally be beaten — but a way to help make certain that the date of victory shall not be extended one single, needless day! . . . *Work!* Work in war industries . . . in the armed services . . . in any one of the hundreds of essential jobs that are begging to be filled. The jobs that must be filled. The jobs that can't be filled unless we women do it! . . . They tell me that you and I and millions more of us are needed . . . that no special skill is required . . . that the need

is desperate. To me, that's all I need to know . . . Yesterday I got a job. Not very glamorous. Just a job. Last night I looked into the mirror. No outward change. No halo. No resemblance to Joan of Arc. But the clock knows the difference. It won't frighten me now . . . Last night I heard it using Jack's words — words spoken for millions of our men out there who are counting on us helping here. "Good-girl! . . . Good-girl! . . . Good-girl!"

Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before — are skilled or untrained — makes no difference. In most communities there's a job waiting for you . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants — in the armed services — in the hundreds of different-type jobs in essential business — you are *needed* to overcome this desperate emergency.

See the Help Wanted advertisements in your newspapers — visit the local office of United States Employment Service or Army and Navy Recruiting Stations — make inquiries among your friends . . . There's work to be done — there's a war to be won!

The more women at war . . . the sooner we'll win

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Mar. 25, '44

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

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Album M-963.....\$3.50



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Album M-965.....\$3.50



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ANY WEEK

SOMEWHERE near Pueblo, Colorado, there's a hot dog and hamburger stand which has flourished for several years under the name of New Deal Lunch. Anyway, that's what we hear from Mr. Harry Coleous of Denver. But Mr. Coleous says that the proprietor has been drafted and that his wife is in charge. She has decided to change the name of the place and has offered a free meal to anyone with a suitable suggestion. But appended to the new name, she proposes to add a few words of her own, to wit: "Same old baloney, though."



SOME of our correspondents are trying to drag us into a psychological argument about censorship. For example, Mr. Frank B. Boarder of Macon, Georgia, would like our opinion on: "What happens to a previously normal man when he becomes a censor?" But we're too busy. Maybe he was always that way and never got a chance to demonstrate. A censor, says Mr. A. J. Onderdonck who commutes thirty miles daily to his work in New York City, is a guy who in civil life always reads his train neighbor's paper over the latter's shoulder. A censor, says Mrs. T. Bride of Evanston, Illinois, is a fellow who never got any mail of his own and is now making up for lost time. Censors, writes a G.I. Joe (pfc.), are —. Nope, we can't print that. Now who's a censor?

ALSO, we have a few nice samples of what a censor can do when he gets the hang of things. A gentleman in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, informs us that some time ago he wrote to a friend in South America. Of course, his letter was censored. But therein he wrote of having been invited to speak at a meeting, specifying the kind of meeting. His friend wrote back enclosing his censored letter and hoping that the

meeting was a success. "What kind of meeting was it?" his friend asked. The censor had deleted the word Republican. Furthermore, a lady in Gallup, New Mexico, recently wrote to her husband whose letters have, for some time past, started with: Somewhere in the South Pacific. So in replying, she thought it would be very funny to start: Somewhere in New Mexico. But the censor didn't think it funny. He cut out New Mexico.

A GENTLEMAN in Alabama wrote to his ration board: "This is no foolin I got to have it dear gentlemen. This stove is a wedding present we got twenty-five years. The back is broke and the front is fell out and no front or back grate which is all burnt out with fire. So the ashes is in the bread when we cook a meal gentlemen which you can't eat and living with my wife is getting so it is more than I can do much longer without a stove as she is onto me with both feet so that I am sick for a month this coming two weeks now. I am trying to do but this is too much gentlemen as you will see if you want. What I want is a new stove."



AT LEAST one of our readers is just about fed up with oratory and resolutions calling for "a just and lasting peace." He is Mr. G. W. Orminger of Miami, Florida. Mr. Orminger advises us that if the peace is just, it won't last, and if it's to last, it must not be just. "Just to whom?" demands Mr. Orminger with some heat. "Just to the Nazis, to the Japs? No, what we need is a lasting and absolutely unjust peace. The moment we give these bums a break, we're serving notice to all to get ready for another war. I'm in favor of letting China police Japan for about ten years and Russia police Germany. That's what I call justice. And China and Russia will make it stick." .. W. D.

THIS WEEK

MARCH 25, 1944

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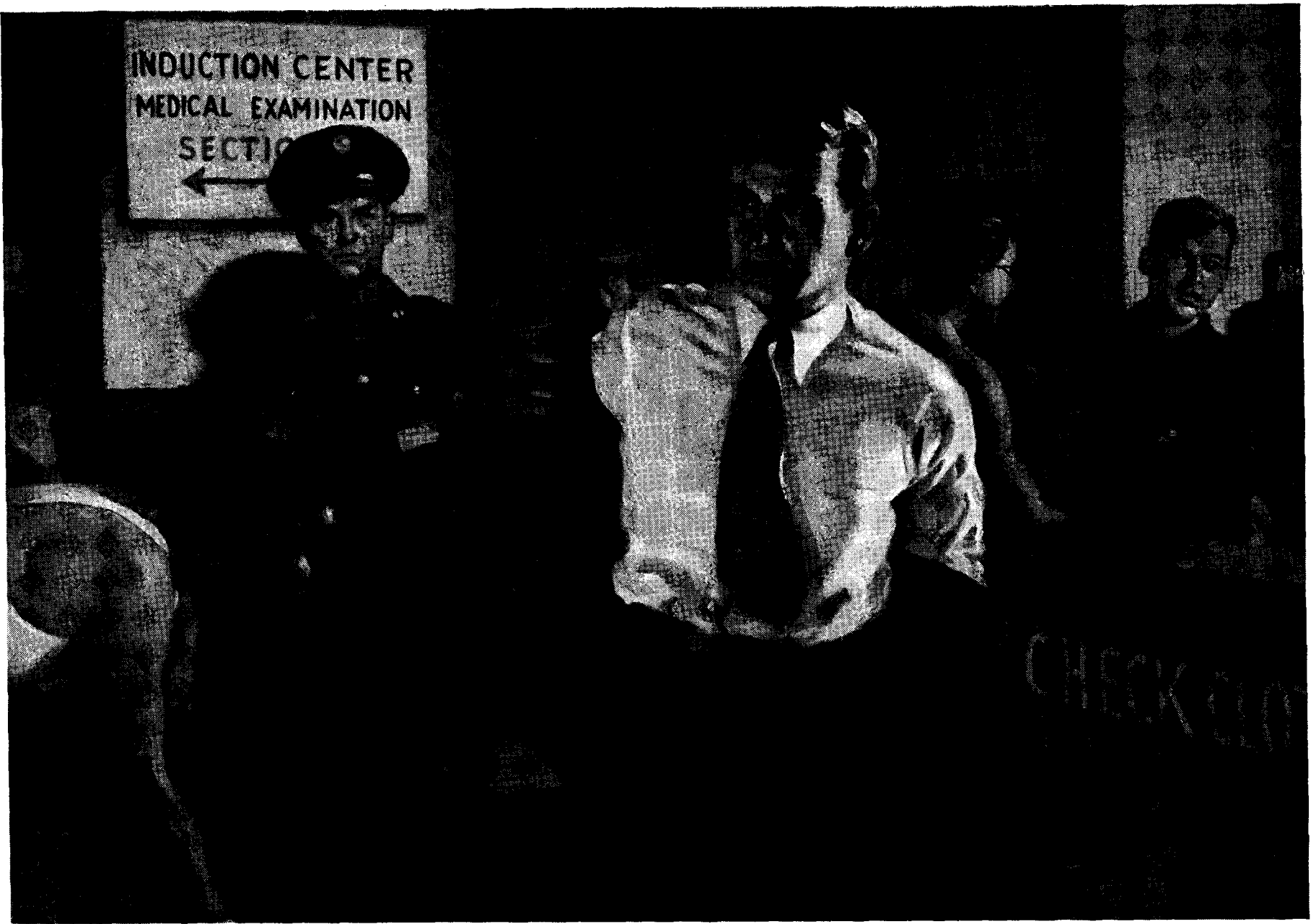
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COVER

MUKY STU DIC

Vol. 113, No. 13. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944 The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William F. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, \$3.00 a year, two years \$5.00, three years \$7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage, \$8.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



Who'd guess he'd be fighting Tuberculosis—instead of Japs?

NOBODY guessed Bob would be turned down. A strong, healthy boy like that!

But the eye of the X-ray saw what human eyes could not see—that Bob had early tuberculosis. Luckily, with the help of a sanatorium he will almost certainly be cured.

What is true of Bob is true of thousands who have tuberculosis—*many don't even suspect it*. Yet every tuberculous person may be a danger to his family, his associates, himself.

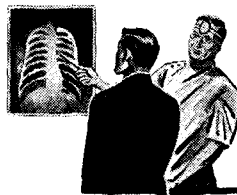


Tuberculosis is contagious. The crowded living and working conditions of wartime are particularly favorable for spreading the germs. Tuberculosis germs find easier victims when general health is low because of overwork, improper sleeping and eating habits, or the strain of war.

The best precaution is *keeping fit*, plus *regular physical examinations including chest X-rays*.

An X-ray of your chest can detect tuberculosis before other symptoms become apparent—often before it becomes contagious. The usual symptoms—

a persistent cough, chest pains, blood-streaked sputum—may come very late. Then cure is slow and difficult. Loss of weight, touches of indigestion, a constant tired feeling may mean tuberculosis.



Unfortunately, State health departments and tuberculosis sanatoriums report that some patients are forsaking health institutions for jobs in wartime industry—thus gambling away their chances of recovery, and exposing others to infection.

Tuberculosis is dangerous to all ages, but particularly to young adults. Girls in their teens or early twenties should be especially alert to the danger, doubly so if working long hours. Elderly people with coughs, "bronchitis," or "asthma" may have the disease. If you or members of your family have been in contact with a tuberculous person, see your doctor.

Remember that tuberculosis can usually be cured—if *discovered early*. Tremendous progress has been made. Thirty years ago the death rate among wage-earning families was 220 per hundred thousand people. Today it is about 40. On request, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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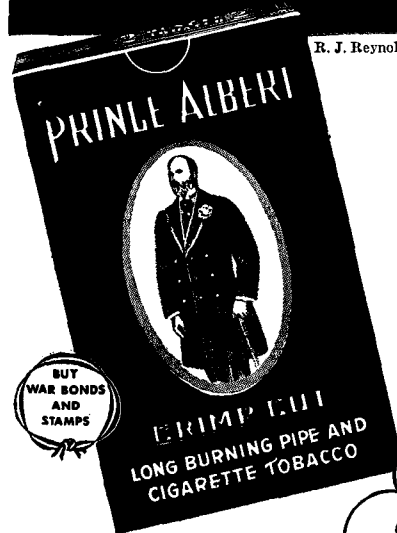
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*PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Because some 50 American crops are either materially enlarged or entirely dependent on fertilization by pollen brought by honeybees, the value of these insects to agriculture is probably more than 20 times the value of the honey they produce.

More than a quarter of America's 8,000,000 fighting men cannot vote this year because they are under 21, the minimum voting age in all states except Georgia, which permits 18-year-olds to vote in all elections.—By Betsey MacDonald, Springfield, Mass.

After retirement, an officer of the regular Army remains under the jurisdiction of military law and may be tried and punished by a court-martial any time during the rest of his life for violating any Army regulation including the use of contemptuous or disloyal words against the President of the United States.

Outside of their homeland, the Japs today hold territories having a total population of 310,000,000 or 43 per cent more than the 217,000,000 persons in the lands invaded or dominated by the Nazis.

Many American airports are installing a new ceilometer, which will enable them to determine accurately the ceiling over the field during the day as well as at night. The device consists of a phototube, mounted on a telescope, which measures the height by triangulation when pointed at the spot of light thrown on the cloud overhead by a projector 1,400 feet away.

The major source of amusement for 2,500,000 persons living in 5,000 villages throughout this country are the "traveling movies" presented from time to time by road showmen either in their own tents or a local school or church, usually for one night only, at admissions ranging from 10 to 25 cents.

Among mammals, the extremes in weight at birth are found in the baby opossum, which averages 1/140th of an ounce, and the baby blue whale, which averages seven tons, or 31,360,000 times as much.

Until 1928, more Democrats than Republicans made contributions to their respective national committees. But in each of the past four Presidential campaigns, Republicans have made a total of 307,868 donations, nearly half again as many as the Democrats' 209,853.

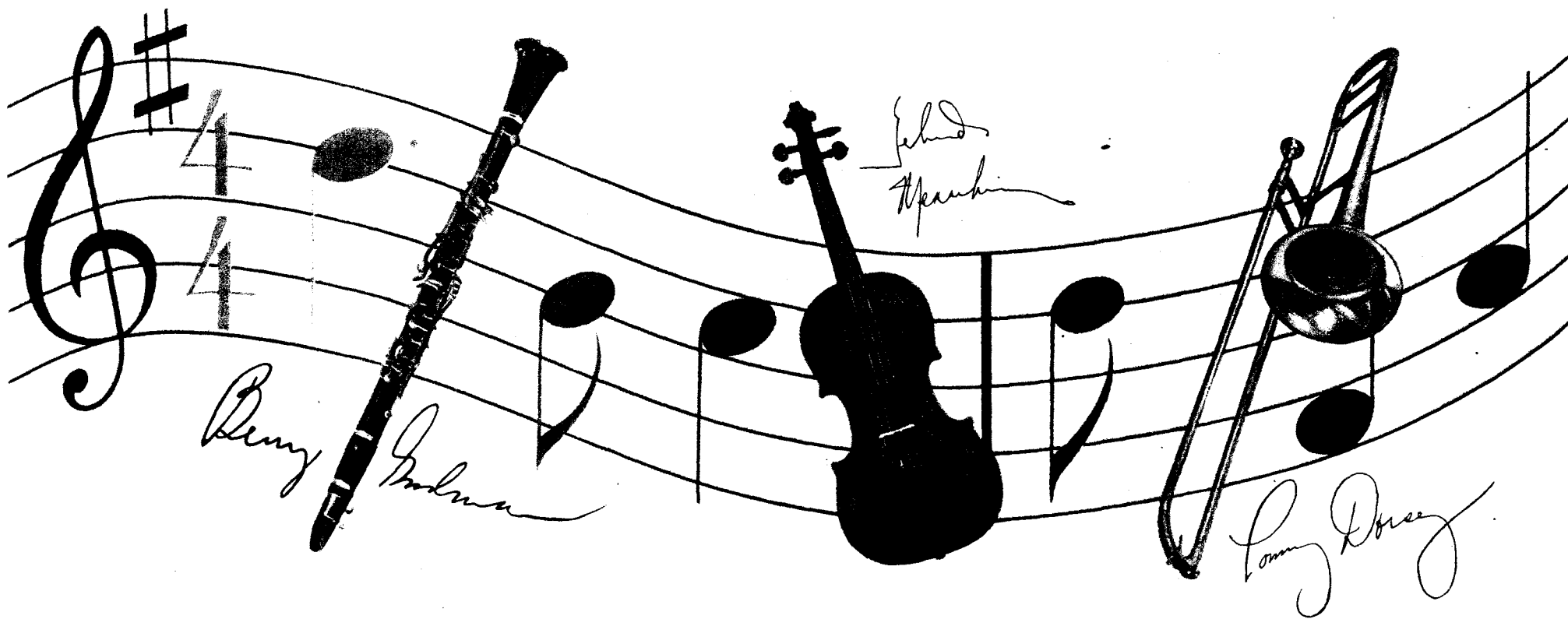
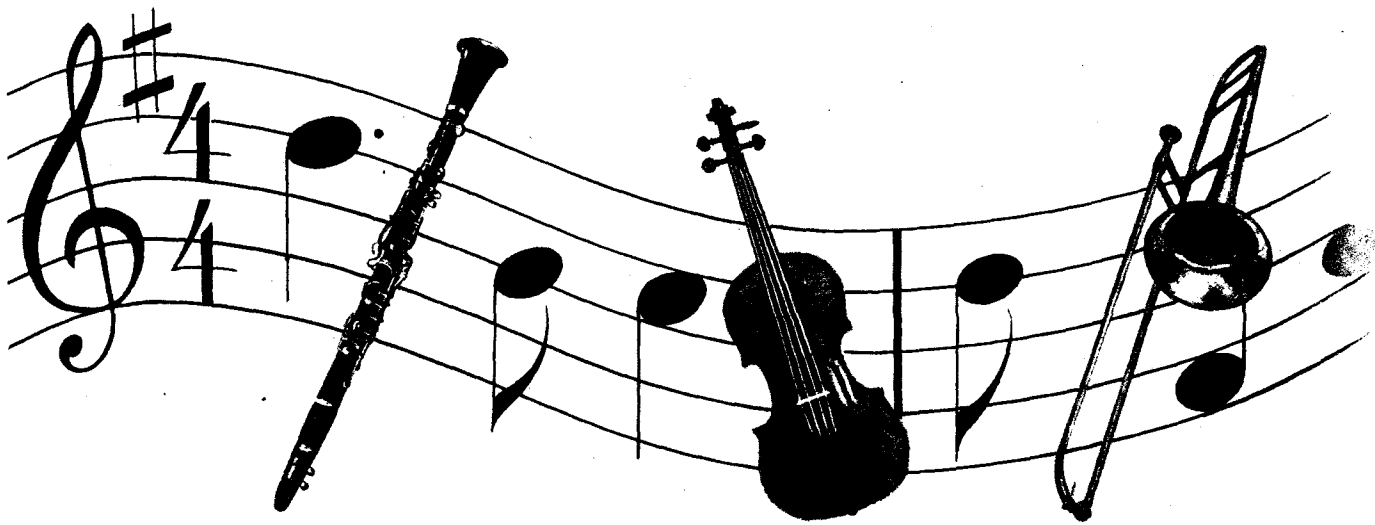
About 2,600 "independent" miners in Pennsylvania still dig and sell more than 2,000,000 tons of anthracite coal a year from property owned by large collieries, despite the war that has been waged against them for almost a decade. Recently, they organized and even sent an appeal to Washington for help in stopping further action against them.

Since 1500 B.C., there have been 55 republics, 21 of which had disappeared before the outbreak of the present war. Of these, the republic of Venice lasted 1,196 years; Genoa, 802 years; and Carthage, 704 years. The three oldest republics today are San Marino, 1,059 years; Switzerland, 653 years; and the United States, 168 years.

Although the House of Representatives has had 435 members since 1910, today 21 states have 34 fewer members, and 14 states have 34 more, owing to two reapportionments.

When beaming certain short-wave broadcasts from London, the BBC uses an antenna that has a backward radiation powerful enough to carry the program to countries in the opposite direction. For instance, the broadcast that is focused daily on Egypt, Arabia and Abyssinia also covers Iceland.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



Only FM radio brings you these artists in glorious "NATURAL COLOR"

FM is the *only* radio that duplicates in your home the human voice or a musical instrument as it actually sounds in the broadcasting studio!

Not just "something like" the original. Not just a good reproduction of it. The *real* Lawrence Tibbett or Nelson Eddy or Lily Pons, the *real* Tommy Dorsey or Yehudi Menuhin or Benny Goodman — in glorious "natural color"!

Music broadcast over conventional radio is *not* the music the artist sings or plays. Engineers say that "overtones" are missing. It's as though the very high notes, and the very low notes, got lost on the way from the station to your house — and only the middle notes reached there.

But on a General Electric FM radio, *all* tones and *all* overtones come through magnificently! Special transmission apparatus and your General Electric FM receiver do what radio has never been able to do before. You are not listening to an improved radio, when you hear General Electric FM. You are listening to a *new kind of radio*.

All General Electric radio equipment now goes to the armed forces. But after Victory, the General Electric FM radio-phonograph will be an even finer instrument than it is today! Prices will be low for such standards of quality. And whether you buy a G-E FM radio-phonograph, G-E conventional radio, a G-E portable, or a G-E battery-operated radio, you

can look forward to many years of pleasure from it! *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

• Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

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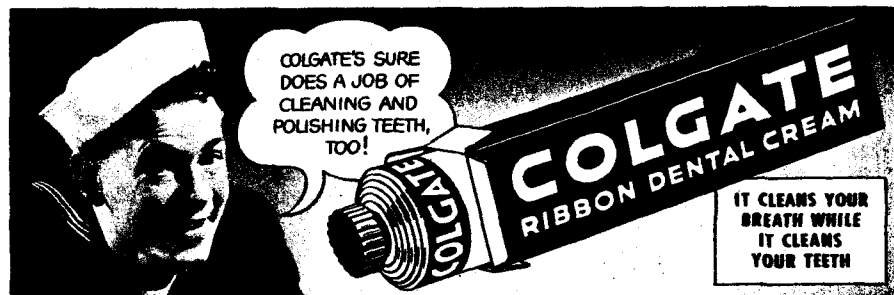
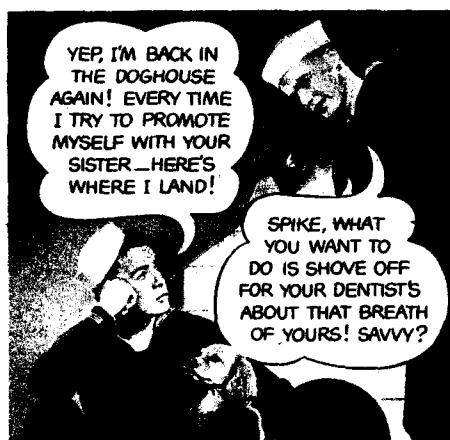
Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



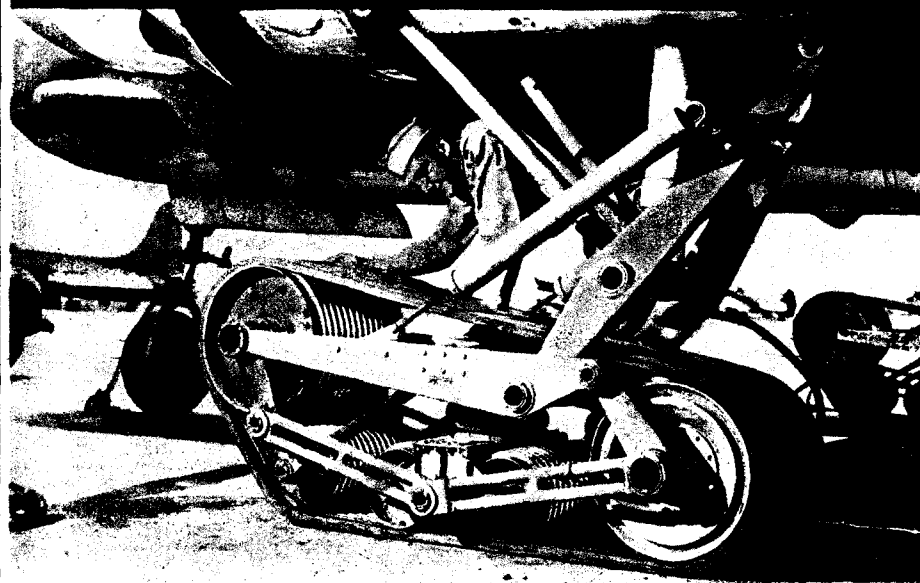
We've Got a Lot in Common!

DOG HOUSE



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WING TALK



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Called "The Flying Runway," this new landing gear enables heavy planes to land safely in rough terrain at speeds up to 120 mph

HALF-TRACKS as landing gear for heavy bombers and airliners of the immediate future are practicable if the world-wide operations of these types continue to require landings and take-offs from remote places where hard-surface runways cannot be readily provided. So far, the theory and practice has been satisfactorily demonstrated by the combined efforts of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, the Dowty Equipment Company, Timken Bearings and the Army Aircraft Laboratory at Wright Field.

The half-tracks for airplanes work on the same principle as for heavy trucks, except that the continuous tread is a smooth, wide rubber belt mounted on five wheels which resemble cylinders, two of them large—fore and aft—and three smaller ones in the middle. To avoid hauling this big hunk of built-in headwind through the air, provision is made to retract it under the engine nacelles.

First work on a half-track for aircraft was installed on a Fairchild PT-19 primary trainer, with moderate success. Then it was tried on a Douglas A-20 twin-engine attack plane of tricycle landing gear, but no steps were taken to make a half-track for the nose wheel. When the 20,000-pound A-20 was tried on a beach with very loose, fine sand, the half-track sank only two inches, but the nose wheel was entirely covered, and it was impossible to take off. This meant that on tricycle-landing-gear-type airplanes, provision must be made to half-track all of the wheels, a problem with some complications.

However, when the A-20 was flown, it was landed at speeds as high as 120 miles per hour. The lessons learned from the A-20 installation convince the enthusiasts behind the project that big ships of 50,000 pounds or more, preferably without tricycle landing gear, can be equipped with half-tracks to land on sandy beaches, marshy ground and other soft terrain that would guarantee a nose-over or ground loop with planes designed for hard-surface runways.

OUT in the suburbs of Chicago sits a tall, lean, gray airman of other days, fighting back from a long illness and leafing through his records. One, in particular, tells how on February 27, 1920, he flew to a new world altitude record of 38,180 feet and was the first person to penetrate the stratosphere; how he came within seconds of losing his life and his valuable scientific findings; and how, when

he returned to earth, his flight dispelled all doubts as to the practicability and future of the turbosupercharger which at this moment is helping those B-17s, B-24s, P-38s and PBV-4s to stay high above the enemy and his flak as they drive home their missions of the day.

February 27th, twenty-four years ago, is the highest historical milestone in a long line of aviation achievements credited to Major R. W. "Shorty" Schroeder, six-foot-four pilot, mechanic, engineer and elder statesman of aviation. Yet his anniversary and the epochal date in aviation history can hardly mean much to the youngsters operating high above the world, because most of them weren't born when Shorty Schroeder determined that the upper air held unlimited possibilities for successful military and commercial operations and that he was going up there to find out for himself.

ESTABLISHING the highest point then reached by man in a power-driven aircraft was incidental to the more valuable and less colorful achievements which this and other high-altitude flights of his gave to present-day aviation. The turbosupercharger, abandoned at the end of the first World War, was rejuvenated early in 1919, and a handful of farsighted men worked quietly at the McCook Field in Dayton.

These included the inventor, Doctor Sanford A. Moss, of Lynn, Mass.; Colonel V. E. Clark, noted aeronautical engineer, of Culver City, Calif.; Major George E. A. Hallett, chief of the Power Plant Section of the old Engineering Division, now of La Mesa, Calif.; Mr. A. L. Berger, Army civilian engineer, of Wright Field; Mr. Edward L. Pratt, also an engine specialist, of Wright Field; Mr. George W. Elsey, of Western Springs, Ill., who flew as Shorty's observer on many of his test flights; and Shorty, who was chief of the Flight Test Section, another designation for the Army's chief test pilot.

But in the words of Major Hallett, now retired from the Army: "In spite of our determination to develop the turbosupercharger, the work of Doctor Moss in making and improving them, and the work of my organization, we could very easily have failed to keep the project alive if we had not had Major Schroeder as our test pilot and at our council table during the critical first eighteen months to two years of this development."

(Continued on page 57)

True Yesterday—

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For more than 30 years, Plymouth has been building cars that have always been ahead of the line. And now, with the special tools and techniques of modern engineering, Plymouth is building cars that are "ahead of the line" in every way.

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For more than a quarter-century, the name "General" on the sidewall of a tire has spelled the best it was possible to buy.

Today there is in production a proud new exponent of General's *Top-Quality* tradition. Gruelling tests have proved that this new General Tire delivers the same kind of performance that has made all Generals famous for mileage and safety.

But, remember—the tires on your car are still very precious. You must make them *last*.

Ready to help you is your local tire expert—your General Tire dealer—with repairing, General Tire-Kraft System recapping and mileage advice.
The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GIVE TO THE
RED CROSS WAR FUND



—goes a long way to make friends



William Joyce, Brooklyn-born bogus Englishman, better known as Lord Haw Haw, will be one of Germany's propagandists taking part when the invasion begins



Jane Anderson will broadcast especially for American and British mothers, imploring them to stop the war and save the lives of thousands of their sons

INVASION LIES

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

How will the German propaganda machine combat the coming invasion of Europe? A famous correspondent, with many years' experience in Germany, tells you what to expect as soon as the Allies have landed on western Europe

WHEN the invasion forces of the United Nations make their first landings on the beaches of western Europe, the Germans will launch the most comprehensive propaganda offensive ever conceived. It will be a campaign of lies, rumors, half-truths and intrigue, carefully prepared and expertly disseminated by a vast army of Nazi propagandists. It will be aimed particularly at the peoples of Russia, Great Britain and the United States, and its purpose will be to undermine their confidence, and to divide and set them at one another's throats.

If the initial campaign fails to create disunity, or to produce feelers for a compromise peace, Adolf Hitler and his

henchman Goebbels will play their trump card. We may then expect Hitler to make a thundering, spectacular speech, broadcast to all the world.

He will describe it as "a last peace offer." He will plead for peace and good will, and his heart will bleed for tortured mankind just as it has always done when he dickered for concessions. But mingled with his frenetic mouthings will be threats and dire prophecies.

He will threaten to spread germs and poison gas. He will threaten to burn the looted treasures of Europe. He will threaten the Allied armies with terrible "secret weapons." He will threaten to raze Athens, Paris, Rome and other great cities of unique historical importance. He may threaten to blow up half the globe by atomic disintegration; German propagandists have frequently hinted that Nazi scientists possess that secret. Like the pagan gods of the Nazi pantheon, Hitler will threaten to bring the world crashing down in ruins if he himself is to succumb.

Despite the activities of certain political figures and the resurgence of several so-called isolationists and peace movements, we have withstood remarkably well the preliminary barrage of German propa-

ganda which got under way during the past winter. To some extent, these sighting shots presaged the coming destruction of Europe. A London dispatch of February 16th interpreted the reported formation of new German military units, known as "destruction commandos," as indicating a determination to destroy everything of value. But, in general, the barrage consisted of innumerable reports, carefully planted in neutral countries, about the new and terrifying secret weapons devised by the Germans.

Gas Rockets and Fire Bombs

Most of us probably read such stories as this Associated Press dispatch from Stockholm, dated February 8th: "Another alleged German secret weapon—a rocket shell covering the target with a blanket of heavy gas ignited by incendiary bombs—was described today in a Zurich dispatch to the *Dagens Nyheter*. The dispatch said the shell could be fired from a rocket gun at a great distance, and the gas, inflammable but not poisonous, would be touched off by a fire bomb dropped from a plane."

Then we've heard about the many other

types of rocket gun, the radio-controlled airplanes, the silent aviation engine, the atomic bombs, the horrifying paralyzing gases and, of course, the death ray, a hardy perennial which has served the German propaganda machine well since the end of the first World War.

American correspondents on duty in Berlin since 1919 heard periodic reports about discoveries that boded ill for Germany's enemies, and most of them included tales of the death ray. Nearly every informant we had told us of secret experiments on the outskirts of Berlin. Nazi scientists, they said, had erected a tower from which rays were sent out, strong enough to stop motorcycles one mile, three miles, four miles away.

Stories about the death ray were especially prevalent in the summer of 1939, when Hitler was trying to get Poland without a fight. But when Poland was conquered without its aid, our informants either claimed to have forgotten their old tales or admitted that the ray had proved to be ineffective against airplanes.

When the invasion starts, there will be another deluge of stories about the horrors of the death ray and the other secret weapons. They must all be taken with



Specialists will handle Germany's peace offensive, in preparation since 1940. One for the U. S. is Newspaperman Colin Ross, here shown with his wife

Another U. S. specialist is Robert Best, correspondent, who declined repatriation to remain in Germany

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Coincident with the invasion, Henchman Goebbels will pull out all the stops for Hitler's "last peace offer"

EUROPEAN



something more than the proverbial grain of salt. Remember that the Intelligence services of the United Nations are not exactly asleep; it is to be supposed that they have accurate information about what the Germans are doing.

Remember this also: It is a fact that the Germans have not developed a weapon or a machine which the scientists and military experts of the United Nations have not been able to duplicate and improve upon.

The Germans know as well as we do that the invasion of Europe will mark the beginning of the war's final stage, and they will oppose the landing not only with military might, but with all the political and economic trickery of the expert propagandist. The campaign of lies and rumor which will burst upon the world as soon as our invasion barges sweep in from the sea has been in preparation since October, 1940.

The Peace Offensive

At that time, when I was working in Berlin as an American correspondent and radio commentator, I learned that some of the most important Nazi leaders feared they might lose the war, after all. They realized that England's morale had not been broken despite Dunkerque, the collapse of France and the air raids; that she was ready to fight back with steadily increasing power, and that the United States would eventually enter the war. So German agents were summoned back to Berlin and Berchtesgaden from strategic posts all over the world and set to work on plans for the future peace offensive. These plans are now ready to be put into execution.

Specialists will handle the campaign. For the United States, they will include the newspapermen Colin Ross and Robert Best, the brothers Halfeld, von Sieburg; Professor Schoenemann, who has spent most of the past twenty years studying American mentality; the lawyer Westrick, and innumerable German businessmen who have traveled extensively in the United States, and have friends and contacts all over the country.

There will be women like Jane Anderson and Constance Drexel, traitors both, who will add their sirupy voices to the propaganda din. Lord Haw Haw, Brooklyn-born bogus Englishman, will likewise take a hand. When the invasion begins we should recognize the handiwork of these renegades in dispatches such as this:

"Stockholm—Our correspondent telephones from Berlin that, according to a statement made to him at dawn this morning, American troops tried to land near Xport. Despite their numerical superiority, most of the invaders were killed. The few who succeeded in gaining a foothold are being annihilated."

Propaganda yarns of this type will also be planted in cities other than Stockholm, and a few hours after they have been released, neutral correspondents will be flooded with descriptions of the great German "victory." They will be given special permission to telephone "military secrets" to their home offices. We may expect to see dispatches containing even such fantastic details as this:

"Bern—At the press conference in the German Foreign Office today, a military spokesman declared that Germany's defensive measures on the invasion front are proving highly successful. He revealed that labor battalions, hard at work since 1940, had built huge quays along the coast, covering them with sand and dirt to make them resemble ordinary beaches. They were completely mined, and when the invading forces thought they had secured a beachhead, miles of this artificial coast blew up. The invaders were either blown to bits or drowned in the sea. A new type of explosive was used."

The morale of the German population will be bolstered by accounts of such resourcefulness and preparation. Even in this country, the tale will alarm many who will have forgotten that it is an old one. Artificial coasts were first hinted at as early as July, 1940, when the invasion of England seemed imminent. Information sources whispered to the foreign correspondents in Berlin that Germany's invasion barges were hidden under special platforms built out into the sea all along the French coast. Actually, no such installations existed then, and they don't exist now.

Once the preliminaries are out of the way, the German propagandists will use more subtle methods. They will try in every possible way to make us believe that the English are holding back in the fighting, and to convince the English that American forces are lagging. Watch for dispatches like this from neutral sources:

"Madrid—Travelers arriving from Germany by air today declared that the invasion is doomed to failure. Germany's Army Intelligence has long possessed fullest details of the Allied plans, and German troops were waiting when the first units of American and Canadians landed. It was noted by the German General Staff that no Englishmen were in this first wave."

To promote the discord that such sly insinuations may engender, British and American renegades in the pay of the Germans will go on the air in world-wide broadcasts, pretending to be British and American soldiers. Expect to hear something like this on a broadcast beamed to the United States:

"My name is John Smith. I was taken prisoner near Xport. British reinforcements supposed to come up after us failed to maintain their schedule. They didn't dare come up to the invasion beach. The shells from our own ships hit us instead of hitting the German defenses. All my buddies were killed. I was injured and could not move. Tell my mother that the Germans are treating me fine."

At the same time, on another wave length, a voice speaking with a British accent will claim to be an English soldier, captured by the Germans in the first phase of the attack. He will say, "The Americans were supposed to reinforce us, but they did not come in time."

Calling All Mothers!

And then the Constance Drexels and the Jane Andersons will take a hand, in broadcasts designed especially for feminine listeners. They will tell American and British mothers that "the Germans are taking good care of your boys who are captured, but they can do nothing for the thousands who are dying in this useless, senseless war. Stop the war if you want their lives saved."

When the propagandists can no longer hide the fact that Allied troops have landed and are advancing, they will try to prevent panic in their own country. Cell leaders in Germany will be instructed by the Gestapo to spread "confidential information" about the traps and gigantic defense works in the paths of the invading armies.

Foreigners will hear these stories, and we shall have the carefully planted reports of travelers returning to Switzerland and Sweden from Germany. Be prepared for dispatches of this character:

"A prominent businessman who has returned from Germany declares that the forces of the United Nations will face serious difficulties on their way to Germany proper. Hillsides near the German border have been mined by German engineers, who declare that when the mines are set off, the advancing troops will be crushed to death by tons of earth and

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THE WHISTLE IN THE HILLS

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

A two-gun woman, a two-fisted preacher and a fireman with double-sized thumbs—a strange crew for Old 62, but even so they saved three souls, more or less

WHERE the Antelope Hills stalk like thirsty animals down to the Sequona River and the stars hang overhead like watching eyes, the desolate whistle of Engine 62 can be heard on quiet nights, they say, and the chugging of its engine brings resonant echoes from the encircling hills. It was there, where the river makes its great bend, that Old 62 was last seen on a dark spring night in April, 1879.

The mournful whistle is like the wail of an unsaved soul, they say, and the puffing sound of the locomotive is like the solemn voice of Elijah Taylor, the preacher, who was on the one-car train on its last trip to the boom town of Jericho, where they were panning gold from Little Deer Creek, which flows into the Sequona not far above the big bend.

The roadbed was not yet firmly settled in those days, and the rails were springy on the ties, imparting a light-footed, dancing motion to the train. The lamps swayed gently, and reflections from their brass bowls made swift, delicate patterns of light on the ceiling of the coach, noticeably bright when rolling wood smoke occasionally obscured the sun.

The warmth of the spring day brought companionable smiles to the faces of the dozen passengers, and Elijah Taylor, who was on his way to Jericho to open a five-day revival, was in a mood to talk.

Men who listened to Elijah preach at later camp meetings said he sometimes told the story of Old 62 and drew a moral from it, but he never claimed the soul of Curly Jo, who took Engine 62 on her last trip.

ELIJAH was talking about the instruments of the devil in the sunny railroad car that day. He said that nearly everything a man put his hand on was an instrument of the devil if a man had the devil in his heart, and he said it was what a man had in his heart that counted, not what he did. He said that no matter what a man had done, or what his past had been, if his heart was right, the innate goodness of him was like a shining light, and generally you could see it in a man's eyes. Yes, sir, Elijah said, a man's eyes were the keyholes to his heart.

He was warming up an offhand sermon, practicing for the big meeting in Jericho, when the brakes began to hiss, and the train slacked speed. Then Engine 62 stopped and let off a rush of steam. Elijah quit talking and looked out the window.

"Seems to be an obstruction on the track," he said. "Couple of logs, I believe it is. Now I wonder . . . say, ain't that engineer taking out into the woods?"

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"I'm going to preach, Pete," Elijah said, stuffing the sack in his pocket, "and pray, too. I'm sorry there ain't more time"



The ups and downs of Robert Emmet Hannegan, the Democrat's new white hope, whose comeback is an illuminating lesson in practical politics

ROBERT EMMET HANNEGAN, new chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has had even more than the usual luck of the Irish. A sadly battered boss, deep in a pit of defeat and actual discredit, he was lifted out by his enemies and started on a new career that landed him in the seats of the mighty and may gain him a Cabinet post if the Republican drive is beaten back this year.

Bob Hannegan did not want to be Collector of Internal Revenue at St. Louis in 1942. The job paid only \$6,500, and he was making twice that amount from his law practice, picked up again after the

wreck of his "machine." What changed his mind was the outburst of rage that greeted news of his proposed appointment. The press of Missouri, almost without exception, attacked with a fury rarely equaled in a state famous for the bitterness of its political wars.

"I just had to fight" is Mr. Hannegan's own simple explanation of what followed. Taking off his coat and squaring a jaw toughened by many battles in precinct and ward, he proceeded to give the opposition a few lessons in rough-and-tumble. For four months, the issue hung in doubt, and then President Roosevelt lifted "Fighting Bob's" good right arm and declared him the winner. His nomination, sent to the Senate, was confirmed, and the ex-boss, although minus a tooth or two, was definitely out of the pit.

Still swinging, a year later he entered the lists for the high post of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, left vacant by the appointment of Guy Helvering to the federal bench. His punch-drunk enemies

couldn't even come out of their corners at the bell, and Mr. Hannegan took the decision. His feet were now planted firmly on the ladder.

All this dated from October, 1943, when an obliging Senate approved the Hannegan appointment. In the following January, the question of a new chairman of the National Committee raised its ugly head. No man was ever better liked than Frank Walker, but with a tough campaign in sight, more was needed than a fourth at bridge. But who could take his place? From the general direction of the White House came a gentle but imperative whisper that another Jim Farley had to be found—an Irishman, a Catholic and a practical politician who knew how to make two votes grow where only one vote grew before.

In this anxious hour, with no Democratic forehead free from sweat, Senator Harry Truman, an active candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination, leaped forward with the name of Robert Em-

met Hannegan. An Irishman, a Catholic, certainly no amateur at the political game and, above all, one whose system had never been sullied by tobacco or strong drink. A regular Farley twin if one didn't look too closely! The National Committee, made up of officeholders and ex-officeholders, received the suggestion with relief and delight, and unanimously elected the man who, only two short years before, had been branded as "Missouri's disgrace."

The new chairman may not be another Jim Farley, as the Great White Father fondly hopes, but neither can he be dismissed as *ersatz*. Even in the Land of Opportunity, a man doesn't start from scratch and climb to the top without having something on the ball.

Born in St. Louis forty years ago, the son of a competent, honest chief of detectives, Bob Hannegan was just another Irish kid in a city dominated by Americans of German birth or descent. A product of the public schools, he studied law at the University of St. Louis and received his degree in 1925. A six-footer and husky, he starred in football and baseball, and had a summer job as life guard at a city swimming pool.

Good looking, engaging and a first-class lawyer, he did well at the bar and, despite the call of the blood, managed to keep out of active politics until 1933, when Bernard Dickmann went in as mayor, leading the Democrats to victory after a long spell of famine. A master politician, shrewd and forceful, Mr. Dickmann lost no time in constructing a machine that would keep him and his party in power. The Twenty-first ward, torn by factions, was a problem, and after careful study, the mayor persuaded Bob Hannegan to take over as committeeman.

In the Seat of Power

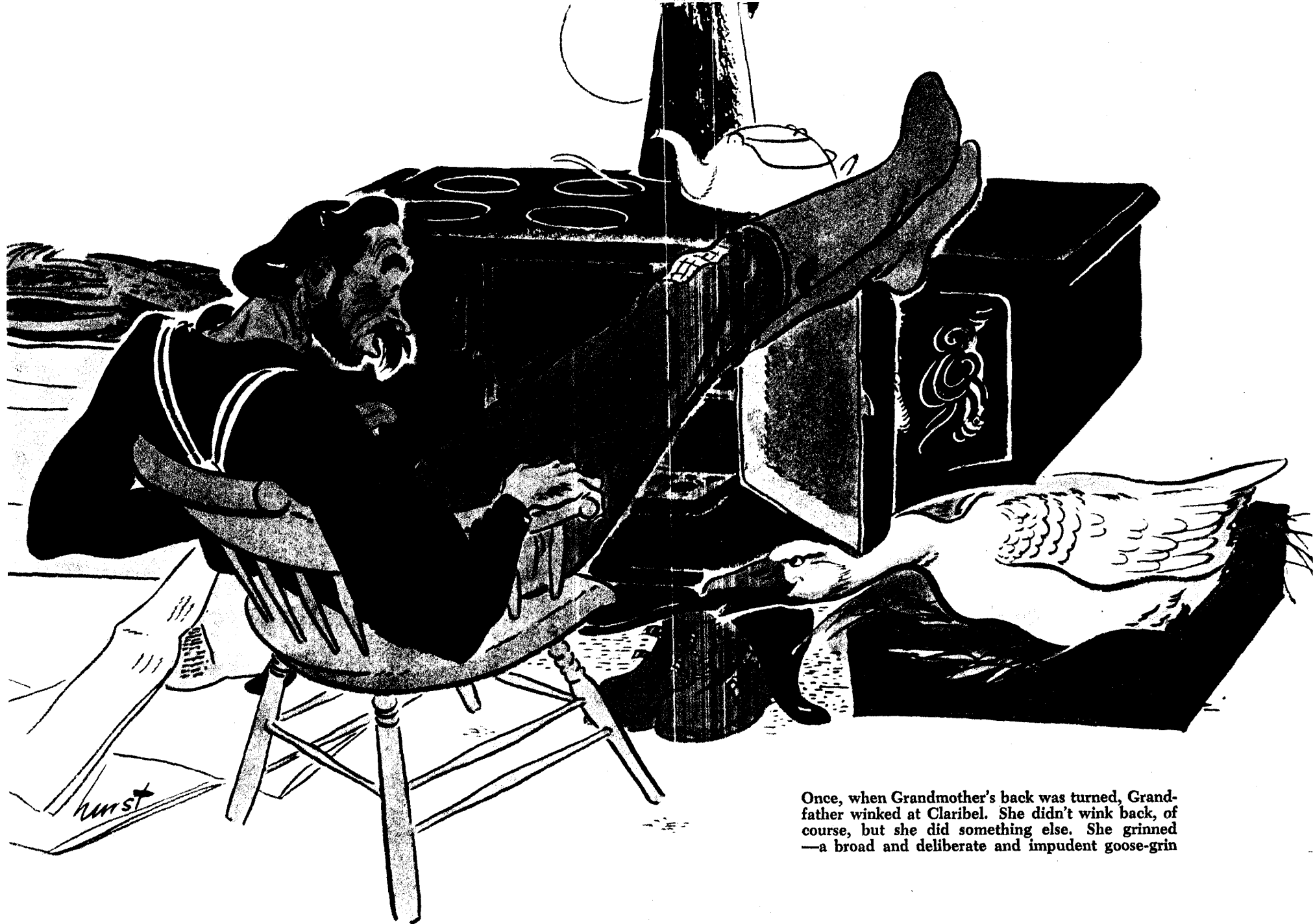
From the first, he showed a genius for organization and inside of twelve months was chairman of the City Central Committee. Not without a struggle, to be sure, for in St. Louis, more than any other city, Democrats look on harmony as a sign of anemia. So intense was the revolt, in fact, that Hannegan was deposed in 1935. Mayor Dickmann, however, continued him as the dispenser of patronage and favors. This, along with a judicious admixture of rough stuff, soon eliminated the troublemakers and permitted Bob's return to the chairmanship in 1936.

That year witnessed a mayoralty election, and the Dickmann-Hannegan machine, as it now began to be called, functioned smoothly and efficiently—so very efficiently that the size of Mayor Dickmann's majority caused anguished Republicans to raise the cry of "ballot-box stuffing." Public clamor compelled an investigation, and the uncovering of wholesale fraud forced a Democratic governor to remove the entire St. Louis election board.

In fairness both to Mayor Dickman and Mr. Hannegan, it must be said that proof of fraud did not necessarily argue orders from the top. The ward workers of Missouri are an enthusiastic lot, impatient of anything but overwhelming results, and they are often carried beyond the limits of prudence by their pride and high resolve. It was one of Tom Pendergast's bitteresses that even when an election was in the bag, with no need of mathematics, the "boys" could not be held back.

Anyway, whether justly or unjustly, the Dickmann-Hannegan machine got a thick coating of tar, nor was it lightened by the somewhat ruthless manner in which the two master builders consolidated their control. By 1940, when both a Presidential and a gubernatorial election came around, they were riding high, wide and handsome not only in the city but in the

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Once, when Grandmother's back was turned, Grandfather winked at Claribel. She didn't wink back, of course, but she did something else. She grinned—a broad and deliberate and impudent goose-grin

The Goose with the Golden Eyes

BY ELI WALDRON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The goose has been a symbol of silliness, or a layer of golden eggs—but this goose made Grandfather lay an egg, and it wasn't golden, either

MY GRANDFATHER told me this story, so if you have any quarrel with it, you had better see him. He can be found on his back porch any afternoon with his musket across his knees, waiting, as he puts it, for that dang varmint Beauregard to show his head just once. These last years, you see, he has imagined himself back in the Union Army again. Approach him carefully: he is a little jumpy and the musket has a hair trigger.

The story itself begins on the day before Christmas with Grandfather on his way home from Horace Tilbury's with a fine, fat goose beneath his arm. Horace had received a load of cordwood from Grandfather that fall, and the fowl represented the last payment.

It was a cold, gray day, with now and then a skiff of snow whirling in from the north. The sun was just a yellow shadow in the leaden sky, and the maple trees that

bordered the road were stiff and ghostly-white with frost. There was no noise except for the occasional faraway *wharrk!* of a crow and the creak of Grandfather's boots as he trudged, smiling, down the road, the goose warm and big beneath his arm.

He felt pretty good about that goose. Old Tilbury had tried to palm off a smaller one on him and, when that didn't work, had insisted that he take a mean-looking gander, one that you could see was blue and stringy and tough. Grandfather, however, stood pat on his first choice and finally got her—a beautiful, plump, white goose with golden eyes. He said goodbye as friendly as could be, not even bothering to reply to the other's muttered "Skinflint," and started for home.

"Skinflint," Tilbury had plainly muttered, when Grandfather bent down to pick up the goose, but Grandfather pretended he hadn't heard it. No use starting an argument.

He had put her in an old gunny sack, which was torn in one place, and he had hardly got on the road when she thrust her head and neck out of this hole and, from then on, began to take a real interest in the little journey. She looked at the scenery and down the winding road and up at Grandfather and, in general, acted in

the manner of a curious and interested traveler in a carriage.

Just for a joke, Grandfather pointed out this and that place of interest—Tilbury's swale, and the Black Rock, and things like that—just to pass the time on the way home, and with every word of his she would seem to nod politely, as if asking him to please continue, she appreciated his kindness.

The nodding, of course, was because of the up-and-down movement of Grandfather's body as he walked, but he couldn't help smiling at the ludicrousness of it. He thought about it for a while, chuckling to himself, and then he looked at the goose and said, "Well, your troubles will be over tomorrow, won't they?" He looked at her, expecting her to nod, but she didn't.

SHE looked away from Grandfather and down the road. He shook her a little and repeated the question, having to laugh at the joke of it, but her head didn't move a bit. So he shook her again, and then she looked at him and the way she looked at him made Grandfather get very red in the face. He coughed embarrassedly once or twice and looked away, and, from then on, he held his neck very stiff as he walked and he didn't talk to her again.

He had passed the swale and the cedar swamp and had come upon the high ground again when his hands—in cotton gloves—began to get numb. In the meantime, the goose had become heavy, and Grandfather was on the point of admitting to himself that he had made a slight mistake in not taking the smaller one that Tilbury had offered in the first place, when the thought struck him that, cold as it was, the goose was as unperturbed by the weather as an old, winterwise owl. He hesitated a moment awkwardly, recalling the way the goose had looked at him before, but then with a self-derisive laugh, he stripped off his gloves and thrust his stiffening hands through the torn place in the gunny sack and deep beneath the bird's wings.

She looked at him quizzically, turning her head as he swung her around in front of him to put his hands inside the sack, but then, just as if she understood his trouble, she ruffled her wings and settled them about his wrists and hands, close and tight. Then she gazed up at him, and Grandfather swears that right then and there she smiled, sad and sympathetic-like, and he swears he saw a tear in her left eye, big and shiny and swelling at the bottom, ready to fall. Hurriedly he pulled

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WELL, FORGET IT

BY WILLIAM PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

She was good, all right. But wasn't she too good to be a Good Girl? Here's the gay story of an election that hung on a slender shoulder strap

THE 10:22 from Chicago rattled in, taking its time about it, thumping on the viaduct over Tulley's Creek and moaning to an unhappy stop in front of the station. The 10:22 was the only passenger that made a stop at Red Saddle; four times a day the Rockets whipped through on their way to Des Moines, but the Rockets were always in a hurry. There was just one passenger car on the 10:22.

The brakeman stepped down first, and after him came a gentleman in a gray suit, blue tie, and a snap-brim felt with a maroon band around it.

Then George Holly, standing on the platform, caught a glimpse of slim legs and a full skirt, and unconsciously he reached up to adjust the knot of his tie.

She smiled at the brakeman, letting him cushion her elbow, and stepped down. She was the most beautiful thing George had ever seen.

The conductor started handing down bags—seven bags of various sizes, all in matched blond buckskin, all with her initials on them. A. V. It was Abbey Vale, all right.

George got a grip on his notebook, took the pencil from his inside coat pocket and went over to where she was standing.

"Anything for the press?" he said.

"Anything for the Sentinel, Miss Vale?"

"Here," the man in the snap-brim felt said, and gave George eight pages of mimeographed material.

George looked at them, slightly bewildered, and crumpled them into his pocket.

"Abbey, my sweet! Abbey, my dear!" Senator Wickersham said. The senator had burst from his car when the 10:22 pulled to a stop. There was a cameraman with him. George recognized him; he was from the Des Moines Register. Senator Wickersham put his arms around his niece, Abbey Vale, and the lens man from the Register snapped and snapped.

"Uncle!" Abbey Vale said. "Uncle Everett!"

THE Register man switched plates and kept snapping.

They loaded Abbey Vale into the black car, and the Register man took a picture as she went through the door, with the back of her legs showing, with the senator holding the car door open. Then the man in the snap-brim felt with the maroon band got in, and the Register man slammed the door shut.

"Wait a minute," the senator said. "Wait a minute. George, you come over here. Come on, George."

"Nuts!" George said, but he said it to himself. He adjusted his necktie again and walked over to the car. The senator put out his hand and shook hands with George.

"Abbey," he said, "this is George Holly. This is one of our upstanding young men. Runs the finest newspaper in the county; upright, honest, a square dealer. George is a hero. He is a hero from North Africa."

Abbey Vale looked him over, looking at his brown suit with the buttons coming off the cuff, at the place in his pants where the crease should be.

"Medical discharge," George said vaguely, indicating his civvies.

"Oh! Were you wounded?"

"I got ulcers," George said. "I made seven flights in a B-25 as a navigator, and then it turned out that I got ulcers. I live on milk."

"George is my opponent," the senator said, smiling. "I've known him since babyhood—dandled him on my knee—and now he's my opponent for the state legislature. He's a fine upstanding fellow, and a square shooter all the way." The senator winked at his niece. "George is a little radical, though. George thinks I'm an old demagogue, or something. Not a square shooter."

"I think you're a handy man with a gun, if that's what you mean," George said. "Or a knife."

"Ha-ha," the senator said. "Ha-ha-ha-ha."

THE car snorted into reverse and whipped away, trailing a thin plume of blue from the exhaust. George walked over to where Al Esterhazy, the stationman, was piling the seven buckskin bags into the back of his pick-up.

Click-click, Al said, making the noise with his tongue and teeth. Wheet-whoooo, he whistled.

"Yeah," George said unhappily. "Why couldn't she stay in New York?"

"That's what my wife said," Al grunted, trying to hoist the big bag. George caught hold of one end and helped him. "My wife threw a good one when she heard about it. My wife figures she's a hussy, singing in night clubs and all."

"That's good," George grinned. "That's the way I figure most of the county will feel about it. I've been in New York, Al; I was there on my way across. I never saw this one, but I've seen these night-club cuties. You'd be surprised. Just like your wife says; she's a hussy."

"Just the same," Al said, looking back at the spot on the platform where she had been standing, her skirts ruffled by the breeze, click-click.

George was just finishing up the story on Abbey Vale when the door to the Sentinel shop banged open, and the man with the snap-brim, this guy of Abbey Vale's, came in. He came in and pushed back his hat and beat upon his chest, smelling the air.

"A-a-h," he said. "A-a-h, smells good. Ink, paper, sweat! Ah!"

He had a bottle of bourbon in his left hand. He beat upon his chest with the bottle of bourbon.

"Ah!" He looked around the shop. "My name is Custer, Hamilton Custer. I am what they call a press agent. Formerly I was with the Waukegan Herald." He took a long deep breath. "Smells good," he said. He broke the seal on the bourbon with his teeth and unscrewed the cork with one hand. "I hate my job, you know," he said, waving his free hand. "I hate making publicity, this predigested pap for idiots, this prostitution of what was once a great talent; I hate it, and I long for Waukegan." He took a drag of the bourbon. "However, I make one hundred dollars a week. Like a snort, chum?"

George shook his head and silently indicated the bottle of milk which stood on the desk.

"Why she should be in an election, I cannot fathom," Hamilton Custer said, helping himself to a chair, sampling the bourbon again. "However, I work for



an agency; I am a member of the Robertson agency, purveyors of predigested pap, and I go where the job sends me, and this job sends me to Red Saddle with this Abbey Vale." He looked pained. "Why? Tell me why!" he said.

"Because," George said savagely, hurling his feet on top of the desk, "Everett B. Wickersham has been running this county for thirty years, dragging his canoe behind him; because Everett B. Wickersham has been in the saddle so long—"

"Saddle!" Hamilton Custer said. "That's very funny. Ha-ha!"

"In the saddle so long that he has the world sewed up in his pants pocket, and now he thinks maybe I am going to beat the hell out of him this time, which I am, and he is getting worried, so he runs in his famous niece."

"You are implying that Everett B. Wickersham is not a sterling character, not a prodigious protector of the people's rights?"

"Everett B.," George said, "owns a cement company up in Des Moines. He has sold more damn' cement to various public activities than you can spit at. This county is honeycombed and overlaid with

concrete—all a monument to Everett B. Wickersham."

"A story," Hamilton Custer sighed, sipping the bourbon, "that I have heard before. Democracy in action!"

"And now he is going to build a dam for Tulley's Creek. He is going to build a concrete dam for Tulley's Creek, bringing waterpower to thousands. He has notified the world."

"So what's bad with the dam?"

"Tulley's Creek," George said, "is eighteen feet wide, on the average, in July. You can wade across it at any point during August. If you built another Grand Coulee on Tulley's Creek, you might get maybe enough waterpower to run a couple of electric egg beaters—in the flood season. And whaddya build dams out of?"

"Cement," Hamilton Custer said. He pushed back his hat and smiled at George. "A crusader!" he exclaimed. "By the foot of Horace Greeley, a crusader!" He snorted, a prodigious snort that rattled the walls of the room. "Ha!"

Hamilton Custer burped. He smiled at George, smiled the smile of tired worldliness and infinite wisdom.

"What ammunition," he said, "do you



propose to hurl at this Wickersham? At this lady with the voice, the legs, the charm? How do you propose to defeat not only Everett B. Wickersham but also Abbey Vale—and Hamilton Custer?"

George settled back in his chair and smiled, sphinxlike. "You'll see," he said. "Me, I don't have to do anything. I just have to stand around, put out a paper once a week, and let Abbey Vale run her course." He took a drink of milk from the bottle at his elbow, raising the bottle in salute to Hamilton Custer. "You'll see," he said again.

ABBEY VALE made her debut in Red Saddle on Friday evening. There was a stand set up in the courthouse square, with a public address system—Senator Wickersham was a great one for keeping up with the times—and a raised platform on wooden horses, trimmed with crescents of red, white and blue. There was a big soft-drink dispenser beside the stand, and the senator stood beside it before the ceremonies began, passing out bottles of lemon soda and root beer and cream soda and strawberry, passing it out free.

There was also a little on-the-house

business going on in the Foxtail Tavern across the square; handled very discreetly, of course, no names mentioned. There was a recorded band playing over the p.a. system, and by seven-thirty the whole town was in the square.

George sat astride the breech of the Civil War cannon and watched the crowd gather. Joe Morton, age seven, tried to make him move, so they could pretend the Japs were coming, but George stayed and watched the crowd. Mrs. Black was there; Mrs. Black who was the pillar of everything, but especially of the Reformed Church and the Home and Hearth Club. George grinned when he saw how grim she looked. Mrs. Holsted was there, too; the Reverend Schultz and his wife, the Butchers, the Johannsons. They were all there, and they all had faces that had maybe been hacked out of granite.

"You and the pigeons," Hamilton Custer said, indicating the cannon. He pushed back his hat and surveyed the crowd. He smelled strongly of cloves. "Pretty good house," he said, "considering the fact that a scarlet woman is performing."

"That's why they're here," George said. "They're here to take a look."

Custer chewed his cloves, thinking it over. "Quite possibly," he said thoughtfully. "I know very little of the conventional morality, you understand. The conventional sin is my commodity."

So then the spotlights came on, and the senator mounted for a short speech. He began by speaking about George Holly, the upstanding young man who was his opponent. He said that George was a hero. He went on to imply that George, however, knew little or nothing of the business of government. He then proceeded to speak of the dam, of the wonderful gift of electricity, making references to Thomas A. Edison along the way. He described torrents of power-creating water roaring down Tulley's Creek. He talked exactly fourteen minutes and then he stopped. The senator had a sense of timing.

Abbey Vale stepped on the platform, and the crowd buzzed and murmured. Abbey was in soft lavender. She wore very little make-up. Her dress was a little too long. She sat down at the piano. She touched the keys lightly, and George cocked an ear to listen, with an unpleasant light in his eye.

The crowd buzzed as Abbey Vale sat down at the piano. George cocked an ear to listen and almost swallowed his gum when she started to sing My Old Kentucky Home

Kick it out solid, kid, he thought. Kick it out good and solid and see what happens. Beat me eight to the bar, kiddo. Abbey Vale started to sing. She sang My Old Kentucky Home.

George almost swallowed his gum.

She sang all the verses, and when she was through, there was a pleasant little round of applause.

Then she sang Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen. She had a nice voice; very clear, not especially musical, but with a lilt in it. George saw Mr. McGarrity, who was the postmaster, take out a handkerchief and carefully blow his nose. There was a silence when she finished.

"Well?" she asked softly, smiling at them.

"More!" Hamilton Custer yelled through his cupped hands.

George leaned over and drove his toe savagely into the press agent's ribs, but he could have saved his strength.

"More!" yelled Mr. McGarrity, finding his voice.

"More!" the crowd yelled.

She sang M-o-t-h-e-r. She sang The Easter Parade.

"More!" the crowd yelled.

She bowed to them, looking a little embarrassed at all this attention. "Well . . . what would you like?"

A HANDKERCHIEF waved out in the crowd. It was Mrs. Black, holding her hand high, waving her white lace handkerchief. "Do you know Ben Bolt?"

"Well . . ." Abbey hesitated for a moment, touching the piano keys lightly with her fingers. "Let's see . . ." She found the chord, experimented with it, finally brought it out strong:

*Oh! don't you remember Sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown. . .*

And sitting up there on the Civil War cannon, George Holly listened to her sing and melted away inside. He forgot he was a candidate for the legislature. He forgot that this was, after all, only a high-pressure cement salesman. He was like a man floating down a river on a warm summer day, floating down the river of her voice, listening to Abbey Vale, with his hat pushed back and his mouth open.

She sang Carry Me Back to Old Virginny. She sang God Bless America, and then she told them good night. The citizens of Red Saddle stood and watched her step down from the platform, assisted by Senator Wickersham. George saw Mr. and Mrs. Black holding hands.

"Well, well, well," Hamilton Custer said. "What a shame you had to develop ulcers! The Air Corps is a nice career, they tell me." He ambled away, yawning.

George sat straddling the cannon, watching the crowd break up, catching Mr. and Mrs. Black hold hands. Suddenly he felt very low.

AT ELEVEN that night, he was still at the Sentinel office, trying to write a story about Ed Barnes' two-headed calf. He had made a trip out that afternoon to have a look. Two heads, all right.

Somebody knocked on the door, and it was Abbey Vale. He got up and let her in, fumbling at his necktie.

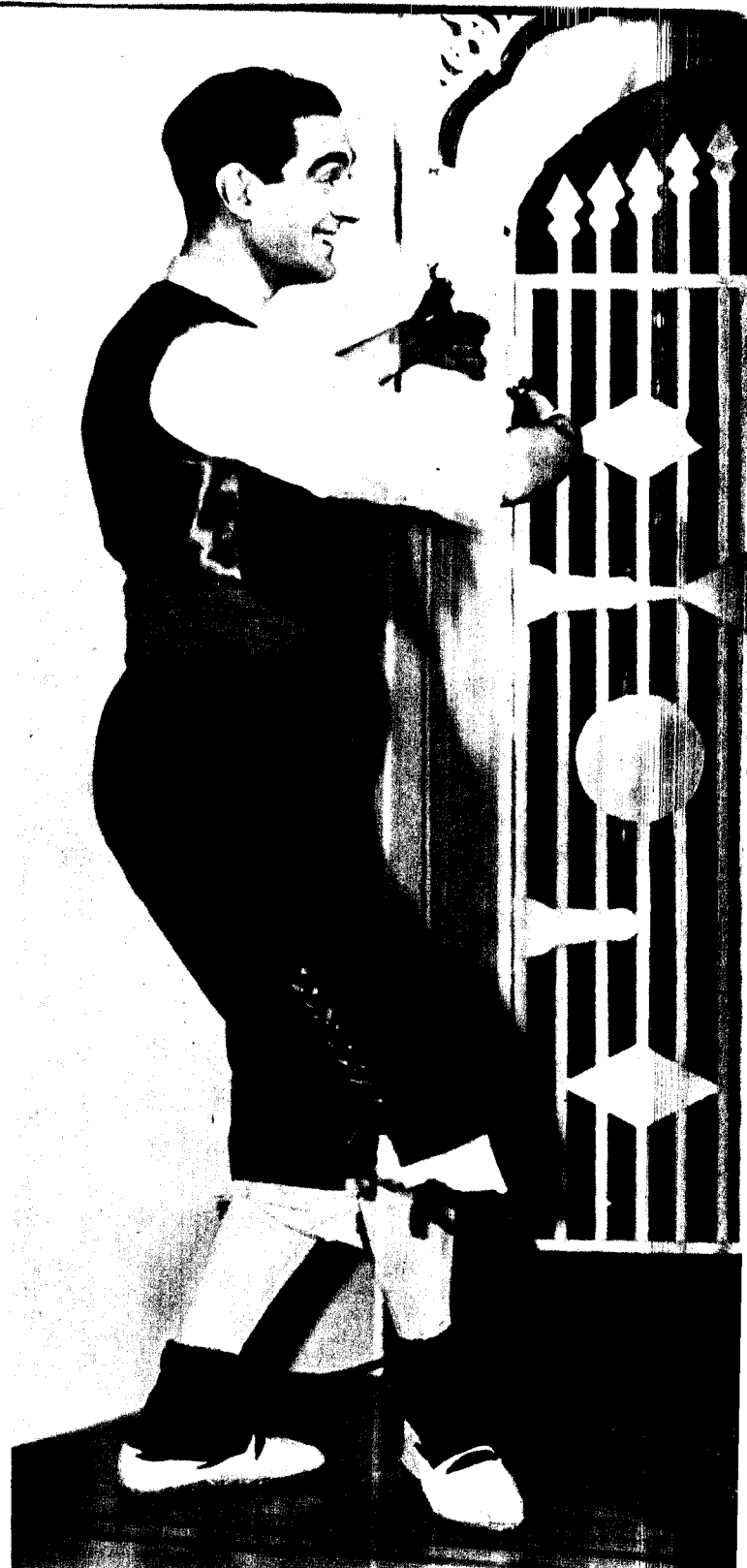
"Come to get acquainted," she said. "Always believe in being acquainted with the opposition."

"Don't kid me," George said. "You came to crow." He pushed open the gate so she could go inside the office, offered

(Continued on page 60)



Alberto Torres kisses Fé Torrens while Lenore Fernandez and Mercedes Saez (right) try to appear disinterested. This is one of the more placid moments in the fast-tempoed Bolero



Castanets and a good share of fiery jumping and heel thumping make Torres' authentic Castilian Jota an exciting thing

BULL BALLET

THE way we like our bullfights is the way we get them at New York's Havana-Madrid night club: not rough but active. Alberto Torres and a bunch of athletic girls prance around in lush Carmenesque costumes, dodging the horns of the bulls, and nobody gets wounded, although the bulls do cut a papier-mâché horse in two, and the girls' feet must hurt when they get through. In fact, we asked the girls if their feet didn't hurt when they got through, and they said, "Yes."

That's because Maestro Torres is a stickler for pure Spanish technique, and this means that a dancer pounds her heels sixty times in sixty seconds at the beginning of a Torres dance, speeding up to 100 or more poundings a minute if the dance grows fiercely passionate, as it generally does.

Torres' dancing teacher back in Madrid was determined to train his prize pupil to the fastest footwork in all Spain. He succeeded. Torres himself regarded arm work more important and he waved his arms around before a mirror at least an hour a day for three years until they worked to suit him, and that was fast. Now he demands the same foot-and-arm agility of the dancers he trains.

Yes, Torres says, it is not technique that distinguishes a good Spanish dancer from a mediocre one. "It is something in here," he explains, pointing to his heart.

However that may be, critics are discovering in Torres and his dancing girls a thoroughness of technique that sets them apart from all other castanet-clicking, skirt-flouncing heel-pounders.

Besides the bullfighting number, Torres does a proud and beautiful dance to Ravel's Bolero, and a primitive war dance from the eleventh century called Jota Aragonesa—jota (pronounced hote-a) meaning jump. Every step of the jota is authentic, Torres says, and is based on diligent research he did in Spain.

A year and a half ago, Torres chose for his partner Fé Torrens, fresh out of a New York high school. She was surprised because at the time she was halfway afraid of losing her job in a night club chorus. She weighed 150 and that was too much. Strenuous Torres routines soon slimmed her down to bullfighting trim.

"I would like sometime to do a ballroom rumba," says Torres, gazing at the rumba-happy customers in his own night club. It is something I have not had time to learn." . . . A. P.

Another table-sitter's close-up view of the bullfight dance





A snorting but shapely bull (Dorothy Sevilla) ruins the picador's horse (Leonore Fernandez, front; Mercedes Saez, rear) in the colorful satire on Carmen

Virginia Lee makes passes with her cape at the bull (Jerry Mann) while other matadors of the chorus resort to a less athletic and more amorous approach

The Jota Aragonesa is Torres' interpretation of a primitive Spanish war dance which was danced originally only by men, using swords instead of wooden wands



I HATE ACTORS

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

"J. B." COBB, mogul of Empire Studios, gives Elvina Bliss and Dennis Wilde the leading roles in *Sons of Destiny*, an old stage hit which is being filmed in Hollywood. A short time later, Wilde is murdered.

Lieutenant Egelhofer, of the Los Angeles homicide squad, inspects the evidence and opines that Orlando Higgins, a well-known agent, is the guilty party. He carts Orlando off to jail. But Gilbert Higgins, the eccentric father of the unfortunate man, convinces four leaders in the movie industry that Orlando is innocent. Whereupon, the four give Orlando a perfect alibi, and he is released.

Unfortunately for the alibi manufacturers, Betha Fancher, an aspiring actress with whom Orlando is in love, informs Chester Devlin, a gumshoe reporter, that she had been with Orlando at the time of Wilde's demise. Devlin "breaks" the story, and since it happens to be true, the alibiers are on a spot. They are promptly indicted on a charge of perjury!

Hercule Potnik is *almost* murdered, and John Paul Jones, one of the principals in *Sons of Destiny*, is *entirely* murdered. Jones is poisoned.

Naturally, the cops, J. B. Cobb, the author (who tells the story) and everyone else are much excited. J. B. is more excited than the others, because from time to time the killer sends him threatening letters. He hires some bodyguards, and sticks close by them.

It is learned that, shortly before he had expired, Jones, dying, had accused Orlando of poisoning him. So back to jail goes Orlando. Devlin, however, finds evidence pointing to someone else, and again the agent is released.

By this time, Orlando is very deeply in love with the Fancher girl. He gets her the chance to star in a production known as *Dragon Moon*. But the lady feels that the role is unworthy of her genius. In the argument, she gives Orlando a neat going-over with her fists. After that incident, Orlando *adores* Miss Fancher!

J. B. posts guards around Empire Studios' plant to ward off murderers and Chester Devlin. Nevertheless, one fine day he discovers the reporter—disguised as an extra in the costume of a courtier of olden days—seated in a chair at the studio, with Elvina Bliss on his lap!

Elvina claims that Mr. Devlin has just saved

her life. Angered, when the lady had slapped Caroma, a young bit actress with whom he is in love, Laurence Bison (who had been given Wilde's part in the movie) had attacked her with a sword, and the courageous Devlin had driven him away. . . .

Among Orlando's clients is Bison, just referred to. Before Wilde's murder, he had driven Orlando almost crazy urging him to have Wilde ousted and himself given the leading male role in *Sons of Destiny*. A short time after the sword-play at the studio, J. B. receives a note from him in which he apologizes for his "eccentric behavior," caused (so he says) by his anger at seeing "that peerless child" (Caroma) beaten to the ground by "a hag-souled creature" (Miss Bliss) "who calls herself an actress."

IV

ORDINARY and even extraordinary disasters do not affect (employee) actors. Their dedication to make-believe is stronger than any incursions of reality. They can perform as soulfully on battlefields (and do) as on civilian stages.

I asked a Russian actor who had performed in Leningrad during its siege, "Weren't you too frightened by the shells exploding around you to act well?"

"The enemy artillery spoiled some of our lines," he answered, meaning the words of drama, "but we soon learned to time our speeches. In fact, the offstage cannonading was often a great help when we were playing a war scene. It contributed a wonderful air of reality."

I offer these little thoughts by way of explaining the fact that *Sons of Destiny* suffered not at all from the alarms and excursions I have reported. The making of that movie went on, undaunted. A company of Marines might well have been shaken a bit by the Wagnerian tumults focusing on Mr. Potnik's set, but not a company of actors.

The press of the nation, unflinching in

its battle with the evils of Hollywood, continued to offer its readers columns on columns of indignant erotica. The murderer of Messrs. Wilde and Jones continued to evade them but they had the devil firmly by the tail—which, for the time being, was as interesting a catch.

I was walking to work, scanning the morning headlines and wondering how soon our "Saturnalia Murders" would cease to be news, when a voice called my name out of a drugstore. It was Orlando, whom I hadn't seen for ten days. He was arrayed as if for a Mardi Gras (Hollywood's sportswear for men is as uninhibited as the rainbow) and his face was abubbling with joy. I joined him over a sticky table in one of the booths.

"I'm waiting for Betha," Orlando said, with an air of triumph. "We always meet here."

"It's a little cramped for fisticuffs," I observed.

"You've got her all wrong," said Orlando. "I want you to know her as she really is. That's why I called you in. One of the sweetest, most intellectual girls in the world. We've had some amazing talks."

"How's Gilbert?" I asked. "Still in bed?"

"Fine! great!" Orlando's eyes were on the door. "Do me a favor, will you, when she comes? Just draw her out on Shakespeare. You'll be really astonished. I'd stack her against any professor."

A figure I didn't recognize for a moment appeared in the door. It was barelegged, and clothed in a stiff little gingham dress full of green and white stripes. It wore a green knitted cap like a clamp on its fluffy hair and it walked flat-footed in sandals without heels. A hoop would have completed the ensemble. As it en-

tered, Orlando leaped to his feet like a cheering section, and I knew then that this seeming tot was Miss Fancher.

She had some difficulty getting in through the door, due to a case, a bit larger than herself, that was strapped, papoose-fashion, on her back. It was a large, bulbous thing containing, I imagined, either a bull fiddle or a tuba.

"I'm a little late," she said, in a voice that seemed surprisingly mature, "and haven't much time."

"Moving?" I asked, nodding at the case.

"That's her fencing equipment," Orlando explained. "Masks, foils, costumes, everything. What time are the bouts, honey?"

"Eleven," said Miss Fancher coldly.

"I'll stop over at the office a few minutes," Orlando beamed, "and get there in plenty of time. You keep the car, honey."

MISS FANCHER was busy at the soda counter ordering a curious drink. It consisted of orange and lemon juice plus a beaten egg and a boxful of gelatin powder, the last ingredient appearing out of Orlando's pocket.

"Stir it up thoroughly," she ordered, "and, please, no ice. Try to remember this time."

"That's her own invention," said Orlando proudly. "She trains on it."

We returned to the booth.

"The Junior Finals are in two weeks,"

(Continued on page 30)

Orlando stiffened. Elvina was on him before he could retreat. "I want to get married," she moaned. "I want to be something besides a pin-up girl!"



After the war the pleas of a million people of all races and religions will be answered—when Mother Cabrini is canonized Santa Francesca

AFTER the war a little Italian-American woman who spent her life caring for orphans, teaching children and bringing health to the sick will be raised to sainthood by the Catholic Church. She will be the first American citizen to achieve sainthood: Maria Francesca Cabrini—Santa Francesca.

Blessed Mother Cabrini (her present title) was born in a farmhouse amid the green Lombardy hills in 1850. She came to America in 1888 and died just before Christmas, 1917. Her body rests in a great glass coffin in the chapel of the Blessed Cabrini High School in the Fort Washington district of New York City.

Children who go to the school often pause before the silent, black-clad body and, looking wistfully at the calm, sleeping face, ask softly, "Please wake up, Mother Cabrini!"

The attendant nuns, smiling, tell the children, "She will not wake up, but she was much sweeter in life. Try to be like her." So the spirit of the little dark-haired nun lives on.

It lives on, too, in the schools and orphanages and hospitals she built and equipped and organized almost out of nothing except her fiery determination. They are scattered from Seattle to Buenos Aires—Chicago, New York, Denver, Los Angeles and dozens of other cities. The spirit lives on in the hearts of more than five thousand Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, the order she founded.

Even in war-wrecked Italy, schools Mother Cabrini founded in her teens still carry on. She was a woman of terrific energy and knew no rest save in snatched hours of sleep or prayers. Just before her death, pain-racked and weary, she was filling bags with Christmas candy for the hospital kids.

Mother Cabrini's coming sainthood is the answer to pleas, not from Catholics alone, but from Protestants and Jews, Confucians and agnostics. More than a million people—Italians, Americans, Latin Americans, Orientals, Negroes—joined to ask the Vatican to reward "her heroic virtue" by creating her a saint.

To the Church a saint is not a god or goddess but "a friend and servant of God, whose holy life has made her worthy of His special love." This love is presumed to have been shown by endowing the soul of the candidate with power to perform miracles. The two credited to Mother Cabrini took place several years after her death.

In New York in 1921, a newborn baby was accidentally blinded; following prayers to Mother Cabrini, his sight was restored. Four years later a nun lay dying in Seattle; all hope had been given up. Once again, after prayers, the nun quickly recovered. In 1933, Church dignitaries carefully went into the details of both these incidents and later pronounced both to be authentic miracles. This paved the path to beatification and canonization.

The ceremony of the beatification of Mother Cabrini took place late in 1938, with a great deal of traditional pomp and splendor in the brightly lighted basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, was there. So were other bishops and cardinals in robes of purple and red and gold; and happy Missionary Sisters in sober black and white. They stood silently to listen to the "Brief Apostolic" by which the Pope enrolled the little nun among the virgins of the blessed. A colored picture of the new Beata was unveiled to glitter in the lights.

The little Francesca of the Lombardy farm—and New York and Chicago slums—had become Blessed Mother Cabrini, to be revered and loved forever. . . .

In the summer sunlight of July 15, 1850, Agostino and Stella Cabrini had discovered dismayingly that their thirteenth child was to be born two months before its time. Late in the afternoon, tradition says, a flight of white doves settled down to feed on the ripened wheat strewn around their yard.

Agostino, anxious for his wife, chased away the doves—except one, which became entangled in a wall-clinging vine. This dove he released and took indoors to show to his wife. In a few minutes the child was born—a slight dark girl who seemed almost too frail to survive. But she did, and her mother, busy with her dozen robust *bambinos*, gave little Francesca over to the care of her fifteen-year-old sister Rosa. Rosa was a sturdy and courageous youngster who, a year or two later, ran a school in the Cabrini home in defiance of the law.

So little Francesca grew up in a heavily religious atmosphere, learning from Rosa about the unfortunate and heathen Orient before she was ten. It was her childish amusement to make paper boats, man them with paper saints, put in wood violets and launch them upon the near-by Lambro, hoping that they might be cast up on the shores of heathen lands and so spread the Word.

At eleven, Francesca took her first vow of virginity. She renewed it year by year until she was nineteen. Then she made it permanent.

The Mother House is Founded

Years of teaching in Italy followed her initiation, but by the time she was thirty her active mind and expanding vision aroused a missionary instinct. With some opposition from priests who doubted her ability she took over an abandoned Franciscan convent and there established what became the Mother House of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. A few nuns, a handful of ragged orphans, a loaf or two, some fruit, a tiny altar—they were all she had to start with.

Seven years of hard work followed, and then she determined to go to the Orient and found new houses. But Pope Leo XIII, hearing of her plans, advised: "Not to the East; to the West."

Two years later, penniless, homeless, almost friendless and speaking no English, Sister Cabrini was in New York.

In her early years many of the little nun's projects ran into opposition from priests, bishops and cardinals because of her physical frailty. Later, in Rome, a stern "No" was the answer from a cardinal vicar to her request to open a girls' school. In 1888, the Archbishop of New York told her the best thing for her and her group of nuns was to go back home.

She did not take the archbishop's advice. Instead, she found a damp, dismal basement far downtown in a district peopled by poor Italian immigrants, and here she and her nuns started a school. For money she begged from door to door and, with the cash thus slowly gathered, opened a small orphanage for parentless children. A year later her intense drive and enthusiasm had created a center on an estate she was given at West Park, on the Hudson. This institution soon was sending a steady flow of workers all over the world.

The West Park establishment at her death was only one of sixty-seven institutions she imagined, organized, built and fought for. For all her work she wanted no honors, insisting quietly—and with humility—that she was merely watching God perform wonders through her.

She never became the "great executive" which in fact she was. Soon after she had founded a new school in Buenos Aires,



The First American Saint

By Jim Marshall

an Argentine archbishop paid a call—and found Mother Cabrini on her knees vigorously scrubbing the floor.

Humble as she was, there were times when she could be hard-minded and human. Once, having decided to establish a hospital in Chicago, she went there—as usual without money—and got a promise of \$1,000 from the Italian colony. Her plans called for \$120,000. With a few dollars and promises, she purchased a tumble-down hotel and hired a contractor to convert it into a hospital.

Something went wrong and, before Mother Cabrini knew it, the place was practically a shell. With a few of her nuns she stormed into the rubble, fired everybody and, becoming her own building superintendent, got another crew together and proceeded with the work.

A Room That Became a Shrine

Finally the hospital was put up, staffed, equipped, opened and put into operation, named, as were others, for Columbus. In it, in a small bare room that has become a shrine, the little Mother who fought for it and built it died one winter night.

Catholicism's heroes and martyrs are made immortal in two ways: beatification and canonization. How many saints the church has created no one knows. Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York says, "The number of saints is innumerable." This is mainly because, up until the fifteenth century, few records were kept.

Both steps toward sainthood take time and are fairly expensive. Beatification

ceremonies may run to \$20,000; canonization to more than twice that. This does not take in, either, the painstaking investigation that precedes either ceremony.

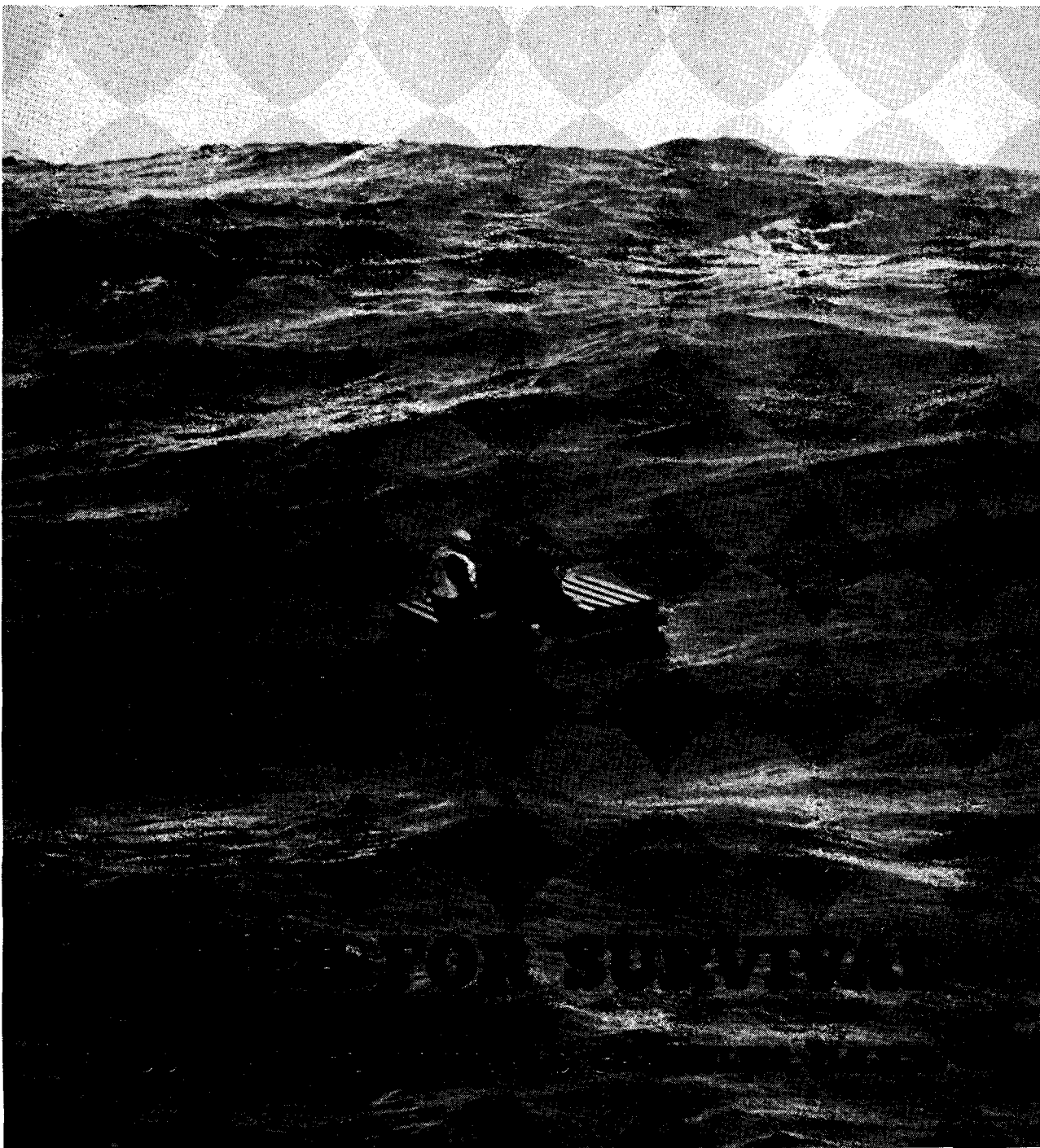
During the long preliminaries a Congregation of Rites, including bishops, cardinals and lesser priests, hears evidence both for and against the candidate. A "devil's advocate" has the duty of discovering and testifying, if he can, any reasons against the conferring of the honors. Not all candidates survive the test.

Sponsors of the candidate must prove three things: The heroic quality of the virtues attributed to the candidate; a reputation for sanctity; and the working of miracles attributed to the power of the spirit of the dead man or woman. The Church goes very thoroughly into all reported miracles, and many are rejected.

If the Congregation of Rites finally approves the candidacy, its findings go to the Vatican for a final yes or no. If the decision is yes, final ceremonies are held in the great hall above the entrance to St. Peter's.

In peacetime the final canonization ceremonies for Blessed Mother Cabrini probably would have taken place this spring. On January 11th this year, almost within sound of the guns of war, a meeting was held in Rome at which final decisions were made. Word to America, however, is that the final rites will not take place until more settled days.

Meanwhile, Mother Cabrini rests peacefully on the hill above the river. To millions of people her spirit is a guiding light—and a pleasant memory—even without the final glory of "Santa Francesca." ★★★



On a darkened, wind-swept sea even a large group of survivors is not easily visible. These three British merchant seamen, torpedo victims, are almost lost in a desert of water

Crew members of the U. S. Coast Guard vessel Wilcox spent seventeen exhausting hours in the water before being rescued. Only man lost was swept off the ship's deck by waves



THE author to this handy guide to death-dodging learned the rules the hard way: He outsmarted sea, sharks and Japs after his carrier, the Wasp, went down in battle in the Pacific. Always one to make the best of things, he discovered that the combination of salt water and fuel oil in which he navigated for several hours was a complete cure for dandruff, the effects lasting for about three months.

He noted, too, the tendency of men to maintain normal routines even when fighting for their lives in the water. After the Wasp went down, a seaman swimming near by paddled over to him and, saluting gravely, said: "Sir, your left collar ornament is loose; you will lose it if you're not careful." He thanked the seaman, removed the ornament and stowed it safely in his shirt pocket. Then they both took up their swimming exercise again.

"... And after a couple of hours, a destroyer picked us up." Thus ends the story of many a survivor of naval action. There are many who did not survive to tell the tale. Certain of those were inevitable casualties. Others, however, would still be with us but for some mistake which might easily have been avoided had the victim given some thought ahead of time to the possible contingency of his ship being sunk.

It is with the view of passing along some hints on making a successful getaway, once that has become the only alternative, that this has been written. It is based upon the experiences of the writer and of others who have had to take to the water, and upon known fatal errors of some who failed in trying to abandon ship.

Explore Your Ship Thoroughly

Probably the first step, both in chronology and in importance, is to learn the ship thoroughly. Make the investigation a thorough one, neglecting no possibilities. A striking-down hatch left dogged and unused most of the time may someday afford the one chance of getting out. Find out where it leads and know how to work the dogs without delay.

While exploring the avenues of travel, take note of piping in the overheads. If any is traversed by a steam or gasoline line, put that in the list of second choices. The chances are that the shock which puts the ship in sinking condition may also fracture those pipes. Steam or burning gasoline is not conducive to safe passage. In much the same category are those passageways which pass close to magazines or gasoline stowage. Bombing, torpedoing, or shellfire is apt to set the ship ablaze and at the same time to paralyze fire-fighting, flooding and purging arrangements. In such a situation, the regions close to ammunition and gasoline concentration are not healthy.

Armed with complete knowledge of the ship, a person has appreciably bettered his chances of getting over the side, should that become necessary. At least, he knows the best ways to reach a likely jumping-off place from wherever he happens to be. But there remains another problem: When to start for that place.

"Why, when the word is passed to abandon ship," someone answers.

Yes, that is certainly a good time to do it. But the word may never come—not because the skipper doesn't try to pass it, but because communications have failed. All normal means of passing the word may fail under stress of disaster. Anyone may find himself in a part of the ship cut off by fire or water, compelled to decide for himself and possibly for others junior to him whether or not the time has come to make a run for it. No one, certainly no officer should let himself be caught unable to do his own thinking at a time like this.

When you abandon ship, you wear what you have on at the time, unless you are involved in one of those leisurely ship-leavings which admit of a choice of apparel. Such are not the rule. However, if you happen to be torpedoed while partially disrobed, by all means try to grab a shirt and pair of trousers on your way out. Clothes have several advantages. They'll spare you much barked hide while you're going over, whether you go down a rope, climb along a canted hull, or get into a boat. If you have to swim, the dark cloth of our presently worn uniforms (blue, gray and green) will be less likely to attract sharks than your white skivvies or light skin. True, many authoritative writers claim that sharks will not attack a swimming man. But there's always the possibility you may meet up with a shark who hasn't read the book.

Commander Chambliss' hard-won knowledge was first read by servicemen in the United States Naval Institute Proceedings. Since then it has been made required reading for Navy Flight and Preflight personnel, and all Navy men afloat have received a condensed version.

Of prime importance are gloves. You may have to tear away debris, climb over jagged or hot wreckage, or take to a rope. One cannot afford injury to the hands, principal tools of salvation. A pair of light leather gloves, habitually carried in the hip pocket of one's trousers when not being worn, will prove worth more than their weight in gold when abandoning ship.

Very useful is a knife. The Navy-issue variety, with a scabbard that hitches to the trousers belt, is a fine tool. Its uses are many: cutting yourself clear of lines or other impedimenta with which you may become involved, discouraging a shark, opening a can of emergency rations. Get yourself a knife, and keep it with you—wear it all the time.

Handy, too, is a flashlight of the pencil type. It is easily carried in a shirt or blouse pocket and can solve some pressing problems. You may, for example, be below decks when disaster overtakes the ship. Almost invariably the lights go out. Travel with the aid of a flashlight is much easier, in such circumstances, than doing it by the touch system. Also, it is quite possible you may get sunk at night, and a little point of light trained in the direction of a rescue ship may mean the difference between being picked up and appearing on the "missing" list. Of course, to be effective when you're in the water, the flashlight must be kept dry. Many methods have been devised for accomplishing that end. The most successful is to enclose it in a rubber sheath, securely closing the open end with a rubber band or by tying a knot. The rig is sufficiently translucent to permit radiation of an easily seen beam of light.

Finally, the matter of a life jacket. Kapok jackets in ample quantity are usually stowed in sufficiently well-dispersed places throughout the ship to give reasonable assurance of availability. But among those who have been sunk there is an increasing tendency to keep on the person an inflatable rubber jacket of the type worn about the waist. If you cannot get hold of one of those, there are other types of inflatable jackets which can be folded compactly, transported from place to place, and thus kept within easy reach in emergency.

In connection with life jackets, there is much current discussion on the relative merits of the kapok and the pneumatic. The proponents of the kapok point out that it is less vulnerable to disablement due to tearing; that it gives some protection against flying fragments; that it helps avoid internal injury due to the effects of depth-charging while the wearer is in the water.

Without attempting to settle the dispute this writer's stated preference is for the inflatable pneumatic jacket, because of its greater flexibility. A short account of one experience he had with this type may serve to illustrate the point:

A Getaway Under Fire

The carrier this reporter was on was literally being blown to pieces when the time came to go over the side. From the midships area there rained a devastating collection of missiles—parts of the ship and exploding ammunition of various calibers. For the most part, these projectiles flew straight out on a line roughly normal to the side of the ship. The water for a distance of about 250 yards was subjected to an intense barrage. The ship had some stern board on, and the writer was making his getaway from the afterpart of the ship.

Because of the ship's movement astern, it was evident that, to avoid coming under the barrage, it would be necessary to swim a course not directly away from the wreck but on a line abaft that normal to the ship's side so as to hold a constant relative

bearing on the point of departure, which was in a missile-free area. This maneuver called for considerable swimming speed if any distance were to be made good away from the ship. The solution, wearing an inflatable jacket, was simple: Let the air out of the jacket, thus reducing water resistance to a minimum. It worked. When I stopped for a first-position check I was impressed to find I had swum about 300 yards from the ship.

Once in a safe area, it was not difficult to pump up the jacket through the oral inflation tubes provided for this purpose. And the gasping efforts of overworked lungs provided more than adequate expelled air for the purpose. A word of caution in connection with reinflating the jacket: A shipmate who pumped up his jacket under similar circumstances was somewhat taken aback after being picked up to discover that he had been carrying around a couple of quarts of water ballast during his three-hour swim. In the rough sea he had somehow pumped water as well as air into the device.

Avoid Depth-Charge Shock

In depth-charge injuries, the area most affected is the abdomen, which is not completely covered by the kapok. It might be worth while to mention a maneuver I employed to avoid depth-charge shock. A safe distance away a destroyer was heaving ash cans, and other vessels close at hand would soon begin. I shifted the pneumatic jacket to the small of my back and thereafter swam on my back with stern sheets and midsection practically clear of the water. When ships close aboard began depth-charging, I felt only the characteristic prickling sensation on the skin of the submerged body areas and slight shock in the well-protected regions of the lungs and skull. Subsequent discussion with medical men elicited the opinion that it was a good way to minimize shock.

Whatever life jacket you choose, don't go over the side without one. You may be in the water a long time, embarrassed by rough seas and debilitated by shock. Some auxiliary means of flotation is a prime essential, at least for most persons. True, the athletic navigator of the ill-fated Wasp galloped all over the Coral Sea for three hours without a life belt. But he is a far-above-average swimmer.

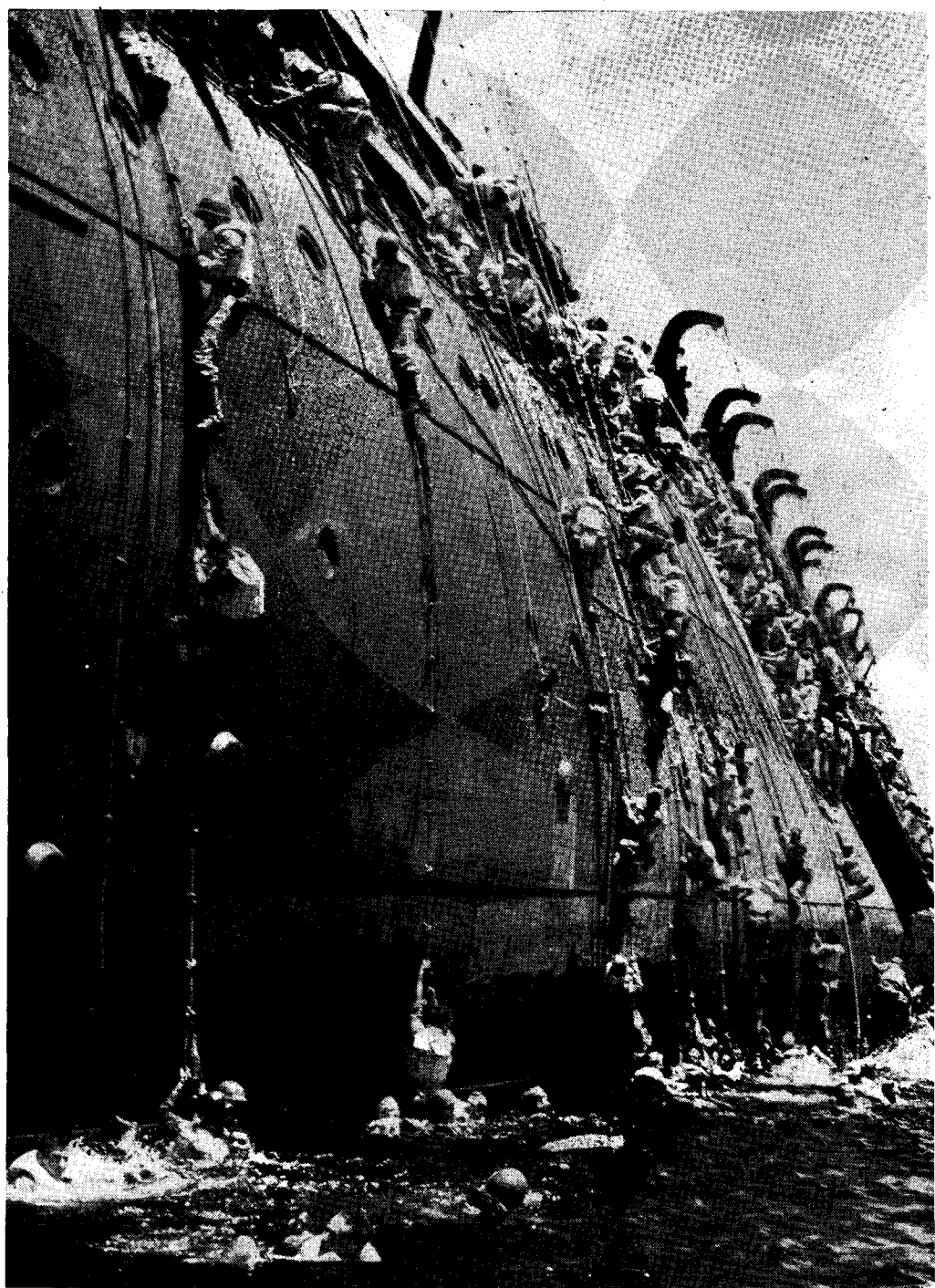
The next problem is the actual getaway. Of course, if there is a boat available in which you have a rightful place, by all means take it. Boats are fine things. But the odds are, in battle casualty, that you'll have to swim for it. And right here, before you blithely take to the water, is the time to make an estimate of the situation.

By the time you get ready to go over, the ship will usually be lying to, or with slight way on ahead or astern, depending upon the direction in which the engines were last turning over. Ships with high freeboard forward (such as destroyers) generally weathercock, stern to the wind. But vessels with relatively even over-all freeboard tend to lie in the trough of the sea, across the wind.

Unless there is no other possible choice, *never go over the lee side*. With any kind of wind, you will be unable to swim as fast as the ship drifts. Hence, if you go over the lee side, you will find yourself inexorably pressed against the hull, forced to the exhausting task of working your way to the bow or stern in order to get clear.

Should you work your way aft, and the ship is down by the head, you'll find yourself involved with the propellers. Loose gear that has gone over the lee side will still be there, trapped as you are by the drift of the ship, adding to the difficulties of your progress toward a safe place. If you can't go over the windward side, try to work your way to one end, so as to be

(Continued on page 78)



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Cardinal rule for taking to the water by rope or hose: Don't slide; go down hand over hand, like these soldiers on the transport President Coolidge

Abandoning of the aircraft carrier Lexington, after it was hit in the Battle of the Coral Sea. Men did not jump, but swarmed over the side on ropes

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH—ACME



BLOCK THAT COLD!

BY C. WARD CRAMPTON, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

Brilliantly efficient today?
Maybe it's Toxic Mental
Tension, a pre-cold warning



Science has learned that your body tries to warn you, a full day in advance, when you're about to catch a cold. Here are the signs—also a sensible prevention program that may save you a lot of misery

IF YOU had three colds in the past year you are an average American; you have had your full quota of the five hundred million colds that plagued the nation and cost us billions of dollars in money and precious time.

If you, and every other American, could have prevented just one of those three colds, the tremendous bill for our annual siege of sniffles, chills, aches and misery would have been cut one third—important money in the economy of any man or nation.

But preventing colds is not easy. Most of the difficulties arise from the fact that a cold is a most insidious thing—you never know you've got one until it's too late! When you hear anyone say, "I'm catching a cold," he is guilty of a medical error. That premonitory sneeze or snuffle that tipped him off means that he has already got his cold and that the cold has got him. He has been invaded by the cold virus and his body has declared war; but, by the time he finds out about it, the invader is entrenched far in the interior. The invasion occurred, unheeded, a day or more before.

Obviously, it is too late to think about prevention at this point. Treatment is the thing now. Yet this cold might have been prevented if your suffering body had warned you the day before that it was being attacked. For every cold there is a day before—a whole day in which you might have helped your body to beat off the invader if there had been any signs of what was happening to you.

Are there any such signs?

Some highly promising research indicates that there definitely are such pre-cold signs. Better still, it has been shown that you can learn to recognize these day-before, pre-symptom signs in time to ward off the damage, or at least greatly to lessen the intensity and duration of the oncoming cold.

Conditioning for a Cold

This scientific advance involved much backtracking as well as a great deal of trail-blazing. In the beginning, it was based on painstaking checking back over the records of persons who had been examined by doctors, for one reason or another, and who obligingly caught colds the next day and reported them. These cases provided a golden opportunity to go back to the record and read exactly the condition of the victims the day before the cold!

From these studies came dramatic, prophetic, but difficult signs! Signs that, tested and proven, might give everyone a priceless 24-hour advantage in cold combat!

Here is a report of the progress to date.

Of all the day-before warnings of an approaching cold, the three most definite ones are:

1. The Toxic Mental Tension Sign.
2. The Eye-Dazzle Sign.

3. The Circulation Slump Sign.

Singly or in combination, these signs serve to warn you that a cold is possible, probable or inevitable.

How can you recognize these signs? Let us take them one at a time, the Toxic Mental Tension Sign first.

A well-known author is speaking:

"For two days now I have been on top of the world. I have done more work in 48 hours than I have done in two weeks. My mind clips along faster than I can type—faster than I can dictate, too. I know what it means, though. Tomorrow I will have a cold. Don't try to tell me how to stop it. Nobody has, nothing will. I can take it."

And take it he did.

The Toxic Mental Tension (T.M.T.) Sign is evidence of a stimulation of the nervous and mental mechanism caused by the invaders themselves at the time of invasion. It is shown by a feeling of increased mental energy, confidence, speed, brilliance. The mind may become feverish before a fever begins. These symptoms may also precede illness other than a cold, and they may proceed from nonpathological causes.

Be Brilliant, but Beware

If you find yourself feeling unusually confident and brilliant, "the life of the party," rejoice, and have a good time, unclouded by apprehension. If, however, you find that you have a cold the next day or two, and this happens several times—then you have discovered a valuable warning sign for your guidance. Our writer was alert enough to take note of this sign and it was turned to good account for him.

The precold, "T.M.T." Sign is one of the many half-hidden evidences of toxic and semitoxic stimuli of the mind. As a precold sign, it may be that nature is trying to get us to use our brains to think about starting the fight early to catch the cold in time.

Next comes the Eye-Dazzle Sign.

When you are about to catch a cold, a bright light may dazzle your eyes more than usual. If you are driving at night and you are bothered much more than you ordinarily are by the headlights of approaching cars; or if you come out of a darkened theater into the bright sunlight of the street and blink longer and more uncomfortably; or if you look at a bright object, then close your eyes and see after-images more brilliant than usual, then you may be about to catch a cold! Slow eye recovery means poor condition. This is the basis of the Dazzle Sign. *It is new. It may be not only a warning of oncoming colds, but also a guide to treatment.*

When light strikes the eye, it changes the visual purple in the retina to visual yellow. This photochemical change is the basis of seeing. Ordinarily, the visual yellow is quickly changed back to purple again and we go on seeing. When a very bright auto headlight strikes the eye—our visual purple is quickly used up, too quickly to be restored in a moment. Then we are dazzled, blinded by the after-images of the headlights until the repurpling process catches up and we see again.

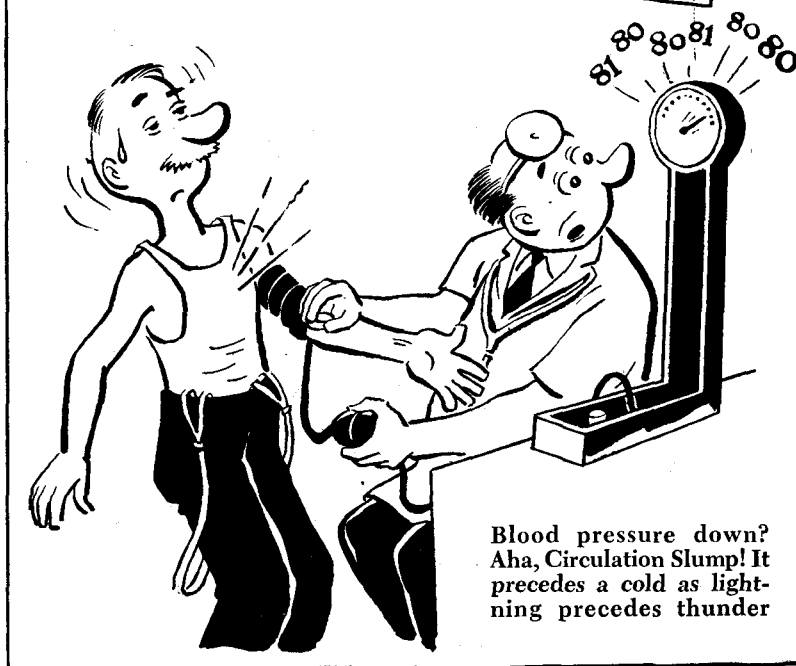
But suppose we undazzle slowly and afterimages interfere with vision too long. Then we know something has impaired our visual purple or the stock substance

(Continued on page 52)

Bright lights
blind you too
long? Prolonged
Eye Dazzle in-
dicates an on-
coming cold



Blood pressure down?
Aha, Circulation Slump! It
precedes a cold as light-
ning precedes thunder





"Boy, That's Tobacco!"
THAT'S **LUCKY STRIKE** TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE means FINE TOBACCO
yes, LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco



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*First
among
fine
whiskies*

THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

PLEASE NOTE:

Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY! Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.



One girl fled to Spain, then swam the mined waters from La Linea to an English ship at Gibraltar

Hatchet Day for the Dutch

BY MARTHA GELLHORN
ADICED FROM ENGLAND

The Dutch criticize themselves for having slept a hundred years. True or not, they're now thoroughly awake, and if the Nazis in Occupied Holland could hear them plan the future in London's Oranjehaven, they'd quake with the quislings

THERE is a rare club in London on the first floor of a nondescript gray stone house facing Hyde Park. To be a member of this club, you have only to escape from Holland. You might have been lucky and piloted a small fishing boat without accident past the tight German sea patrol through the mine fields and over the big water to England, and then you would become a member after only a week's try.

On the other hand, it might take two years to become a member, traveling with uncertain papers and finances from Holland to England by way of Siberia and Japan. Or perhaps you lied and bluffed and sneaked across several European frontiers, all right, but practically no one evades prison in Spain; so you might arrive in England after nine months' sojourn in the dirty jail of Miranda.

You might have climbed the Alps to Switzerland, recrossed France and climbed the Pyrenees to Spain en route for exit

from Lisbon. You might have swum from La Linea on the Spanish side, through the mined waters of Gibraltar to reach an English ship. One girl did. The members—the men and the girls of this club—have done all these things and more.

Any day you can go to this club and find the small living room full of these rare wandering Dutchmen talking of "Hatchet Day." This is the day of uprising, when all the Dutch who have been making their own weapons, if they could not save or steal any, intend to purge their country of what they hate even more than the Germans—the Dutch traitors, the quislings of Holland. You will see them wearing a Dutch army uniform, the R.A.F. uniform, the Dutch Fleet Air Arm uniform, or striped seamen's shirts, as well as the whole range of English civilian utility clothes. In this club, there is no difference between officers and men or military and civilians. Their journey from Holland has made them equals forever.

A pretty and enchanting Dutch girl, married to an R.A.F. pilot, runs the club and does the cooking, aided by any and all club members. The food is brought into the living room, and everyone helps himself; you eat until there is nothing left. And then you hear wonderful talk.

You hear about the famous and feared Nazi jail where all suspects in Holland are taken; the Dutch call this "The Orange Hotel." Everyone there is kept in solitary confinement, but they manage to

speak to one another along the heating pipes. The girls in this jail, it appears, had a "fine morale."

One boy remembers the first morning he was at the "Orange Hotel." He heard a girl's voice echoing along the pipes.

"Good morning," said the invisible girl. "Welcome to our little community. What do you look like?"

He described himself and got her description in return. For days, they talked cheerfully back and forth from their lonely cells through the mysterious empty pipes as they waited for trial and sentence.

"Good night, darling," she would say. "Have you remembered to shut the front door?"

Sentenced to Silence

Every so often, the German jailers would hear these voices, and one day, raiding the cells, they caught the boy talking. The Germans took him out and pierced his eardrums so that he would never hear anyone talking again.

They tell you how it was in Holland before they left. No transportation, they say, not even bicycles, because the Germans confiscated the tires; radios were seized, there were no telephones. One is very alone in a country the Germans occupy. There was no tobacco, no drink because the Germans used the cafés, no books because the books were printed in German.

Obviously, no decent Dutchman would

drink in company with Germans or read what the Germans published. Barley porridge would be the only course for dinner and there were never any fats. It was awful about soap—ersatz soap, and rationed at that. No one who has not suffered the horrors of living without soap can properly appreciate what a torment it is.

They recall happily how the Germans bought up all the Dutch automobiles just before the invasion of Russia, and how these cars were so neatly fixed with sand in the oil that they never ran more than 100 kilometers. They recall how satisfying it was to switch the road signs at night on the Dutch roads which run on high embankments beside canals; so that night after night in the blackout, German transport trucks simply bowled briskly into the water. These are pleasant little memories to laugh about now in London.

They talk of the general strike in Amsterdam when the Dutch people paraded in the streets with signs saying "We want our Jews back!" because the Nazis had started deporting the 160,000 Jews from Holland. All decent Dutch shunned the restaurants marked "No Jews Allowed" and ate where the Jews ate; Jewish shops also did a thriving business.

If a man wearing the infamous armband with the Star of David on it entered a bus or streetcar he was instantly offered a seat by general spontaneous agreement as a protest against this Nazi

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Hannah's son glanced around. He saw Bassett looking at the twenty-dollar bill. His mouth twitched. For an instant it looked as if he might make a dash for the door



CHANGE FOR TWENTY

BY KURT STEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

DOC MCNEAR was wrapping up a prescription when the stranger laid the picture on the counter. The picture showed the face and profile of a youth with a sharp nose and a squint in one eye. Across each view was a placarded number.

Harry Short, standing beside the stranger, craned his neck to look at the picture right side up. He said, "For Pete's sake!"

Doc McNear eyed the stranger, a solid, serious man who had got off the eight-thirty from Chicago five minutes ago. He said slowly, "Since you want Harry and me to tell you something, maybe you'll tell us who you are first."

The stranger said his name was Bassett and he was a government agent. He showed them his credentials.

Doc looked down at the picture again, but another face kept getting in the way. Hannah Smith's careworn mouth and grieving eyes kept getting in Doc's way as he stared at the prison picture of Hannah Smith's son—the only son left to her now that Melville was buried on Tarawa, and Dick lost at sea.

Freddie had always been her favorite. He had been gone four years. Up until a few months ago, his mother had had letters from him, and money orders pretty regularly. Hannah had been proud of the letters, proud of the fact that Freddie

never forgot her no matter how busy he was.

The prison pictures, Bassett told them, was of a man known as Frank Loring, small-time member of a counterfeiting ring, who had served four months of a two-year sentence. Recently he had escaped from the federal penitentiary.

Doc wasn't listening closely. He was remembering how, three nights ago, Hannah Smith had come into the drugstore, excited and happy.

As Doc wrapped up her package, she had leaned toward him and whispered, "Freddie's home. But it's a secret," she added. Her frail, knotted hands trembled as she took the package. "Freddie's doing some kind of secret work," her pinched face was radiant, "for the government."

BASSETT was saying, "We trailed him to Moline and Milwaukee by the bad twenties he was passing. A guard had shot him in the hand the day he broke out of the pen, and several people who got the bad twenties remembered the bandage on that hand. Well, three days ago, one of the bills was passed at a ticket window in the Twelfth Street station. The ticket agent wrote the number of the ticket on it—he didn't know it was phony. This morning we checked. That ticket was right here to Elleston. Who did you say this was?"

Harry Short opened his mouth.

"Nobody from around here," Doc said briskly. That was a foolish thing to say, but he was trying to see some way out. If he could talk to Bassett alone for a minute—if he could arrange for Freddie to go back with Bassett without his mother having to know, then the ugliness might be fended off. But how?

Bassett put the picture in his pocket. He turned to go.

The door opened, and a small, fragile woman in a shabby coat came in. With her was a pale youngish man with a sharp nose and a squint in one eye. The two came back to the prescription counter.

"Mr. McNear," Hannah Smith said breathlessly, "you remember Freddie, don't you? And this is Harry Short, Freddie. You remember Harry Short—runs the poolroom?" She gave a quick laugh. "Freddie's been on a visit with me. Now he's got word to come back to Chicago. We just stopped by on our way to the train."

Doc said, "Hello, Freddie." He looked at Bassett. Bassett was standing behind the woman and her son. He leaned on a showcase.

"Freddie," Hannah Smith said, "show Mr. McNear your hand." She looked anxiously at Doc. "Freddie's hurt his hand. He says it's doing fine, but I want you to

make sure. Show him the hand, Freddie."

Would Bassett wait? Would Bassett wait until he and Freddie were on the train, safely out of Hannah's sight? Doc found himself talking rapidly and heartily to fill up the silence. The northbound train was due in five minutes. Somehow they must get through those five minutes. He looked at Freddie's hand, pulling back the soiled bandage. A bullet crease. It was healing. There was no infection.

"Oh, I'm glad," Hannah said. Then she added eagerly, "Now I'm here, I guess I'll just pay up the bill I owe you. Freddie gave me money to pay all my bills. That is, if you can change a twenty-dollar bill, Mr. McNear."

Doc looked at Bassett. Bassett still leaned on the showcase waiting. There has been kindness in Bassett's eyes a moment ago but it was gone now.

"Why, now, let me see," Doc said. He took the twenty-dollar bill. His fingers were numb. There was only eight dollars in the cash register. To get possession of the bill, he needed thirteen to give to Hannah. If he could get the bill and slip it quietly to Bassett, Bassett might still be willing to wait.

BUT what if Hannah had more of the bills? What would Bassett do if she had more of them?

"Freddie must be doing right well," Doc observed, "to be leaving you a pile of twenties."

"Oh, only this one," Hannah said. "Gracious! Ain't one plenty for me?"

Then there were no others. Bassett would have no call to hurt Hannah. Doc rang the cash register open. He said, "Now let me see." Eight dollars in the drawer. Yet he must get that twenty-dollar bill. He must give it to Bassett without her knowing.

Harry Short said loudly, "Say, if you're low, Doc, maybe I can lend you some change." Harry was hurriedly taking out his wallet. "How much you need?"

Between them, they made up the needed change—thirteen dollars and a few cents.

"Well," Doc said cheerfully to Bassett, "good thing you waited, isn't it? Now I can pay up that wholesale account I owe you. But if your company don't deliver that Vitamexal next week I'm going to patronize another house." He walked out from behind the counter and handed the twenty-dollar bill to Bassett. Then he walked back.

Harry Short was talking to Hannah. Her son shifted his coat collar and glanced around. He saw Bassett looking at the twenty-dollar bill. His mouth twitched. For an instant Doc thought he was going to make a dash for the door.

"You better be getting along," Doc said. "There's number two whistling."

Bassett was writing something on a slip. He tore the slip from a pad. "Here's your receipt, Mr. McNear. I'll get that order filled." He walked past Freddie to the counter and laid the slip down. Then he followed the mother and son out.

Doc and Harry Short watched. They could see the three standing on the platform across the street. "He knows," Doc said softly. "Freddie knows now." They watched. The train came in. Freddie got on. Bassett got on right after him. The car began to move, and Hannah Smith hurried along, looking up into the lighted windows. She waved—waved again. When the train had gone, she stood still a moment looking after it. Then she started across the tracks home.

Harry Short struck the counter. "The cheap crook!" he shouted. "Shoving queer on his own mother!"

Doc said, "Wait a minute, Harry." He held out the slip Bassett had given him. It was a check, Bassett's personal check, for twenty dollars. In the lower corner was a notation: "In exchange for one twenty-dollar bill—genuine."



"DON'T CALL IT GASOLINE ... IT'S TOO POWERFUL!"

*New Texaco Super-Fuel Concentrates
are so powerful no engine has yet been
built to use them effectively.*

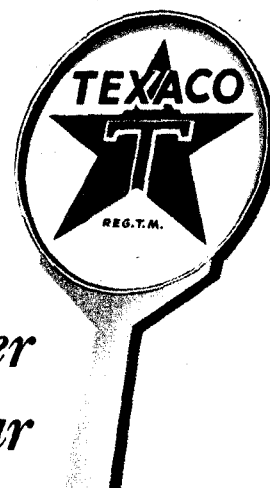
In Texaco's research laboratories the super-fuels of the future are now being made and tested. Too powerful to be used alone . . . these fuels have ratings up to four times as high as present-day 100-octane gasoline.

From the development of these amazing synthetic fuels will come the knowledge . . . the "know-how" . . . that will enable Texaco to produce the super gasolines of the future and make possible post-war cars that will give you more power . . . and more miles to the gallon.

Alkylate—a concentrate already developed by Texaco scientists is being blended into aviation gasoline to give extra power and longer range to American fighting planes as they sweep over the Axis lines.

Since the pre-war development of Alkylate, an essential ingredient in the manufacture of 100-octane gasoline, Texaco research has taken a leading part in producing the more powerful fuels needed for today's air war. Texaco has also developed a new liquid-catalyst isomerization process to speed up production of aviation gasoline.

Today, the major part of this research is devoted to one great cause—winning the war. These developments will also make possible finer Fire-Chief and finer Sky Chief Gasolines when Victory comes.



Coming . . . a finer  FIRE-CHIEF gasoline and a finer  Sky Chief gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war

PITCH IN... IT'S TIME TO
SHORTEN THE WAR



Food Fights For Freedom

A medal of honor
To Mrs. O'Connor
She's working with rake
And with hoe

For right now she's startin'
A Victory garden
And seeds she's beginning
To sow

Potatoes, tomatoes,
And fresh rutabagers
"Food for Victory" she sings
As she sows

"The garden I'm fashionin'
Laughs at food rationin'
And helps put an end
To our foes"

—Big Ben



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Because Westclox craftsmen and facilities are devoted to vital war work, Big Ben and other Westclox are not being made until further notice. Westclox, Division of General Time Instruments Corp., La Salle-Peru, Ill.

I Hate Actors

Continued from page 20

Orlando purred. "Aren't they, honey?" Miss Fancher nodded.

"Lay on, MacDuff," I quoted from the bard, "and damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'"

Orlando waited eagerly for the young scholar to rise to the promised discussion. But it was obvious Miss Fancher didn't like me and would, under no cajoling, open up on Shakespeare or anything else. I was not too disappointed. The soda man arrived with a frothy yellowish glass. Without hesitation, Miss Fancher set the gruesome-looking concoction to her lips.

"I don't want to be late," she said, the drink downed. "I'll catch a bus."

"Are you insane?" Orlando gurgled. "Bill's taking you, naturally."

We entered Orlando's car a few minutes later. Betha sat between us. A surlier companion I have never known. But she was Circe to Orlando.

"Would you care to drop into the office a minute," he cooed, "and pick up the new Dragon Moon script? I promised Zupelman you'd glance through it. It's terrifically improved, really."

"Please." The brooding little face between us frowned. "I'd rather not go into all that again. I'm quite through with Hollywood." She gave me a slow glance. "And everything Hollywoodish."

"Yes, I know," said Orlando cravenly. He beamed across at me. "Do you know what she calls Hollywood?—a rattle for American infantilcy."

"Infantalism," Miss Fancher corrected. "I'll never forget that," Orlando looked serious. "Hits it right on the head."

We rode on in silence, a fact Orlando failed to notice. Idolatry kindled his eyes, and he sat beside a shrine. Words and silence were all one to him. We stopped at his office.

"I'll be there at eleven sharp," Orlando said. He followed me out of the car and then stood with his nose inside as if unable to abandon paradise.

"You're getting cuter looking every day," he purred.

"I wish you'd get a new adjective," Miss Fancher frowned. "You think everything is cute."

"Only you, honey," Orlando snickered.

"One adjective goes a long way in Hollywood," Miss Fancher answered and closed the door. The car drove off to the eleven-o'clock bouts.

"Great kid, isn't she?" Orlando purred. "Yes, very cute," I said, "but a little on the sour side."

"That experience with the police still hurts her," he explained.

I thought of that experience—of the lunatic lies this highly-tighty intellectual had uttered, in pursuit of Hollywood fame, and held my tongue. There is no profit in arguing about shrines.

MISS FLANNIGAN had a number of messages. Bison had been calling at ten-minute intervals.

"I haven't time to see that fathead," Orlando nodded abstractedly. "Got to leave in exactly twenty minutes."

"You promised to clean out your desk this morning, Mr. Higgins." Flannigan walked over to it and pulled out a large drawer jammed with unopened mail. "It won't hold any more," she said. "If you don't care to look it over, I'll just throw it all away. Mr. Albert, by the way, wants to know if he can have the day off."

"Sure, sure," Orlando answered. "I'm not going to need him. Tell him to enjoy himself."

He had fished out a handful of mail, suddenly fascinated by the crowded drawer as if it were a box of toys.

"Have to do this three, four times a

year," he chuckled. "Get a great kick out of reading them. Much more interesting than if you read them when they're new. Squawks. Actor squawks. Ha, here's one from Laurence Bison dated two months ago. Well, well." He opened the envelope idly. "I'll go through all of these tonight, Flannigan, word of honor." His eyes were on the letter as he spoke. "Holy Ike!" he muttered suddenly, and continued reading with popping eyes. "Holy Jumping Sebastian!" His face was turning slowly purple.

"What's up?" I asked. He finished the letter, openmouthed, and then handed it silently to me. The pages were covered with a darting penmanship. I read:

"Orlando Higgins, these are tidings from hell. Read them carefully. They are words ringed with blood. You have forty-eight hours in which to prevent the doors of hell opening. Unless you act within the next forty-eight hours, murder will walk the night. And you will know forever in your soul that though it is my hand that kills, it is you who place the knife in it."

"I am referring to that cinema blight, Wilde! Wilde, the actor! Wilde, the player of Periwinkle! Wilde, the misnamed! It is not he who is Wilde, but I—I am the wild one! I am telling you now that this jackanapes Wilde will never play Periwinkle. If you fail me—with your customary perfidy—I shall take the law into my own hands—the law of Art. I will remove Wilde from the picture he lusts to desecrate and from the face of the earth which he defiles."

"Act, Higgins! Time is short! Murder is swift! I am serene in my project. My plans are laid. Unless I am given the role of Periwinkle within the next forty-eight hours, Wilde is a dead man! And whoever plays Periwinkle, other than myself, will die also at my hand! My campaign is a desperate one but, know you, I am resolved! Murder will be my immortal answer to the injustice and stupidity of Hollywood! Faithfully yours, Laurence Bison."

"What's the date on the envelope?" I asked.

"February 21st," Orlando said, "two

days before the crime. He was drunk as a coot, of course, when he wrote this."

"Drunk or sober," I said, "it tells a tale."

I looked nervously at Flannigan. She was busy typing.

"Well, this is some jam. No kidding!" Orlando sat down. "I haven't the faintest idea what to do. Can you imagine that maniac running around murdering people! And I thought he was just a typical actor—all wind." He looked up at me dizzily. "What would you do in a case like this?"

"I might call the police," I said.

"I can't do that," Orlando shuddered. "What if he's innocent? This would sink him."

"He doesn't sound like an innocent man to me," I said, "considering the corpses that have been popping up."

"I'm going to have to think this thing through," Orlando sighed.

"Mr. Cobb is on number five," Flannigan announced.

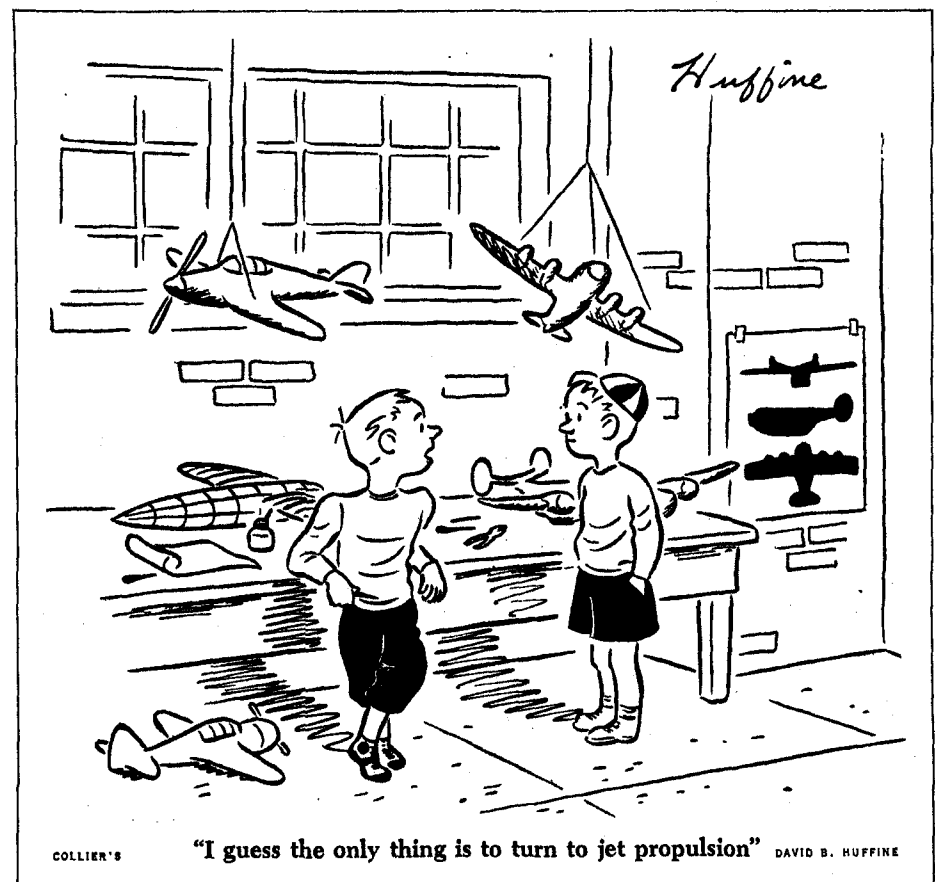
Orlando picked up the instrument slowly. "Hello, J. B. . . . Yep. . . . Yep. . . . What do you mean? Sure, I'm Larry Bison's agent. Send the contract right over. . . . Okay. . . . Yep. . . . Will do. . . . Listen, J. B., if you want Bison, it's up to you. I'm not selling him. He doesn't need any selling. You know that as well as I. Yep. . . . Right. Five years, eh? Uh-uh. . . . That's a beautiful gesture, J. B. Okay. . . . Yep. . . . Right. . . . Tonight, eh? Sure, sure, I wouldn't miss it for the world. Okay. . . . Will do. . . . Right!"

ORLANDO hung up and stared at me. "Five-year contract, no options, twenty-five hundred a week for the first year, and six grand per week for the last two years. It's a terrific contract. Makes Bison the biggest name in pictures. They're running a rough cut of Destiny tonight. I think we ought to see it before we do anything about this."

He put the letter carefully in a rear pocket.

"Are you mad?" I demanded. "You can't let a killer run around loose, collecting six grand a week!"

"Temporary insanity," Orlando an-



COLLIER'S

"I guess the only thing is to turn to jet propulsion" DAVID B. HUFFINE

"KEEP UP THE GOOD SPADEWORK!"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

We've dug up one answer
To beating Japan, sir,
As Hitler no doubt has a hunch...

We may not pull triggers,
But boy, how we diggers
Are nourishing Uncle Sam's punch!

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swered. "That's all it was. Look at it this way: He's killed everybody he's going to, hasn't he? Got rid of his frustration and all that sort of thing, didn't he? There's absolutely no danger in that goop from now on. He's probably the most harmless man in Hollywood today."

I stared back at my old friend and shuddered.

"Actors!" he muttered. "They're always killing each other on the stage!"

"Listen, dopey," I lowered my voice, "there's a penalty attached to being an accessory to murder. You go to jail—for years."

"Not if nobody finds out," Orlando mopped his forehead.

I looked nervously at Flannigan again. "Don't worry about her," he chuckled.

"She never notices. Now look! What if we'd never read this letter? Nobody knows I got it. Bison was out of his mind when he wrote it—temporarily insane. Ten to one he's forgotten all about it."

"Orlando," I said firmly, "you're calling up Egelhofer. And no monkeyshines."

"Call him up yourself," Orlando glared at me. "I'll tear the letter up—and then where are you? Your word against mine—and Bison's. And don't forget J. B. He's on our side."

I asked for a drink, and Flannigan produced a bottle of brandy.

"There's a hundred angles to this," Orlando continued softly, after downing a glass. "Just let's consider them calmly. That letter sinks not only Bison but the whole Destiny picture. They'd never be able to release it with a double killer playing Periwinkle. Granted?"

I nodded moodily.

"As a matter of fact"—Orlando frowned at the ceiling—"this thing could actually ruin Empire. Put it right out of business like a shot. And the joke is—I sold them Bison! Broke my neck forcing them to take him. Remember? Right while I was being arrested for the crime he had committed. That's really ironical, isn't it?"

"It isn't good," I said.

Orlando turned toward Flannigan. "Where's Mr. Albert?" he demanded.

"You said you wouldn't need him today," Flannigan answered, "so he may have gone to that temple of his—to practice."

"See if you can locate him," Orlando snapped.

WE SAT silent for several minutes. I went over our murders in my mind, fitting Bison into them as the guilty man. He fitted neatly, except for one small fact. He had been in Bill's custody the night of Wilde's killing. I mentioned this to Orlando.

"By George, that's an out!" he cried. "I never thought of it. Get me my driver," he said into the phone. "He's at the Caven's Fencing Academy." He hung up and looked at his wrist. "I'm afraid I'll have to miss that bout. Flannigan, call Miss Fancher and tell her I had to shoot over to Empire on a big deal. And send two dozen roses to her house. You've got the address."

"Any message with the flowers?" Flannigan asked coldly.

"What's something from Shakespeare?" Orlando turned eagerly to me.

"The dawn awaits your smile," I said.

"Wonderful!" Orlando sighed.

Flannigan wrote it down. "There's Bill," she said, "on number four."

"Bill, listen carefully," Orlando spoke into the phone. "Remember that night Dennis Wilde was killed? . . . Well, was Laurence Bison with you all that night? I mean every minute. . . . No lying, now. This is important. . . . He did, eh? . . . I see. . . . I see. . . . How long before you caught up with him? . . . I see. I get it. How did he act? . . . I see. Blotto, huh? . . . Okay. Never mind why. Forget I asked you, like a good fella, will you? . . . Okay." He hung up.

"He says he fell asleep," Orlando muttered, "and Bison skipped out around midnight. He tracked him down in a saloon a couple hours later—out cold. I got a hunch he's wise to the whole thing. He's probably been blackmailing Bison ever since it happened—if I know Bill."

"He'll probably start blackmailing you now," I said, "if he thinks you're on to it."

"I'll take care of that rat," Orlando sneered. He looked at me desperately. "If I could only trust you, I'd feel easier about the whole thing. I'm beginning to see a way out."

"Mr. Bison to see you," Flannigan announced. "He's outside."

ORLANDO whistled softly. "Let me handle this," he whispered. "Not a word to the poor guy. Promise?"

"We're on our way to San Quentin right now," I answered.

"Nothing of the sort," Orlando was firm. "All they've got, as I told you, is your

Orlando nodded gently. "You don't have to talk," he said in a low voice. "I think certain things are better left unsaid."

"You do, do you?" Bison glared. "Well, I do not!"

"Have it your own way," Orlando purred. "Just trying to protect you—"

"Protect me!" Bison's eyes came out as if on stalks. "Your humor is badly timed, Higgins." He paused and then added grimly, "My mission is not a pleasant one."

"You look a little tired," said Orlando softly, "as if something were bothering you."

"Something is!" Bison boomed. "I am quite fed up with you, Higgins, both as a friend and an agent—neither of which you are or have ever been." Orlando blinked and straightened in his chair.

"Take it easy," he purred, "you're suffering a little from shock and—"

"I am here in the open light of day,"

weeks ago, Higgins, in this very office, I pleaded with you to see to it that Miss Caroma's option was picked up by Empire, that the child was not thrust out of the studio like a leper when her work in my picture was done. With what results? With this result: She was ousted this morning without a word of thanks, without a goodbye. Ousted like a leper. Not one word from you! Not a single move to protect her—"

"I talked the whole thing over with J. B.," Orlando interrupted irritably.

"A lie!" Bison roared. "A dirty lie! I spoke to J. B. myself. I took my pride in my hands and went to him. I found out what you are, Higgins, in that brief interview. Not only a parasite living off the artist—prowl in his pockets—but a cad, a vicious cad!"

Orlando's face was suddenly calm, its eyebrows raised, its expression aloof.

"You told Jerome Cobb," Bison went on vibrantly, "that that child was your paramour, a toy you had picked to play with. A lie! A foul lie!" Bison was on his feet, his face red. "Your poison tongue has ruined her at Empire. She has never been anything to you, Higgins! And from this moment on, I, too, shall never be anything to you!" He turned to include Flannigan and me as audience: "Remember that! In front of witnesses I announce that I sever any and all connections with the parasitical firm of Orlando Higgins. I have tolerated your leechlike incompetency long enough. Good day."

Orlando remained silent as the door opened.

BISON paused on the threshold to declaim, "Had you ever done anything for me, had you ever raised so much as a little finger in my behalf, I would not leave you in this fashion—with only my contempt for farewell."

The door slammed.

"What do you know!" Orlando sat down. "I put that ham back on his feet. I fished him out of the gutter." He paused. "He must be crazy—absolutely irresponsible; forgotten everything, Wilde, Jones, that letter—everything! That's fatheadedness for you! Flannigan, get me Lieutenant Egelhofer. Try him at the station. We can't afford having a maniac like that around loose. After all, murder is murder."

Orlando chuckled suddenly. "This is the first time in my life I've been able to answer one of my clients properly." He sighed and added, "It's his own fault. They're all alike. Oh, how I hate actors!"

We were unable to locate the busy Egelhofer until four o'clock. I marked time on one of Orlando's couches. At four, Flannigan announced that Lieutenant Egelhofer was coming to the phone. He was fishing off Catalina Island in J. B. Cobb's yacht. A half-hour later Orlando spoke to him at length. At seven o'clock a sunburned Egelhofer entered the office. Orlando handed over the Bison letter, and the lieutenant devoured it slowly.

"I've had my eye on him from the beginning," he muttered, "but Mr. Cobb kept steering me off."

"That's why he loaned you his yacht," said Orlando rashly, "pure bribery."

"When did you get this letter?" Egelhofer glared.

"Two days before Wilde's murder," said Orlando. "The date's on the envelope."

"It's going to look bad for you," Egelhofer said quietly, "suppressing evidence."

"I didn't suppress it," Orlando cried. "I didn't read it, I told you. I tried to get you the moment I did. But you got to go sailing around on J. B.'s yacht, looking for halibut. A fine detective you are."

Egelhofer lost the round with ill grace. "Come on," he growled. "We'll take my car."

Outside he appeared to recover his spirits.

"I'll have something to tell those news-



"Tell me, Alice, did your little boy get vaccinated at school today too?"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

word for it—if you want to turn state's evidence."

I poured another drink. There was no debating with Orlando when he was in his salesman's barrel.

"Where's your heart?" he demanded in a whisper. "Think of what that poor guy's been going through." Orlando shuddered. "Living in that inferno."

Bison entered. His mood fitted our scene curiously. He wore the heavy look of a banker with bad news.

"How do you do?" he said formally.

"How you, Larry?" Orlando chirped back and remained staring openmouthed.

Bison, his lips compressed, sat down.

"I understand the picture's practically finished," said Orlando in a thin voice.

"My part is done," Bison answered coldly. "Some minor scenes involving Miss Bliss remain to be shot."

There was silence and the rattle of the Flannigan typewriter.

"Higgins," the actor raised his voice suddenly, "I am a man who likes to do things in the open. No crawling about in the dark with secrets."

Bison interrupted wrathfully, "to notify you that any and all relations between us are ended—as of this hour!"

"You don't say," Orlando said vaguely.

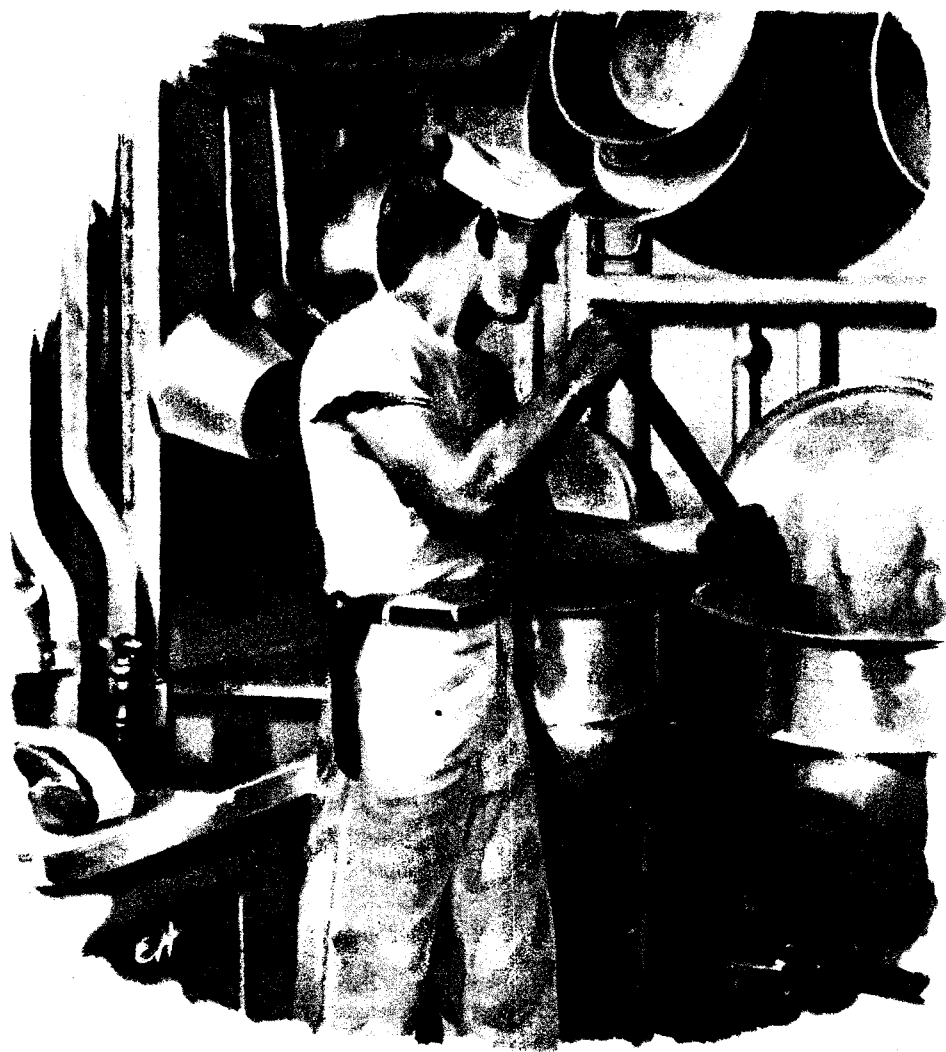
"Let me finish, Higgins!" Bison raised his palm for silence. "I have been paying you great sums of money for weeks on weeks—like an imbecile! And receiving from you in return neither loyalty nor services of any description."

"You're nuts," said Orlando, his color returning, for he was on familiar ground.

"I ASKED you to get me a new dressing room at Empire," Bison roared. "Did you? No! I asked you to look into the matter of billing. Did you? Again, no! I asked you to arrange to have a telephone installed in my new home. Did you? Oh, no! I am still using the neighbor's telephone as if I were a clod camping in some basement."

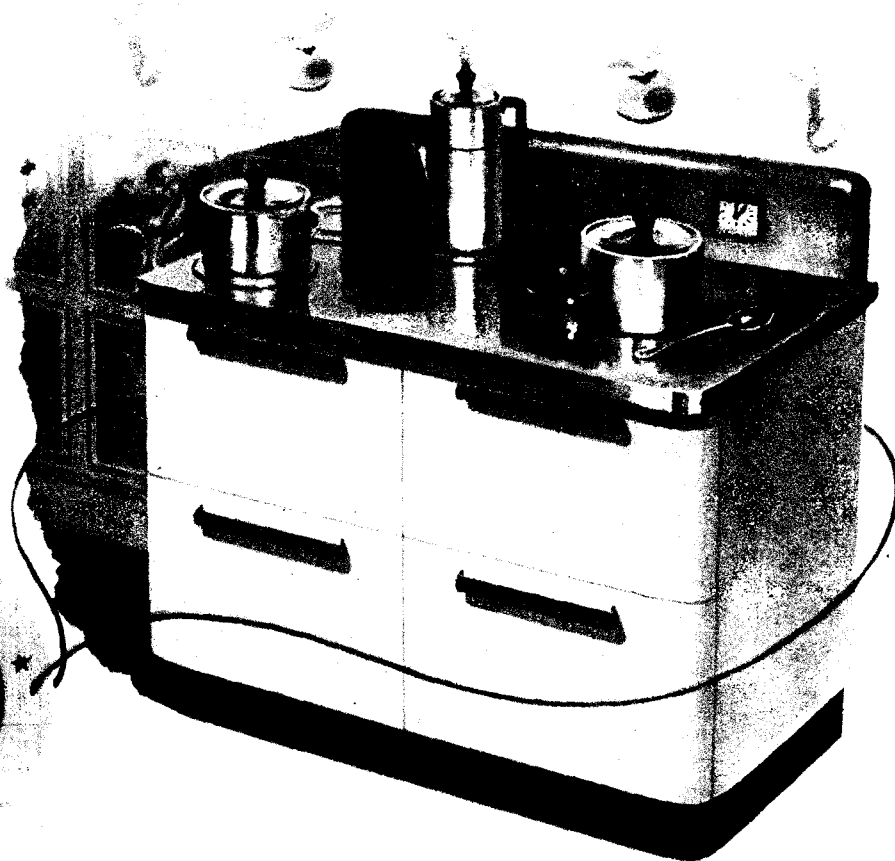
"Hell! There's a war on!" Orlando screamed. "You've got to be a general to get a telephone put in. You know that!"

"All that is nothing," Bison's voice lowered to a more menacing register. "Two



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THE Guilty

OTTO ABETZ

XXXIV



OTTO ABETZ, as much as any other one person, rotted France to its fall. It was not only that he bribed editors, authors and public servants, pouring out his dirty money in an ever-flowing stream. A specialist in the betrayal of friendship and ideals, he degenerated the youth of France by his plausible insistence that national preparedness against possible aggression was "warmongering," and an evil to be resisted by all true lovers of peace and fraternity. In the labor camps of the Reich today, thousands of enslaved Frenchmen curse his name in the same breath with that of Pierre Laval.

A drawing teacher in a girls' school, young Abetz quit his job in 1923 to join the Nazi movement, and was Baldur von Schirach's right hand in forming the Hitler Jugend. After the Fuehrer's rise to power, and when conquest became a definite purpose, Abetz was entrusted with an important fifth-column activity—"the promotion of closer and more understanding relations between the youth of France and Germany."

Plentifully supplied with funds, he traveled France from border to border, preaching the necessity of young people banding together in order to repair the blunders of their hate-filled elders. Through the medium of a Franco-German Youth Fellowship, sponsored by him, French boys were sent to Germany, and an equal number of German youngsters were brought to France.

"Burn out ancient bitteresses in the sacred fire of friendship," chanted Otto, his eyes mirroring every noble emotion.

The French groups, of course, saw only the museums, art galleries and concert halls of Germany, or vacationed in the Black Forest, but the Germans were interested only in factories, fortifications and defense plans. More than this, all the Germans were trained propagandists, and in private conversation and public meetings bemoaned the fact that France poured millions into armament instead of using the money for social betterment.

In 1935, Abetz transferred his residence from Berlin to Paris and soon figured largely in French life. An ardent member of the Men of Good Will, he toured cities and towns, speaking before civic bodies, colleges and clubs. In every speech he attacked warmakers, extolled the beauties of pacifism, and aroused much enthusiasm by calling on Frenchmen to beat their swords into plowshares.

A most engaging personality, for, as Jules Romains recorded somewhat sadly at a later date, Otto was "a healthy fellow with an open, freckled face with frank, clear-cut features, and a pleasant voice often interrupted by laughter." Why not? As Abetz looked about him at his dupes, the wonder is that he ever kept a straight face.

The intellectuals of France were his particular interest. Did some young writer have an antiwar book? Then generous Herr Abetz supplied the money for its publication. Was some opposition paper in need of funds? Then kindly Otto came forward with an advertising contract that put the sheet on firm financial ground. Senators and deputies, no less than authors and publicists, found Abetz a ready lender, for were they not all Men of Good Will, bound together by vows of fraternity? His exact status in Paris was never made clear, but not even the German ambassador had more money to spend. It has been estimated that his budget ran as high as 350,000 francs a month.

As the war clouds gathered in 1939, Abetz redoubled his insistence that it was in the power of France to avert catastrophe by holding to a pacific course, avoiding all appearance of preparedness. With other Good Willers, he rushed back and forth between France and Switzerland, oozing assurances that Germany did not want war and could be won to agreement by "reasonable concessions."

Imagine, then, the consternation when the French secret police suddenly produced proof that dear Otto, *le bon et le doux*, was the trusted emissary of Hitler and Ribbentrop, in France for the corruption of public opinion and the sabotage of the war effort. Not a political, literary or social circle but sat sick and stunned as Herr Abetz was kicked back to Germany as a liar, cheat and saboteur.

But not for long. One year later he returned with the German armies, not only ambassador to Vichy but the High Commissioner of Occupied France—a conqueror, but with invincible impudence, still the Man of Good Will. Re-establishing contact with old friends, he wept over the failure of his peace efforts and begged them to believe that he now worked for an accord that would bring victors and vanquished together in loving fraternity. Incredibly enough, he found ears for his poison, and many patriotic Frenchmen were induced to support Pétain and the Vichy government.

At last, however, the mask has been torn from his face, for what goes on in France today necessarily carries the stamp of his approval. As the personal representative of Adolf Hitler, vested with supreme authority, it is in his power to call a halt on the shooting of hostages, the massacre of Jews and liberals, and the wholesale deportation of workers to the Reich. He may weep his eyes out, and beat his bulging breast to a pulp, but he cannot escape responsibility for the infamies of sadistic General Stuepnagel and malignant Pierre Laval. They are the hands, but Otto Abetz, Man of Good Will, is the head. Remember him! . . . G. C.

papermen for a change," he said grimly.

The drive to Bison's new home took an hour. It was a heavy-walled Mexican hacienda perched on the peak of one of the most inaccessible Hollywood hills. We lost our way several times, after sighting it. It was dark when we finally scaled the correct mountain. The hacienda was festively lighted.

"We'll all go in together," said Orlando. "I want to see his face."

"His dialogue will be interesting, too," I said.

A butler admitted us. A dozen figures were visible in the patio beyond. We moved quickly toward them.

"Hello," a familiar voice tinkled. I turned and saw Caroma in a pair of Turkish pants, her abdomen bare beneath a skimpy bodice. She was barefooted, with red-painted toes. "Is Mr. Bison with you?" she asked. Her face looked pale and her eyes were dark with worry.

"No, we're looking for him," I said.

She saw Orlando and scowled. "He isn't here," she said. "I'm rather worried. He invited everybody for seven-o'clock dinner to celebrate the ending of his picture. And he hasn't appeared yet."

"Didn't he telephone?" I asked.

"There is no telephone in the house," Caroma scowled at Orlando again. "Your friend knows that."

Egelhofer returned from a tour of the guests. "He ain't here," he said quietly. "I'm going to have a look through the house."

Caroma stared at him as he started for the rooms. The guests were badgering the butler for food. They were mostly half-familiar actor faces from the studio. I watched Caroma's hand tremble as she lifted a cocktail glass from a tray. Her pallor had increased.

Egelhofer finally reappeared. "Come on," he said.

Orlando had been chatting with a plump blonde who had recalled herself to him as one of his clients.

"Aren't you going to finish your drink?" she pouted, as he started off.

"Can't stay, honey," said Orlando. "Just dropped in to say hello."

Caroma, her catlike eyes unwavering, watched us without a word as we hurried out.

"He's probably beat it," Egelhofer said, as we got into the car. "On his way to Mexico by this time."

"I think that girl knows something," I said. "The Turkish number. You ought to question her, Lieutenant."

"Uh-uh," Orlando said quickly. "Don't even talk to her."

"I'll send the alarm out for him," Egelhofer started the car. "If he hasn't crossed the border we'll nail him."

"I got an idea," I said, suddenly remembering. "They're showing a rough cut of Destiny at the studio tonight—with a few scenes missing. Ten to one Bison's there."

"There's no question of it," Orlando cried. "That's where he is, absolutely."

Egelhofer frowned. "A murderer on the lam ain't going to stop to look at a moving picture," he said.

"Don't talk like a sap," Orlando said eagerly. "He doesn't know anybody's after him. He was completely unsuspecting this morning, and that goofy dancer can't warn him. There isn't a phone within ten miles of his joint."

We headed for the studio. It was after nine when we arrived. We were delayed a half-hour penetrating the various lines of sentinels. The picture was just ending as we walked into the projection room.

"How many doors are there?" Egelhofer whispered in the dark.

"Just this one," I said.

He remained standing in it. I watched Bison dying. He did it very well, smiling as Queen Elvina bent over him. The small audience around the Pharaoh was hushed as they watched the screen. J. B. himself was weeping shamelessly.

"You will live," Queen Elvina murmured. "We will be happy—soon."

"This is my happiness," the glowing-eyed Periwinkle spoke softly, "this moment with you. I always dreamed to spend all there was left of my life—with you."

The eyes closed. The head stiffened. Queen Elvina fell across the body on the prison cot, sobbing. Music swelled and the picture faded. The lights went up. The Pharaoh and his wazirs were visible. There was no Bison in the room.

THE next half-hour is another of the most memorable I have spent in Hollywood. J. B. Cobb fainted twice. Freddie Blue and Monty Fineman sat speechless as if before the end of the world. Lieutenant Egelhofer had shown them the Bison letter. Revived the second time, Mr. Cobb caught a glimpse of Orlando. He pointed a shaking finger.

"You," he whispered, "you sold me that monster. I trusted you, like a son. And this is what you have done to me! Ruined me. Ruined Empire. Ruined Hollywood."

The Pharaoh's voice failed. We helped him to a couch, stretched him out, and Freddie Blue telephoned for several doctors. I had no desire to stand by and watch J. B. Cobb's heart break and possibly stop. He had always seemed a rococo and half preposterous figure to me. But in this hour of true debacle, he became suddenly human in his helplessness. To see so much power turn into a child's moan and so much ego fiddle off into thin

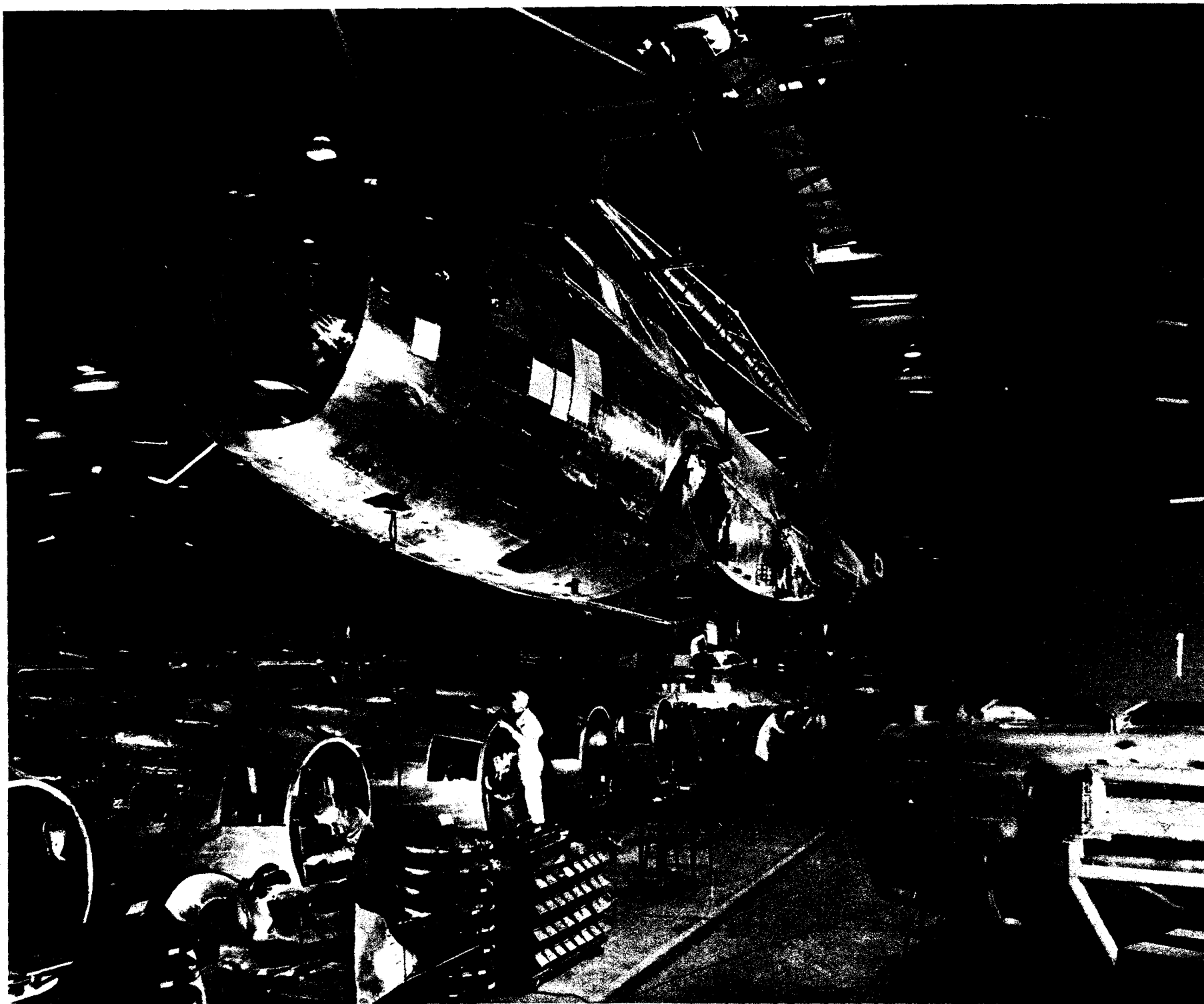


"Gladys! The fleet's in! The fl—!"

COLLIER'S

CRAWFORD YOUNG

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Flight without Wings

There is no roar of engines when the great, gleaming fuselage of a Boeing Flying Fortress makes its first flight. Smoothly and quietly it glides above the compact rows of partly completed bodies to the final assembly line.

After the overhead crane has set it down in position, the wings, tail surfaces and landing gear will be joined to the fuselage and the big bomber will be ready for the air.

Thrilling even to the uninitiated, this scene holds a far deeper significance for the trained technical man. It typifies an entirely *new development* in

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The Boeing system emphasizes short-flow, multiple-line production. It provides maximum use of every foot of plant space. It allows for flexibility in design — vital to rapidly changing combat needs. *And it turns out planes faster.* Boeing's rate of production today is more than 10 times what it was the month before Pearl Harbor.

Boeing production engineers have proved that by completing each section of a plane separately, and bringing the sections together only in the last stages

of assembly, both space and time are saved. After a plane receives its wings it occupies several times as much room as when it is in sections. That is why even the complicated electric wiring of a Fortress is fully assembled and installed before the final joining of wings and fuselage.

Without such basic innovations in design, engineering and manufacture, Boeing could never have achieved the swiftly multiplied production that now darkens enemy skies. True today, it will be true of any product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

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HERSELF SINCE SHE STARTED
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JUST TWO TEASPOONS OF HEMO GIVE YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₂ in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

PLUS

The Iron in $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings
of cauliflower and 1 serving
of cooked green beans combined!



Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"THAT'S MY BABY!" cheered Elmer, the bull, as Beulah made another basket. "That's the ole pep!"

"Beulah is wonderful!" seconded Elsie, the Borden Cow. "But, dear, do give just one big cheer for HEMO!"

"What!" exploded Elmer. "Are you trying to tell me that a glass of HEMO made that beautiful shot!"

"Don't be silly," soothed Elsie. "But, honestly, dear, HEMO does supply vitamins and minerals you need to win! Just 2 heaping teaspoons of HEMO mixed in milk give you *half your daily needs*—as set by government nutritionists—of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), D, and Niacin; and of

in our house," said Elmer slyly. "A shortage of *talk*—mostly about HEMO!"

"Can you think of a more delicious subject?" giggled Elsie. "Can you think of a nicer way to get your vitamins than in a



grand-tasting, nutritious *food-drink* like HEMO? For HEMO is a fine, energizing food even *before* Borden's fortify it with vitamins. So they're really adding vitamins to *food*. And that's pretty sensible—for vitamins are *natural* elements of food."

"Sh-h-h! Careful, Elsie," whispered Elmer. "I'm afraid everybody in the gym will hear you!"

"How wonderful!" enthused Elsie. "I'd like to tell the *world* that HEMO is the way to 'drink your vitamins and like 'em!'"

► Get HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at fountains...At home, use the full-pound jar—only 59¢. The HEMO for one delightful drink costs just 2 1/4¢! On sale at drug and grocery stores.

©Borden Co.



Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus... Isn't that wonderful insurance against the deficiency of vitamins and minerals we all face in these days of food shortages?"

"There's one shortage we'll never have

air was an unnerving business. I walked out of the room.

I walked through a number of "exteriors"—a Moscow street, a corner in old Jerusalem, a tropical sea on which three miniature pirate ships rode, full-rigged, under a genuine moon, and finally, the bombed West End of London that bordered on my office.

A feeling of nausea for this world of make-believe came over me, and I thought of the whole movie industry as a collection of fevered children playing with lunatic toys. It was high time I was getting out of it before the fantods laid me low. I shuddered, recalling how narrowly I had escaped a trip to San Quentin or a life with a guilty secret harrowing my nights.

The door of my bungalow office was unlocked due to the fact that its six keys had been lost by Miss Wondershake and myself. I entered, switched on the lights and sat down in front of the typewriter beside my desk. I had some five pages of a short story to copy. These finished, I would gather up my armful of literary supplies and show a clean pair of heels to Empire and Hollywood.

It was after a third drink that I felt a first buzz of uneasiness. I laid it to the liquor and continued typing. The buzz increased. It centered itself in the back of my neck. I stopped typing and looked out of the window at Jerusalem, Moscow and the pirate sea. All was quiet in those locales. The sense of apprehension nevertheless deepened and moved from the back of my neck to the pit of my stomach. I reached for the bottle again and glimpsed the couch behind me—and remained staring.

Under the bright office lights lay Laurence Bison, stiffened and with eyes and mouth opened, as if arrested in a shriek. A large hole was in his temple, and the side of his face was clotted with blood. He had obviously been lying on my couch dead for hours.

Oddly, my first coherent thoughts were for J. B. Cobb. His picture Sons of Destiny was saved—and his studio as well. Poor Larry Bison, the fierce and tissue-paper child of Thespi, was no murderer. Somebody who hated actors had added to his bag again.

I wondered, pouring myself another drink, where Orlando had gone when he left his office at five, for an hour and a half, and what Elvina's red lacquered purse was doing on the floor in a corner. I picked up the telephone. . . .

It took five days for the waters to recede, the land to emerge, and the press to recover from the hiccups. Murder three film stars in a row and you have something almost as fascinating and mysterious as the end of the world to mull over. The mulling was prodigious. As far as I could make out, whole cities went without sleep and great segments of the movie-loving public were convinced that the killer would not pause until he had bumped off every screen luminary in Hollywood. The prospect stood people's hair on end and kept them glued to the radio, fearful of missing any of the carnage.

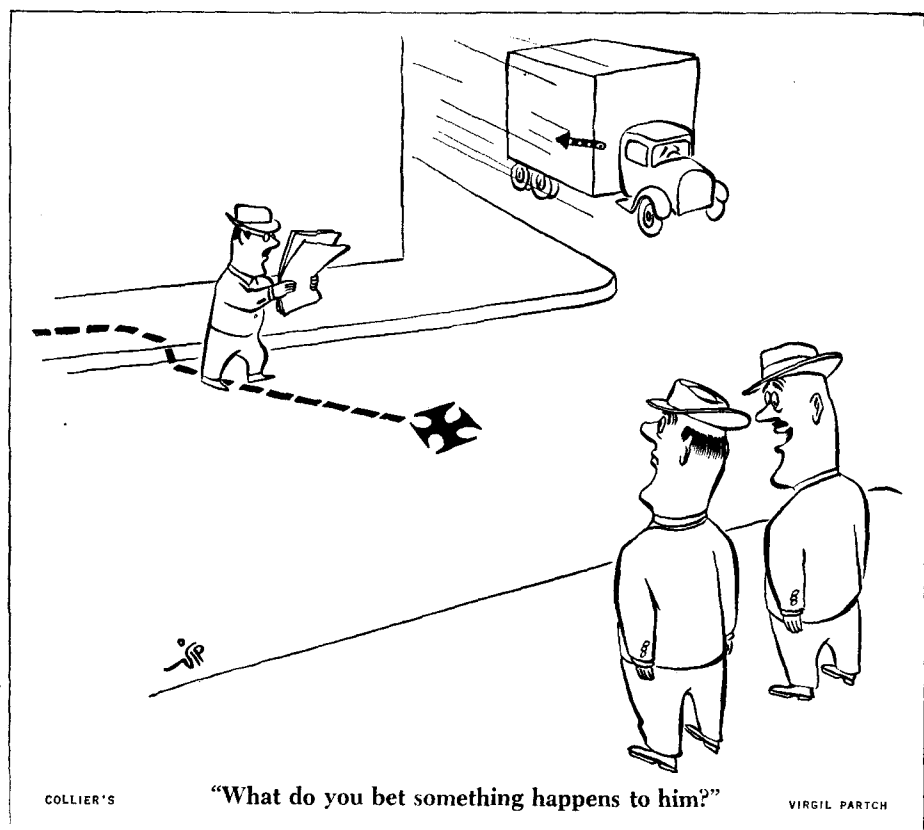
Everybody was questioned and requested—Potnik, Elvina, Orlando, Caroma, Cobb, myself and troops of other suspects and informants. Police and press scurried into the backgrounds of the three murdered actors. Arrests were promised, extras peppered the newsstands, a calliope of murder rode the streets of every village and town. But the five days ended in a burst of baffled headlines and radio double-talk.

The police were still baying on the track of a mysterious hermit (always dear to the stymied sleuth), of a German saboteur, a phantom avenger and a pathologic fiend. It seemed incredible that so much excitement should not fascinate our murderer out of his manhole and seduce him into confession. The fact that it didn't convinced me of one thing: Whoever our killer was, he was not an actor. No actor could have resisted the stage and the thousand and one spotlights erected for the doer-in of Wilde, Jones and Bison.

MY BUNGALOW became one of the chief centers of the nation's activity. Press and police took it apart as if it were a mechanical toy. The score remained nothing to nothing.

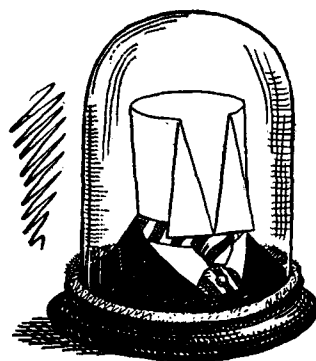
Elvina's red lacquered purse, found a few feet from my celebrated "murder couch," collapsed as clue number one. It was revealed that Elvina and Chester Devlin had foregathered in my office on the afternoon of the killing, arriving on the scene at 3 P.M. and departing at 4:30. It appeared they had long been in possession of two of my lost keys to the bungalow, and had been in the habit of repairing to the place as if it were a grotto.

In a four-hour tête-à-tête with Lieutenant Egelhofer, I explained that I, personally, had given up using my office due to its juxtaposition to the ladies' and gents'



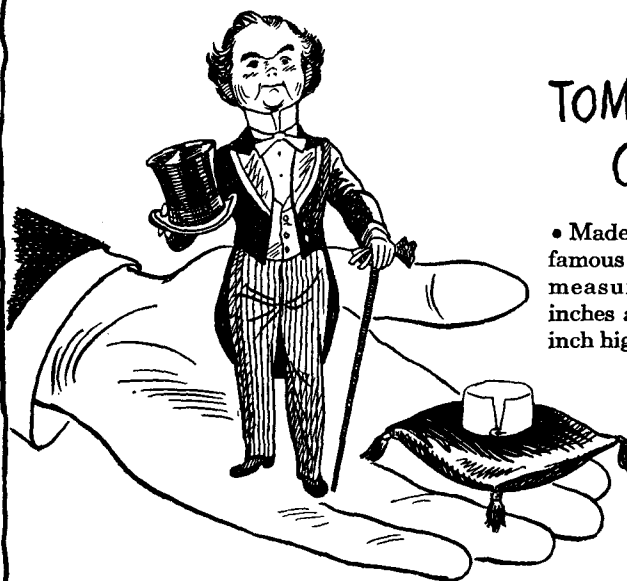
COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH



Oddities from the Arrow Collar Museum

APPROPRIATELY HOUSED in the Arrow plant in Troy, N. Y., is the largest and most unusual collection of collars in the world. Many of these were especially created for people whose necks and general make-up called for extra-special collar attention. Here are some of them:

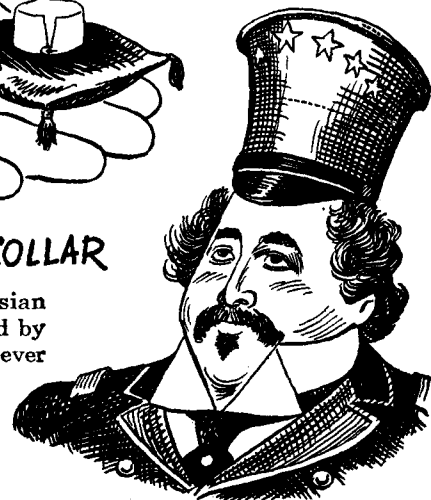


TOM THUMB'S COLLAR

• Made specifically for the famous midget, this collar measured only eleven inches all around, by one inch high!

THE RUSSIAN GIANT'S COLLAR

• The collar of the famous Russian Giant measured 27½ inches around by 5 inches high — among the largest ever produced for actual wear.



and here's the ARROW COLLAR OF TODAY

• The human neck is probably the hardest part of the anatomy to fit correctly. Arrow is an expert on necks... how to fit and flatter them. Only an Arrow Shirt bears an Arrow Collar. And only Arrow has the Mitoga-fit, and anchored buttons, in addition to the "Sanforized" label (less than 1% shrinkage). These days, if your Arrow dealer doesn't have the precise Arrow Collar style you prefer, he's sure to have one that will fit you equally well! Arrow Shirts, \$2.24 up.

ARE YOU HOT UNDER THE COLLAR?

• Doesn't it get you mad that a lot of young people you know are fighting this war—and you're powerless to help them? Well, you can—in fact you must—by buying all the War Bonds you can afford—and then some! Start today with an extra Bond!



ARROW SHIRTS



HE'S FROM YOUR HOME TOWN WILL YOU HELP HIM GET BACK?

Perhaps you've never seen him before, and yet, this kid may be your own brother, or husband, or son. You can help speed his safe return by your all-out effort at home. Buying War Bonds will help, and so will the donation of blood to the Red Cross. It's the least you can do.



Style 6106, a Fortune "Moxford" with the new flexible, long wearing, waterproof sole.

TRADE YOUR RATION COUPON FOR A Fortune and a Wealth of Walking Pleasure

If you're ready to part with that valuable little ration stamp, try stepping into a Fortune. You'll find that Fortunes will give you the snug-fitting comfort and long mileage you need so much in these days of extra walking. They're sensibly priced, too, at a time when both living costs and taxes are higher. Invest in a Fortune . . . dollar-for-dollar you can't buy better.

\$5 to \$5.50
SOME STYLES HIGHER



RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

washrooms. It was impossible to work on a race track. I explained also that my secretary, Miss Wondershake, was seldom there and had not been at her post on the murder day. This was because she worked faithfully at my side in my hotel.

I was a little worried during this part of the quizzing. As a matter of fact, I hadn't seen the giddy Wondershake for some nine days. A love entanglement had unfitted the girl for even the slightest stenographic duties, and I had allowed her to pursue her happiness, undisturbed by any literary chores, in Laguna Beach. Carried away by this role of Cupid, I had notified the head of Empire's stenographic department—a vixen by the name of Miss McKillup—that Wondershake was toiling hourly at my hotel, and so great was the press of her labors, she had no time to check in at her department.

Egelhofer had not pried into the matter and had thus failed to add a minor Laguna Beach scandal to the newspaper bag already as crowded with such tidbits as a Santa Claus pack.

I HAD another uneasy spell during my quizzing. Orlando had insisted I tell the police that we were together in his office all that murder day. He had gone, he explained to me confidentially, to Betha's house at four and returned at six. But he didn't want to drag that sensitive child into the limelight again by offering her as an alibi. I had been persuaded, against what better judgment I have when in Hollywood, to help shelter his loved one from any possible badgering, and I had emerged from my session with Egelhofer, feeling that no good would come of my lies.

I would have bolted then and there for New York, but Egelhofer had honored me with the title of material witness (a corpse on your couch gives you great importance in the eyes of the police) and I was anchored in cinema land. I had nothing to do but collect my weekly salary and keep a weather eye open for a phantom slayer who was on record as despising my script.

That Sons of Destiny was being completed in the teeth of this aversion, was broadcast in a publicity campaign that was a mite less gruesome than the tale of St. Bartholomew's Eve. Three men had died to make this picture, and possibly more would die—possibly everyone connected with it would be whisked prematurely into eternity—but all were "carrying on." Led by the redoubtable J. B. Cobb, we were all standing firm like

the Old Guard, ready to die, but never surrender the box office.

The center of most of these heroics was the Pharaoh's bed, to which he had taken, reluctantly heeding the advice of his medical staff. There was some confusion in the public mind as to whether Mr. Cobb had not already been shot or garroted by the phantom fiend. This was due to the fact that Mr. Cobb, in his interviews to the press, talked like a voice from the grave. In his defiance of the movie murderer, it was hard to tell whether J. B. was going to die bravely or had already died like a hero.

I spent much time at his bed, in company with Empire's mystery aces, who were still matching their wits against the killer. I had become an important figure in these conclaves. As occupant of the "murder bungalow," I was looked on as a full-fledged criminologist.

Our rallies round the Pharaoh produced, on the fifth day, a theory that swept the nation. We deduced from the fact that each of the murders had been committed in a different fashion—with knife, poison and gun—the possibility that there were three murderers, and not one. This finding, applauded nervously by Mr. Cobb, was conveyed to the police and heralded by the press, who seemed delighted with it. They played excitedly with the notion that the murders were not the crime of some lone fiend, but represented an uprising against the movies—something like the Boston Tea Party.

On reading this "new development" broadcast on the morning of the sixth day, I decided to forgo the daily conference around the Pharaoh's bedside. I dropped in, instead, on Orlando. He was at his desk cooing into a telephone. Flannigan greeted me with raised eyebrows and a movement of her head from side to side.

"Betha?" I asked.

She nodded and made a face as if she had bitten into a lemon. It was the first exhibition of disloyalty I had ever seen from this Higgins' office fixture. I eavesdropped and understood the pressure under which Flannigan had broken. Orlando was clucking, purring, giggling and making no sense whatsoever. He seemed to have soared beyond the art of speech. After a truly loathsome burst of meowings, he hung up finally and looked at me. I failed to register on his senses.

"Did Miss Fancher have any new theories on our murders?" I asked.

"Don't be coarse," Orlando frowned. "She's in a totally different world from



"That's Dr. Cushington. They say he has a wonderful bedside manner"

COLLIER'S

DON HEROLD



Last Christmas morning—just 44 days after they had given Jap warships a terrific beating at Rabaul—new Navy Helldivers swarmed over Kavieng, second most important Jap base south of Truk. Down dropped their lethal cargo, destroying 6 Jap ships and 8 planes, and badly damaging others. Then back, “all safe”, leaving Kavieng harbor a mass of wreckage!



Blinding speed and heavy fire power make the Airacobra a dreaded enemy wherever it takes the air. Among Hudson's important wartime tasks is the quantity production of cabins for Bell fighters, one of which is shown here, loading bad news for the Axis at an African air base.

“ALL HELLDIVERS returned safely!” That was the good news to thousands of Hudson employees. It outshone the stirring story of victory over Kavieng harbor.

This was one of the first battle tests of the deadly new Navy Helldivers—and in it, *planes* as well as *pilots* won lasting glory.

At Hudson, we feel we have a personal stake in the lives of these heroic fliers, for we are mass-producing wings for the planes they fly—along with other important tasks for the Air Forces, Navy and Army.

We are thankful for an organization that believes *they have to be built right*, whether the product is war matériel or motor cars. Thankful, too, that Hudson had 32 years

of high-precision experience to put to work after Pearl Harbor.

The cars we built in those years are proving their inbuilt ruggedness today, and our nationwide distributor-dealer organization is fulfilling its pledge to keep 'em rolling.

Until the day when our *combined* war and peacetime experience can bring you finer-than-ever Hudsons, see your Hudson dealer for a new car, a used car or service on your present car.

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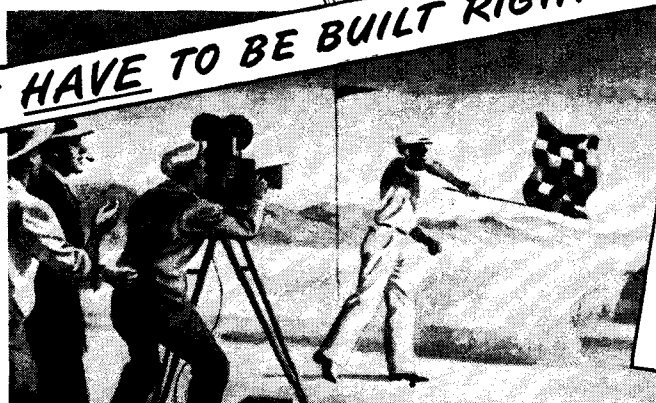
34 Years of Engineering Leadership

Hudson Aviation Division Wins
Second Army-Navy Award
for Meritorious Service on the
Production Front



Through a hail of flak on an Italian run known as “Powder Puff Lane” came the Marauder bomber “Shark”, riddled from stem to stern. But, by expert handling, its gallant pilot landed it on one wheel, without injury to a single member of its crew. Hudson is proud to be in large scale production of fuselage sections for these tough Martin Marauder bombers.

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT



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Endurance, proved in peace and war! Before Pearl Harbor, Hudson cars won and held more than 80 stock car records for performance, endurance and economy—more records than were held by any other make of automobile. Hudson owners are profiting today by the kind of engineering and workmanship that gave these cars going.

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION...OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!



**The face is fuzzy
but
the fact is clear**

This is a composite picture of the man who owns the electric industry.

He's a farmer, doctor, or carpenter. He runs a rivet gun, turret lathe, or stamping press. He's a merchant, minister or mailman. They're *all* in here.

And the point of the picture is: *The typical owner of America's electric industry is a typical American.*

Millions of such men—and *women*—own it *directly* by owning stock in local light and power companies. Many millions more own it *indirectly* through savings banks and insurance companies — which reinvest the money entrusted to them very largely in utility securities.

Probably no other industry is so widely owned by the people it serves. If you are one of the 45,000,000 bank depositors or 67,000,000 life insurance policyholders, you have a real stake in this industry.

You have a right to know that whatever affects the electric industry affects you. You have a right to be proud that *your* industry, under sound *business* management, has successfully stepped power production *up* to meet enormous war demands — and prices have been held *down* to low pre-war levels.

You and all America enjoy the benefits.

Hear "Report to the Nation," outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

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*Names on request from this magazine.

any of us. She hasn't even looked at a paper for three days."

"They bore her," I said calmly.

"Absolutely," Orlando agreed, pleased to have his idol appreciated.

"I hope you are made of cruder stuff," I said, "and noticed what they said about you this morning."

"You mean about that sap Egelhofer going to quiz me again," Orlando chuckled. "There's nothing to that."

"That's right," I said. "All they can do is put us in jail for a phony alibi."

"I thought you had more guts," said Orlando witheringly. "Look at me. I'm not worrying."

"Life is always easier for the brainless," I answered. "And, by the way, why has your father left town?"

"I insisted," said Orlando. "He's gone to a sanitarium to recuperate."

"I called up the sanitarium last night," I said, "and he wasn't recuperating worth a nickel. He wasn't there. I don't like Gilbert loose at such a time as this, and you wouldn't either, if you were in your right mind."

"IT'S quite a mess, isn't it?" Orlando said dreamily. "You know, if it wasn't for Betha, I'd be really sunk. Three of my biggest clients murdered already—and a dozen threatening to leave me, claiming I'm a hoodoo."

"I wish, things being as they are," I said, "that you wouldn't go round saying you hate actors. Egelhofer asked me twenty times what started you hating actors, and did I think you were a little unbalanced on the subject."

"Subtle, ain't he?" Orlando sneered.

"Elvina Bliss to see you," Flannigan announced.

"In a few minutes," Orlando answered. He turned to me with surprise on his face. "You know something funny—I can't bear that kind of woman any more. They just seem so much painted-up rubbish."

"We've had quite a time keeping the news from J. B.," I said, "about her latest romance."

"Imagine her fastening onto poor Devlin!" Orlando chuckled. "She's really unscrupulous. You ought to warn him what a cad she is. A guy like Devlin is liable

to misunderstand her and get serious."

"Miss Bliss says she can't wait. It's important," Flannigan announced.

"Okay, okay," Orlando muttered. "She's probably burned up about Sons of Destiny. Is she lousy in it!" his face brightened. "Bison made a monkey out of her. What an actor that guy was! He could have gone places!"

"Hello," said Elvina. She was wearing a modest dress and looked very sweet. "I was expecting you for dinner last night." She came forward like a field of daisies.

"I didn't want to horn in on you and Devlin," Orlando stood up.

"That bum"—Elvina scowled—"is no longer a friend of mine. Imagine him getting me to pose for those pictures as souvenirs—and then putting them all in the papers. A Jap wouldn't do that."

"Didn't hurt you any," Orlando said.

"It hurt me plenty," Elvina said. "I'm getting sick and tired of that kind of art. I've got a face, ain't I?"

"A beautiful one," said Orlando. "I've always said so."

"Listen, babykins," Elvina said grimly, "you're not fooling me."

"I don't know what in heaven's name you're talking about," Orlando cried. "I'm trying to pay you a compliment—one you happen to deserve, for a change."

"What have you done about getting them to make those retakes?" Elvina demanded. "And getting them to recut those cheesy love scenes?"

"Mr. Cobb's sick in bed," said Orlando. "You know that."

Elvina stared into the past. "I thought poor Dennis was a camera hog, but that Bison guy—it looks like there's four of him in the picture. A whole herd."

"You're really talking through your hat, honey," said Orlando. "You came out terrific. Everybody's simply insane over your work. Best you ever did."

"I came out like a bag of peanuts," Elvina cried. "In the big love scene when I'm breaking my heart over him—reading him that letter—did you notice what the jerk does? He pulls out his sword, feels if it's sharp enough, and keeps stabbing the air. He might as well have trimmed his mustache and picked his teeth with it."

"He was getting ready to fight that

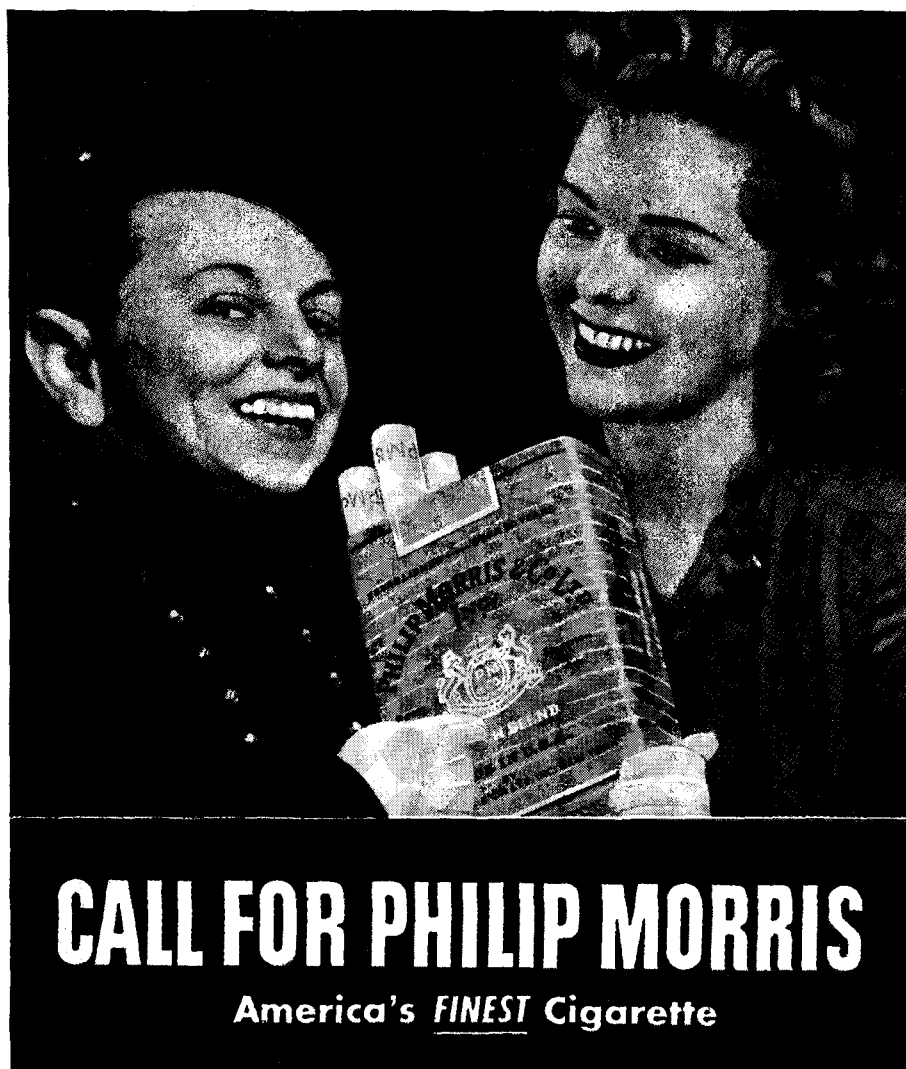
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Persistent research and engineering resourcefulness make today's Westinghouse Mazda Lamps brighter and longer-lasting than ever before. For efficient, dependable service, get Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, N. J. Plants in 25 cities . . . offices everywhere.

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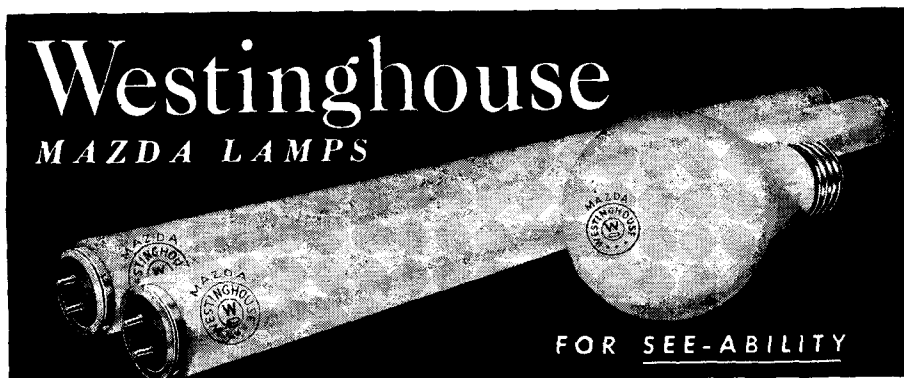
Benefiting from wartime lighting improvements developed by Westinghouse engineers, you'll enjoy higher light levels tomorrow. You'll have greater eye comfort and convenience, more beautiful lighting effects.



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FOR SEE-ABILITY

Spaniard for you," Orlando said soothingly.

"He could have waited with his lousy sword," said Elvina, "till I was through talking. But it isn't worth discussing, really." She raised sad eyes, and her mouth trembled like a little girl's. "I've got other things on my mind. Come over here, darling," she patted a place beside her on the couch. "It's hard talking when you're so far away."

"I can hear you," said Orlando coldly. "What's up?"

ELVINA looked down at her feet moodily and then lifted her shoulders in a sigh. She was registering either innocence or despair; it was hard to decide which.

"I went through my press book last night," her voice was on the side of despair, "and I got the shock of my life. Do you know how many times I've been engaged? Twenty-four times. Twenty-four times in five years. That's almost five engagements a year. I've been engaged every two and a half months to some wolf or other. How do you like that?"

"Why, honey, that's part of your glamor campaign," Orlando chuckled.

"Glamor—my foot!" Elvina cried. "Twenty-four engagements and not one trip to the altar. Even an ordinary tramp can hook one guy out of twenty-four tries. But not me! I'm waste motion."

"That's not what the public thinks," said Orlando firmly.

"I don't give a damn what anybody thinks," Elvina's bosom expanded with her thoughts. "It's what I think that counts. I'm sick of this phony business of being a glamor girl. Getting engaged to strangers all the time! Sitting in the same old hot spots and listening to some ham making love to me so he can get his picture taken. It's empty, I tell you. It's not living. What am I?" Elvina turned up her palms piteously. "A pin-up girl. A piece of wallpaper." She choked up and looked tenderly at Orlando. "Come over here and sit down. I don't want to holler my brains out talking to you."

Orlando, with a quick signal to me to stand by faithfully, moved to the couch.

"I saw you give him the office," Elvina snorted, "but I don't care how many people hear what I've got to say. Listen, darling"—tears glistened—"you and I are out of the same grab bag. We know all the answers. And what's it got us?"

"Honey, four grand a week and the big-

gest name in pictures are not to be sneezed at," said Orlando firmly.

"Peanuts!" Elvina cried. "I'd rather wash dishes for twenty bucks—like I used to—and be a human being." She turned a pair of starry eyes on him. "I know what a liar you are. The biggest double-crosser I ever met in my life. Five years I've never heard you once tell the truth about anything—or do anything that you promised."

"So what?" said Orlando irritably. "Why this mud-slinging all of a sudden?"

"I just want you to know," said Elvina softly, "that I've got no illusions about the kind of a husband you'll make."

Orlando's face went blank.

"The studio's handled me rotten," Elvina went on, as she dabbed her eyes. "There's lots of glamor girls get married two and three times without hurting their box-office appeal, and have babies, too, and nobody treats them like they were has-beens. I've been on the wrong boat."

"You've got nothing to worry about," Orlando said tenderly. "There's a thousand guys who would break their necks to marry you."

"Nothing doing," said Elvina. "I want to get married to somebody I know—and understand." Her voice trembled. "I don't care if they're a liar or not—just as long as it's somebody familiar. I don't want a stranger for a husband." Tears gushed from the lovely eyes. "I want a home and some kids, and I want to have friends visit me who ain't on the make."

Orlando was silent.

"Well, why don't you answer me?" Elvina demanded. "Does a lady have to get down on her knees when she proposes?"

"You mean you want to marry me?" Orlando made a feeble effort at surprise.

"That's a bright boy," Elvina sighed. "It oughtn't to be such a shock to you, considering that we've been engaged for almost three months." She opened her purse and removed a clipping. "I brought it along—in case you'd forgotten." She smiled wistfully. "My last engagement. A half column."

"I take it the Devlin romance doesn't count," said Orlando coldly.

"Listen, don't start talking like a drip!" Elvina cried. "I'm overlooking plenty, ain't I? I'm not throwing up that half-wit at you, am I? That little blondined phony, Betha Whosethis. How you could go for a dame like that beats me. Listen, if I can overlook that kind of an amateur jerk,

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with the list on page 75.

1. The Ku Klux Klan found it an onerous and dolorous task getting the wounded across the Rio Grande.
2. The viscount performed a Herculean task in hiding the bust of Beethoven in the granary.
3. Having been exposed to diphtheria, the quintuplets were placed in a limousine and hurried to their own domicile.
4. The philatelist and the numismatist, not being conversant with each other's hobby, became involved in an imbroglio.
5. Leaving the esplanade, they entered a pergola leading to the façade of the museum.
6. The agenda of the program included a treatise on the intestines and secretory glands.
7. Accused of chicanery in the Stalin plebiscite, he and his spouse were sentenced to the gibbet.
8. The purgative capstle was followed by a draught of cognac.
9. A verbatim transcript disclosed the errata of his report on the argot of the municipal slums.
10. The mezzo-soprano sang sotto voce to the accompaniment of the cello and balalaika.

(Words having more than one pronunciation have been checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

Charles H. Hall



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AMERICA'S VITAL HOME FRONT!

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, CBS,
THURSDAY, 9 P. M. E.W.T.

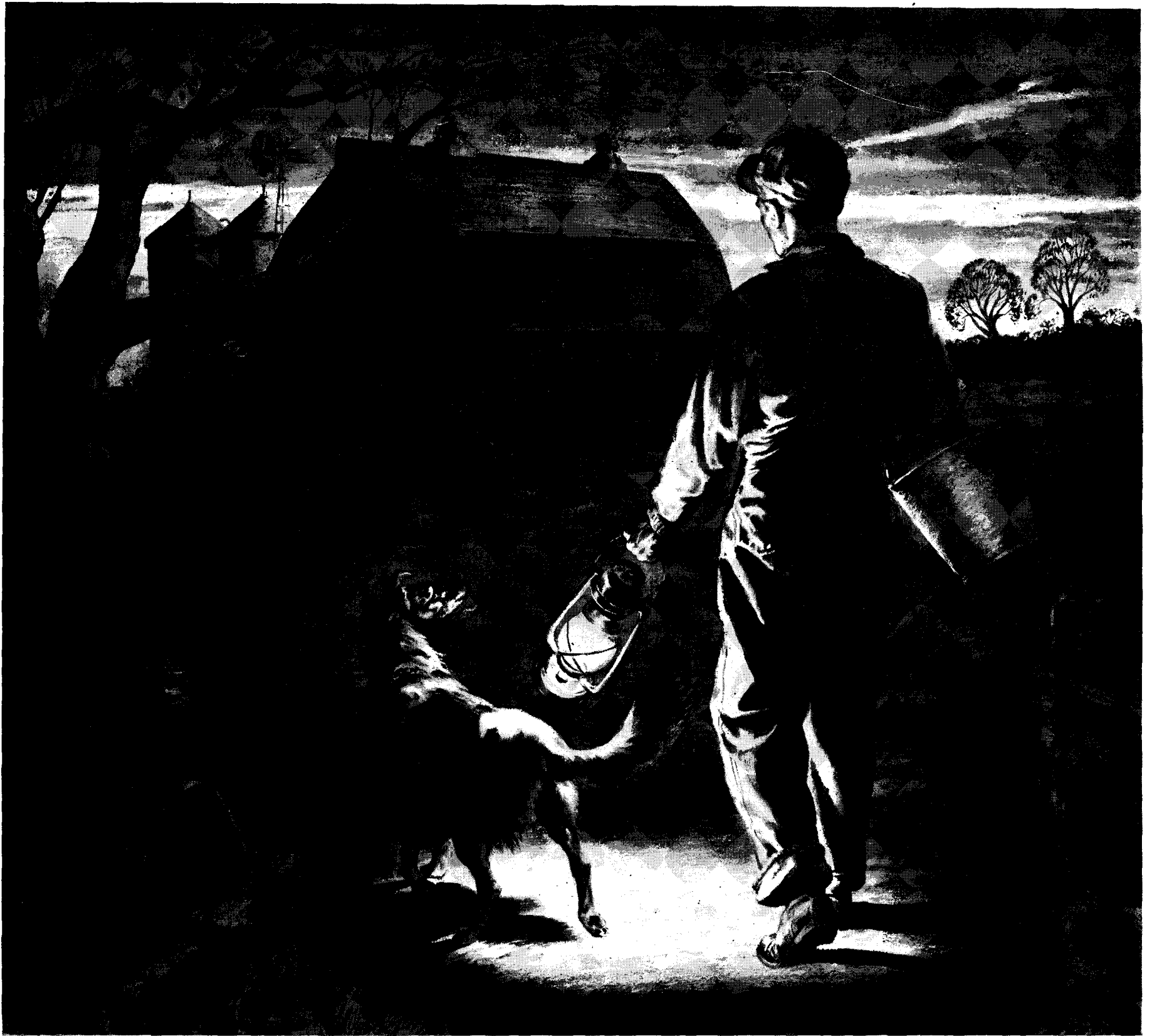


While more than 300,000 Dodge-built Army vehicles are serving our fighting forces, hundreds of thousands of dependable

Dodge *Job-Rated* Trucks are serving factories and farms in America's gigantic war-production task. Devoted to the war effort, too, are thousands of Dodge Dealers . . . working and serving . . . making sure that "it's a long way to the last mile of a dependable Dodge."

DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

"H*hour" on the dairy sector



Count this man among the *hard fighters* for a United Nations' victory. Seven days a week, every week, he is in the front line of the battle for food.

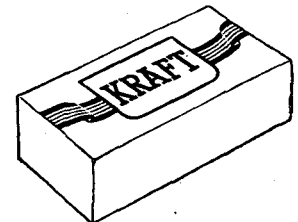
His "objective" has been set. He is to help produce more milk than the nation has ever produced before, milk and the products of milk being rich in nutrients we all need for health and strength and stamina.

Because *cheese* carries important food values of milk in concentrated, shippable form, the Government's requirement for our fighting men and fighting allies is estimated at *nearly 400*

million pounds this year. And *over 500 million more pounds* of cheese are needed . . . for you and other civilians to share.

Winning the battle on the dairy sector will be far from easy; there are many obstacles to overcome. But our dairyman friend was in action when "H hour" (*the hour of attack) came before sunrise this morning. So will he be tomorrow morning and the next.

He'll get no decoration for heroism in service, no medal to wear on his Sunday-best suit. But he doesn't care. This is his job, *his vital job in the war* . . . and he'll do it.



Because of the tremendous demand, both military and civilian, you may not be able to get as much Kraft Cheese as you would like, or get your favorite varieties —Kraft American, "Old English", "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, Velveeta, and so on. But you may be sure, as always, that any cheese or cheese food which bears the Kraft name represents the very highest standard of quality.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY

A Division of National Dairy Products Corporation

you've got no call to even mention anybody. It's ungallant."

Orlando had stiffened. He remained aloof through a burst of tears. He stood up but his footwork was slow. Elvina was plastered against him with a half nelson before he could retreat. Her sobs filled the office.

"I want to get married," she moaned. "I want a home. I want to be something besides a pin-up girl. I've got feelings like anybody else. I'm sick of being pushed around like a circus horse."

"Shh-shh," said Orlando, patting the rumpled hair-do. "You're absolutely right. I'm for it a hundred per cent."

They appeared to melt into one, and he continued, his wind half shut off, "Just as soon as this murder business blows over, honey, we'll straighten everything out."

"You mean you'll marry me?" the glamorous Elvina gulped like Cinderella.

"Darling," Orlando vibrated, "anything you say."

"You still mad about me?" Elvina sniffled. "I don't want a loveless marriage."

"Don't worry, baby. You won't have one," the Delphic Orlando spoke softly.

Elvina stepped away and stared at him. I was worried for an instant that she was going to sock him, for I had never seen such amorous shifting, dodging and broken-field running in my life. But there was no cynicism in the widened eyes that looked on their catch. She stared, breathless for a moment, and then skipped over and flung her arms around me.

"I'm going to be married," she cried, "really married. No publicity bull!"

She rushed to Flannigan.

"Darling," she seized Flannigan's hands. "I'm so happy I can't talk. It's wonderful. Call this number for me and make an appointment. Tell them I'm coming right over and want them to get together everything they've got for a marriage outfit—nightgowns and everything!"

She turned to Orlando and held up her hand as if to stay his impetuous rush.

"No, darling, don't come near me," she gurgled. "I'm not going to kiss you or anybody else—till after we're married."

She was off and away, and a silence claimed the office. Orlando returned moodily to his desk.

"You're in a bit of a pickle," I said.

"Uh-uh," Orlando murmured, "it's a cinch. Get out of it in a minute. All I got to do is get married." He turned to Flannigan. "Get me Miss Fancher. Tell them to keep ringing till she answers. She's usually out running with the dog at this time of day." He chuckled for a spell. "That speech of Elvina's sold me absolutely on the whole idea of marriage. I've been proposing to Betha for weeks, but I always thought it was half a gag. I realize now that I've really meant it."

"Elvina will be a little put out," I said.

"Don't be silly," Orlando grinned. "What can she do? A glamor girl can't sue anybody for breach of promise. It would ruin her. All that will happen," he frowned, "is that I'll lose another client, but it's worth it."

"Miss Fancher on the phone," Flannigan announced.

"Will you hop outside for a few minutes, please?" Orlando looked at me excitedly. "You, too, Flannigan. I want a little privacy for a change."

AS I closed the door behind us, I caught a glimpse of a glowing Orlando, his mouth glued to the telephone.

Flannigan sighed. "I wish this would all hurry up and blow over," she said. "It's getting me awfully upset."

"Don't brood," I comforted her. "Orlando isn't going to marry anybody. It's all jabberwocky."

"Oh, I'm not so worried about that," Flannigan sighed again; "although it would be pretty dreadful if he married any of those girls."

"What have you got against Betha?" I asked.

"Mr. Higgins needs somebody sane," said Flannigan firmly. "But what I'm really worried about is that I checked on the switchboard for that day Mr. Bison was murdered, and it shows that eight people called Mr. Higgins between 3:30 and 6 P.M. and were told he wasn't in."

"What did you do with the record slips?" I asked nervously.

"I tore them up," said Flannigan. "I just hope none of the people who called remember the incident. One of them was Elvina," she added after a pause.

I left Flannigan cooling her heels out-



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Get it mother? Same oil I use!

It's "PLANE" talk
to sound your Z... Say

PENNZOIL

True, oil can't replace worn metal. It shouldn't be expected to eat sludge out of a dirty engine. But good oil *can* keep your engine running a long time by lessening sludge formation, reducing wear and halting corrosion.

When you stress the z-z-z in Pennzoil, you tell servicemen you want the particular Pennsylvania oil refined to combat these wartime driving evils. So sound your Z—say Pennzoil—wherever you see the yellow oval sign displayed.

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Better dealers from
coast to coast
display this sign

PENNZOIL® GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

*Registered trade mark

side her master's office and stepped out into a sweltering street full of new extras.

"Police Recheck Fiend Murder Alibis," they announced. "Hint Arrest of Star-Killer Near."

I called on Mr. Zupelman after dinner that night to discuss a rewriting job on Dragon Moon. The Zupelman ménage, despoiled for a time of its servants by the press, was running smoothly again. One of the three Koreans, formerly employed by Dennis Wilde, admitted me. The second took my hat. The third conducted me into the library.

Mr. Zupelman was standing, red-faced, in the center of the room. Hercule Potnik was sitting, red-faced, in a large chair, his feet curled up like a beleaguered ingénue. His eyes, fixed on the window, offered no greeting.

"I didn't know you were entertaining," I apologized to my glowering host. "I just dropped in to go over that script—if you've got time."

"Sit down, please," Mr. Zupelman answered tensely. "I am glad you have come. I will give you the situation up to date, so you can follow from now on. Mr. Potnik is flying out of the country."

"It's hard to get airplanes," I said.

"He is going by train," said Mr. Zupelman, "to hide himself in Mexico like a coward. I want you to tell Mr. Potnik exactly what you think of such an attitude. Be frank. We're all friends."

Potnik anticipated me. "Whatever anybody wants to say the opposite"—his eyes remained on the window—"I am leaving behind. Any further discussion is pathetic."

"Why are you going?" I asked.

"I am going to Mexico," said Potnik.

"I know. But what for?" I insisted.

"I told you," Potnik cried impatiently. "No place else. Only Mexico."

I poured a drink and watched Mr. Zupelman sit down facing Potnik. He pointed a finger at him.

"You have signed a contract with me"—our host's voice was soft but snarling—"to direct Dragon Moon. And you are not going to any Mexico. That much is settled."

"Ha!" Potnik snorted. "I am not a baby in a cradle."

Mr. Zupelman relaxed. "I've got a new find to play the lead," he said warmly. "A great actress who is Nanki Lee to the life. I am going to show you her tests."

"Not me," Potnik shuddered. "I am in Mexico."

Mr. Zupelman ignored the hated word. "The scene where she says to the hero," he continued throbbingly, "who is a white man from America but appreciates her fine soul. It's the big scene in which she explains to him that East is East, and West is West, and it is impossible to get together. I've never seen anything like it even in Gone With the Wind. When I saw that scene, I said, 'Hercule Potnik can make this girl into a new Bette Davis. And nobody but Hercule Potnik can do such a thing.' I said that to everybody."

"What was her name?" Potnik asked hoarsely.

"She is an unknown," said Mr. Zupelman, "by the name of Betha Fancher."

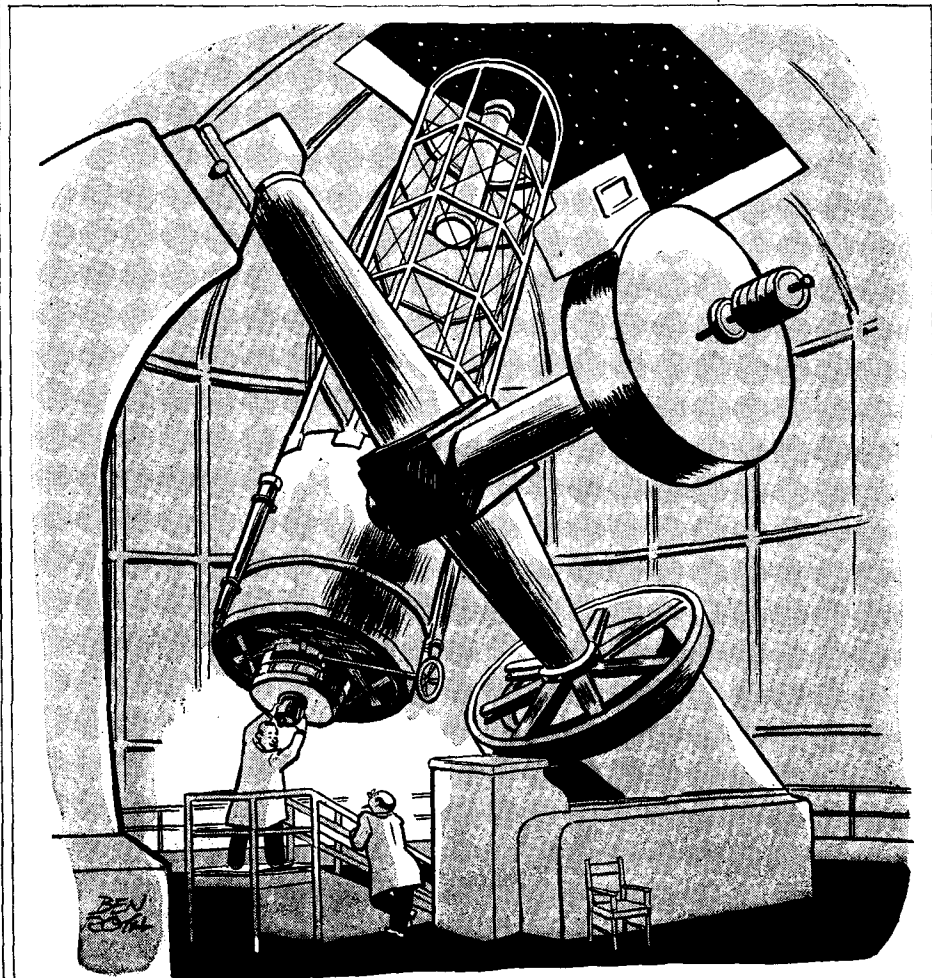
"I know her," Potnik sneered. "A peeled potato! You would have to buy her a new face."

"Mr. Potnik, I respect your judgment more than any man living," our host said quietly, "but when you see this test, you will come rushing to me to apologize. You will beg me to let you direct Dragon Moon."

POTNIK straightened in his chair and cried out passionately, "Mr. Zupelman, you must believe me when I tell you from the rock bottom of my heart. You must believe I am not making up lies when I say to you—on my mother's grave—that if you were to nail me down to this chair and if you were to tie every bone of my body to that window, next Monday morning you will find me in Mexico getting off a train just the same. I will be in Mexico a thousand times before I am directing my own funeral, Drunken Moon."

"My studio is not a shooting gallery like Empire," Mr. Zupelman said soothingly. "You have nothing to fear under my banner."

Potnik stood up. "You are pleading



"I guess I need glasses—I can't see anything farther than 100,000 light years!"

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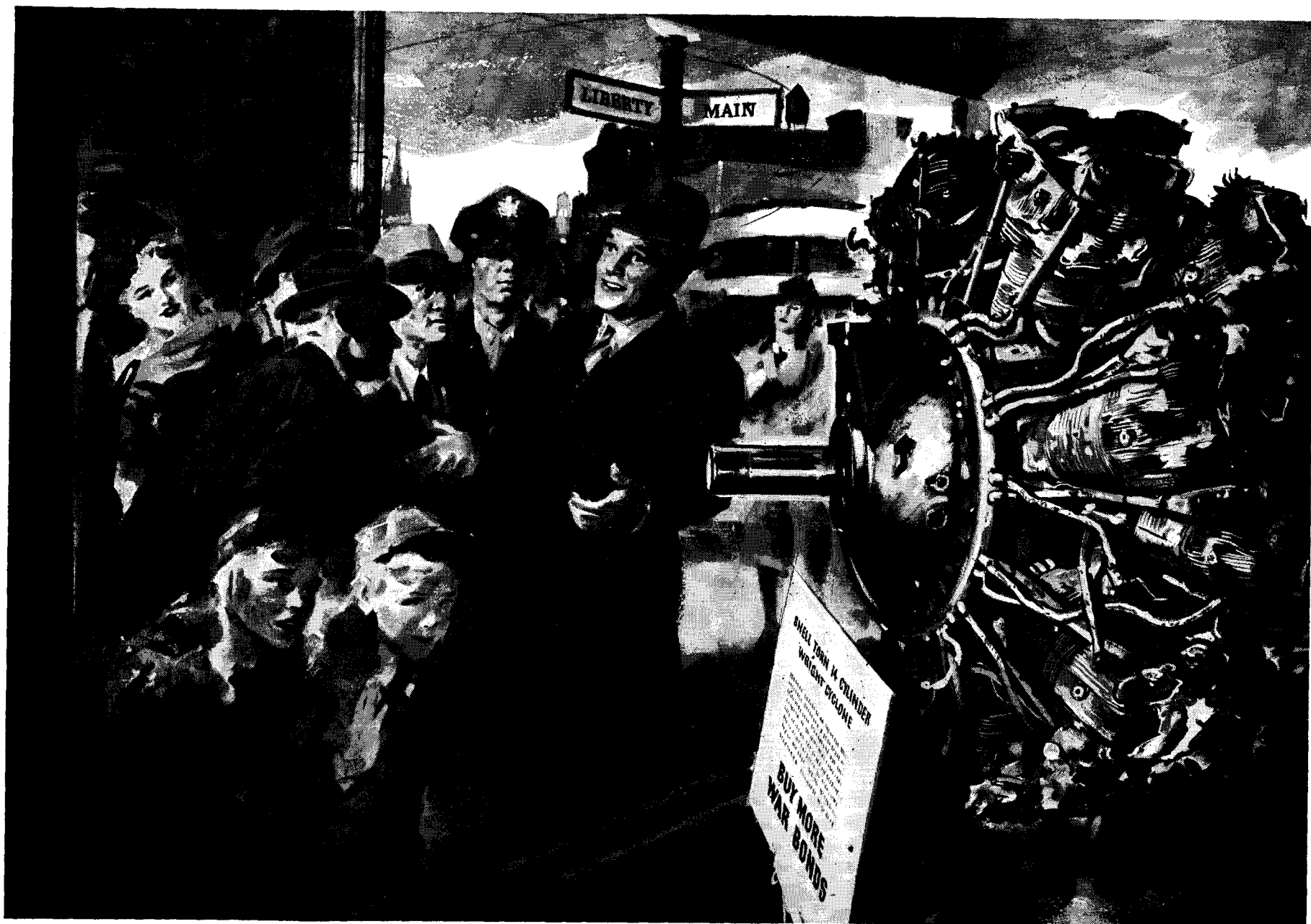
"Rugged" is one of the servicemen's most apt and widely used words, and rugged precisely describes them and the kind of service encountered by their mechanized vehicles—jeeps, trucks, half tracks and tanks. In this service Champion Spark Plugs meet every requirement for dependable ignition. Champions are in the service on every front on land, sea and in the air. This is the greatest testimonial ever accorded Champion Spark Plugs—proof positive that their many exclusive and patented features really mean better performance and greatest dependability.



LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS



**TO SAVE
GASOLINE
—KEEP SPARK
PLUGS CLEAN**



Incident at the corner of Liberty and Main

He had been there for some time — had read and re-read the sign, with the growing look of a man who was fired by a powerful urge to speak. He turned to the man behind him, but he seemed to be addressing himself to the crowd. "Did you read it?" he said, excitedly. "Did you read that sign?" He looked off into distance, smiling. "I helped to build that baby," he said. "I helped to build it with my own two hands!"

IT was an odd thing to find in a store window. It wasn't pretty. It was stained with oil and badly battered. Under it was a sign which read: "Shell torn 14-cylinder Wright Cyclone. Three shell holes are in the nose section. The ignition harness and cylinder head fins are riddled with machine gun bullets. One bullet went completely through the steel barrel of a cylinder. The super-charger housing was badly battered, and one magneto was shot away. It was on a daylight raid — with one of the two engines shot away . . . that this engine, despite its serious damage,

brought the plane back to a landing on an English field."

And the sign said, "Buy More War Bonds" — which a great many people did.

That's all. It's a simple story — the story of a Wright Cyclone engine that went on a War Bond tour, and of one man's pride in having helped to build it.

But beyond this story is a vital problem. It concerns the skills of more than 2,000,000 aircraft workers, the training of more than 3,000,000 men in air crews and ground crews of the armed forces . . . What does this

mean to the future? How shall the energies of this great industry be directed to *serve* the world?

This challenge and this responsibility rest not alone with the men and women of the aviation industry. They require the cooperation of government, of the whole American people.

The Air Age, with its unlimited promise for good, will not be ours for the asking. It must be planned, worked for, shared. In its realization lie the greatest opportunities ever offered to the human race . . .

Look to the Sky, America!

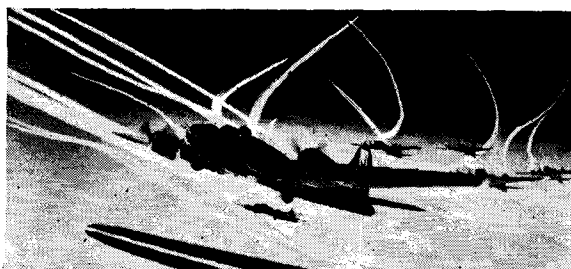
CURTISS WRIGHT

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As many as 84 thousand separate and intricate manufacturing operations—calling for 55 thousand individual tests and inspections—go into a single Wright Cyclone engine. The highly developed technical skills which produce this power are among the finest in the world today.



"Furrows in the sky"—vapor trails of Boeing Flying Fortresses and fighter escorts, high over Germany. Powered with the 9-cylinder model Cyclone, the famous Forts have been known to bring men back to home bases, with three of their four engines shot out of action.

© 1944. CURTISS-WRIGHT CORPORATION

with a man," he answered hoarsely, "whose life is not worth mentioning. Mr. Zupelman"—he seized his host's hand—"all I can say to you is goodbye. Don't expect me."

I followed Potnik out of the house. There was a quality about his arguments that had started my mind sniffing. The man's alarm, despite its phrasing, was neither comic nor spurious.

"See what you can do with him," Mr. Zupelman whispered to me, as I entered Potnik's car. "I am relying on you."

Potnik was an erratic driver, and I decided not to distract him en route. We arrived at our hotel, and I followed him to his room.

"Now, what's eating you?" I demanded, watching Potnik peer up and down the corridor, as he closed his door. "You're not carrying on like this for no reason."

"My friend," Potnik seized my hand in a pair of wet and burning palms. "Believe me, you are a great writer and I love you. But do not ask me any questions. I have reasons. I have reasons which are so horrible, it's pathetic."

"It's something to do with the murders," I said.

"I, Hercule Potnik, as I stand here, I swear by Holy Russia," he answered hoarsely, "that I am going to be dead man number four. Why? Because"—his voice dropped an octave—"I am in the plot which is called He Knows Too Much. I am the sucker in that plot."

"What do you know?" I asked calmly.

"The name!" He opened the door suddenly and peered up and down the corridor again. "Ha! Nobody!" He mopped his face. "The name of the murderer. Now don't ask me! Don't ask me!" he cried, pushing me toward the door. "If she finds out, I am in the frying pot. Before anybody can so much as believe me, before they can arrest her, while I am sitting down waiting, I am out of this world. She is like a piece of lightning. Any minute now, she is liable to catch me in the back. Goodbye, my friend. Pray for me!"

The door closed, and the lock snapped. I rode up to my room, pondering Potnik's story. He was not an entirely reliable news source, but he was, obviously, not pulling anybody's leg. His conviction that he knew the murderer was a bona fide one. I decided that the least wearing procedure would be to call up Egelhofer and have him out to grapple with Potnik's secret. What disturbed me was Potnik's insistence that our phantom slayer was a "she."

The phone was ringing as I opened the door.

"Hello," Orlando's voice came over the wire excitedly. "I've been trying to get you for an hour."

"I was over to Zupelman's," I said.

"Don't sign up with that chiseler till I get back," Orlando cried.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"Mexico," Orlando chuckled. "I'm stopping over at Yuma, Arizona, to get married. I had a hell of a time getting plane reservations, believe me. Then Betha and I are going on our honeymoon."

"Congratulations," I said.

"I'm in heaven," Orlando cooed back. "I'm just leaving Betha's house now, and we're meeting at the five A.M. plane. So I won't be able to see you. What I wanted to say was that if that sap Egelhofer asks where I am, tell him I've gone to Canada for a honeymoon. Canada, not Mexico. Got that?"

"They'll ask somebody else," I said, "and find out."

"That doesn't matter," Orlando chirped. "It'll throw them off for a while. Just a second. Betha wants to say something to you." I waited while a faint muttering came over the wire. "Never mind," Orlando's voice returned. "She just wanted to say goodbye and to tell you you shouldn't sell your soul for a mess of Hollywood pottage. Cute, eh? So long." And with an idiotic laugh, Orlando hung up.

I remained at the phone for a half-hour, trying to raise Potnik and Egelhofer. Neither of them was to be flushed. It was almost one when I went to bed. My last thoughts were about Miss Fancher. If Betha were the killer from whom Potnik was fleeing, it would be the height of Hollywood plotting if they bumped into each other in Mexico City. I fell asleep trying to straighten out this plot turn.

A HOLLYWOOD day is the quickest of all time phenomena. Before you can get around to doing fifteen minutes of honest work, it's gone. A second breakfast in the studio commissary in company with a group of literary beachcombers (earning two thousand a week and dreaming sadly of a better life), a little game of gin rummy with a pigeon who fancies himself a Cagliostro of the cards, a chat in the corridor with a scrivener who is having producer trouble (one is never tired of listening to tales of producer idiocies), a small bet placed on a horse; a shave, shine and confab with an admirer who thinks you are the only able

Here's the lowdown on Collins...Kay...Conover

PRODUCER-DIRECTOR of radio's Kate Smith Hour, Ted owns one of the biggest collections of angling equipment in the country. But he usually frees the fish after catching it! Other enthusiasms: mystery yarns, the comfort of old clothes, the better taste of Regents. "You'll go a long way," he avers, "before you find a cigarette as mild."



SINGING COMEDIENNE Beatrice never took a voice lesson. A stock company trouper at 7, she haunted performances by Anna Held and Lillian Russell, now reproduces their moods in her own renditions of Gay Nineties songs. Petite Beatrice dotes on Regent's tallness. "Regents are over 20% longer," she reminds you, "naturally mean more value."



HARRY, WHOSE LUSCIOUS Cover Girls are a national institution, attended Notre Dame for exactly one day, quit book larnin' to become a "collar ad" model, then opened his now famous model agency. Harry, who knows how to pick 'em, picks Regent's crushproof box for special praise. "Tops!" he exclaims. "Just like a custom-made cigarette case."



ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better tasting! Multiple Blending is the reason—an exclusive Regent process that makes Regents really mild, always so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended
make **REGENT**
The milder, better tasting
cigarette!



"It's that stenographer downstairs. She says, 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the end of their party!'" F. WILKINSON

man in the studio and wishes you would do something beautiful to raise the standard of the movies—and it's time for lunch.

Lunch kills the afternoon. Lunch at the writers' table, seating twenty-four, taps the more serious side of your talents, involving, as it does, debates on international policy, military strategy, memories of Hollywood frustration, astonishing sidelights on sex, plus a dice game. It being impossible to work after you have had a third cocktail, lost your morning horse bets and a fifty-dollar bill on the dice, and exhausted yourself, to boot, proving why the Russians are better (or worse) than the English, you go back to your office and put in a telephone call for New York, and look over a line of ties, handkerchiefs and mufflers a Mr. Schultz is allowed to peddle inside the studio gates.

Knowing all this, I seldom "went to work" at all but clung to my hotel cham-

ber in pajamas and slippers. My so-called employers, not seeing me at the studio (that combination poolroom and drug-store corner for mental zoot-suiters) imagined me honestly atoll somewhere—a fine, healthy illusion.

I had most of the mystery brain trusters for lunch in my suite this next day and passed on to them the Potnik Knows Too Much plot. They were not overimpressed. Peritz pointed out that Potnik had received a bigger offer to direct Mr. Sloggin's Campus Commandos than Mr. Zupelman was paying him for bringing Dragon Moon to the screen. Hence the pretended terror and flight to Mexico, also pretended.

"Potnik is trying to irritate Zupelman out of his contract," said Peritz, "which is the same as trying to irritate the United States Navy out of the Pacific. My theory is that Potnik knows nothing except the difference between one hundred thousand

dollars and a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

I differed. At four o'clock, unable to track down Potnik anywhere (by use of the telephone), we persuaded the hotel manager to unlock his rooms. There was no mistaking that Potnik had fled. His shirts, socks, ties were out of their drawers, and half his suits and all his dressing gowns were gone. The wastebasket, a favorite source of clues for Author Lieberman, yielded the discarded draft of a letter. It was to "My Dearest Florence"—whom we knew to be Potnik's script clerk. It read:

"Enclosed please find check for Mr. Brunoshevsky and return also the two theater tickets and please put my automobile out of the street. Kindly answer letters to that New York critic, as I suggested, and the Soviet consul. Sign my name, don't be afraid. I left a hat in Romanoff's. You can pick it up and hold it. I love you

but am in a big hurry, my darling, so don't ask me any questions. I would tell you something but it is no good for you to know what is going on and . . ."

The mystery aces seized this document and departed, convinced, as I had been from the first, that Potnik was a key to something. They promised to do everything in their power to dig up Potnik, dead or alive, and I decided to while away the two hours before dinner with a game of solitaire. It was a sweltering day outside and I had before me the problem of lying to Egelhofer about Orlando's honeymoon. I wondered why that champing bridegroom had not sent me a wedding message from Yuma, but I decided he was afraid to put his whereabouts on paper.

At this point in my musings, the phone rang and I was informed that Miss Wondershake was in the lobby. I asked to have her sent up.

(To be concluded next week)

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

The Stars Will Come to Every School

A small, compact version of the planetarium star projector will be an important aid to thousands of youths, training them in celestial navigation to become the pilots of our future transports. With its aid even small-town high schools will be able to give this basic instruction to their pupils as easily as they now give elementary courses in chemistry.

The new machine, already in use in naval aviation schools, projects 145 spots of light upon the inside surface of a darkened dome to represent the important stars by which aviators must reckon latitude and longitude. Lenses revolved by clockwork move the "stars" from horizon to horizon, exactly as the heavenly bodies move. Students grouped below can take sights and make actual computations of their position, which the instructor can change at will to any part of the globe.

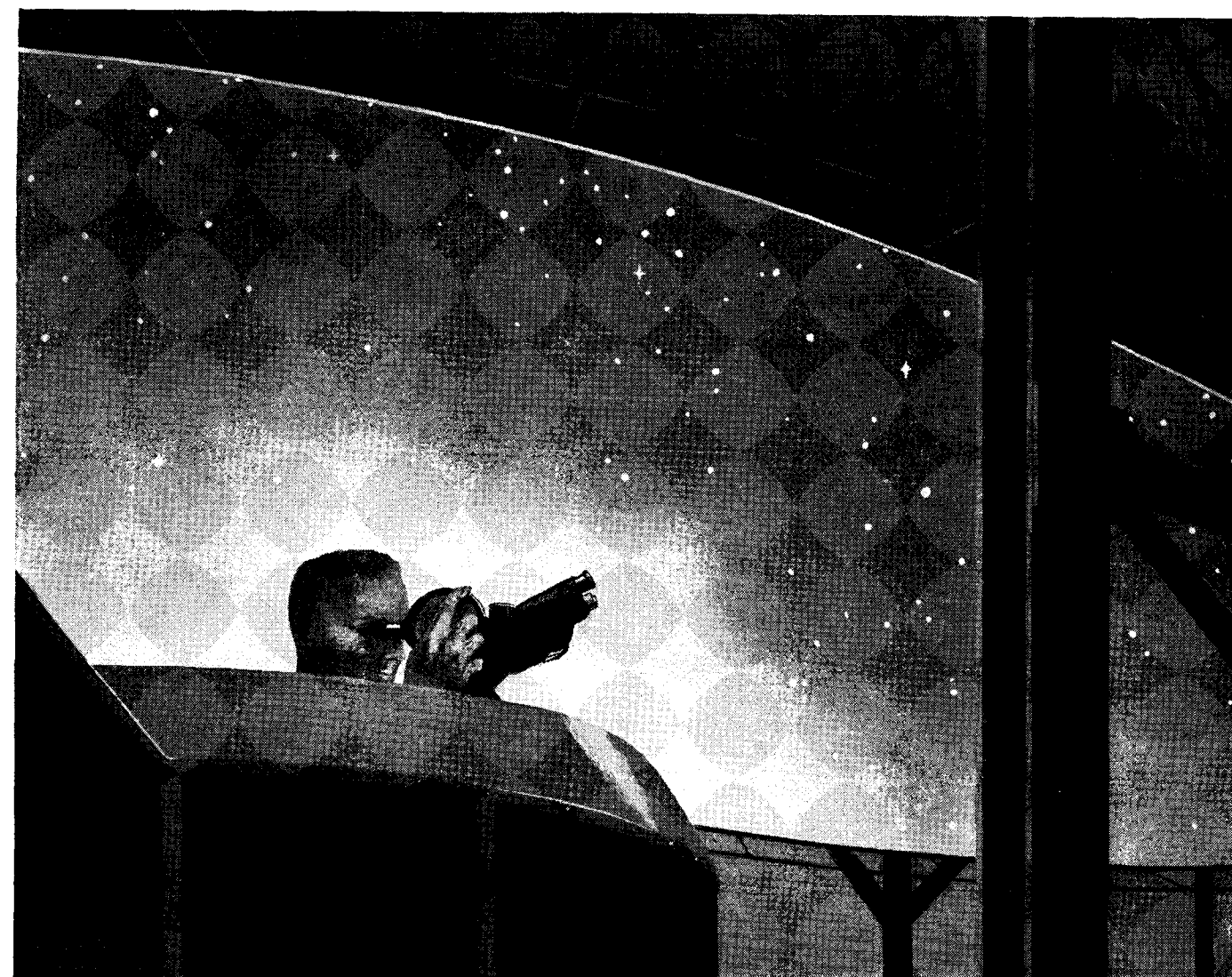
Since the machine is small and inexpensive, it can be installed anywhere that a dome-topped room can be erected around it. In a postwar world sure to be devoted to universal aviation, it promises to bring navigational instruction within reach of millions of young people who can at present only obtain it from special government schools.

A new patented apple tree will appear in tomorrow's orchards, bearing glossy red fruit in midsummer. Branches will grow straight out horizontally, so that the apples can be picked in a fraction of the time required for present trees.

Talented Beryllium

Tremendous are the potentialities of that curious featherweight, beryllium, Cinderella of the light-metals family. No old maid, beryllium declines to be of use alone, will only perform in a suitable union with some commoner among the elements, notably with copper.

Tiny percentages of the light metal in alloy with the red one creates a substance far tougher than bronze, from which critical parts of plane engines can be made. Beryllium-copper springs are the most perfect so far discovered—the equal of the best steel without steel's susceptibility to rust. Though very expensive, because beryllium is costly to refine, its copper alloy produces castings so smooth



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

and accurate that no machining is required. Precision gears for priority machines can be turned out at top speed at a final cost actually less than for gears of steel or bronze, which must be cut from rough castings.

A beryllium marriage devoutly sought by metallurgists is one within its own family—beryllium-aluminum. This magic alloy—if and when it is achieved—will give us the strength of steel with the lightness of wood, the toughness of wrought iron with the tractability of brass. Plane engine designers say they could build ten per cent more power into a given weight of motor with Be-Al alloys.

So far, neither party to the union is willing. Beryllium, the chilly metal, melts at 2,800 degrees, while aluminum, the ardent, succumbs at a mere 1,200. In the mixing process one is vaporized and gone before the other is even red. But science is closing in on the problem and the "impossible" new alloy, like impossible ductile tungsten, is on its way. When it arrives we shall have another new material with extraordinary promise.

Even Pedestrians Will Ride

At the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 a moving sidewalk fascinated thousands, carrying them the length of the Grand Concourse without effort. Occasionally the idea has been tried since, at fairs and amusement parks, but the lack of a suitable flexible pavement has kept it an expensive novelty of no public value.

Tomorrow large cities everywhere may use moving sidewalks as a standard means of relieving pedestrian congestion. This will be possible because of new developments in flexible conveyor belts, which are already moving great masses of crushed stone, coal and other basic materials.

Wherever large crowds must be moved, the traveling sidewalk will be invaluable. In city subway approaches, on busy street intersections, perhaps even in the aisles of large department stores, this ultramodern transportation will cut down the weary miles of walking that exhaust office workers and shoppers today. In railroad

terminals moving ramps will replace escalators and solid stairs to ease the jams in rush hours. In big factories, hundreds of thousands will be conveyed quickly in covered ducts to and from parking spaces.

Two-way traveling sidewalks will be familiar conveniences in the cities and in the industrial centers of a new streamlined civilization. They will be relatively inexpensive and will last for years without replacement.

Tomorrow's babies will take their meals from paper nursing bottles, so cheap to buy that they can be thrown away after one use. Only the rubber nipple will be kept for next time. The endless nuisance of washing and sterilizing will be forgotten.

A new mold preparation called "patulin" has just been discovered in England and is heralded as a powerful cure for the common cold. Early tests indicate that it may wipe out a cold in two days. Unlike penicillin, patulin can be grown in large quantities at little expense. ★★★



Time-saving office "machine-tools" — one way to lick your manpower problem

To keep production high while continuing to release men to the armed forces . . . this is a task which calls for thorough planning and intelligent control of the manpower still remaining. To this task, Remington Rand Punched-Card Accounting and Tabulating Machines are making an outstanding contribution. In record time they turn out great masses of figures and management reports, the basis for fast, accurate executive decisions. They help achieve, in both factory and office, the most efficient use of the manpower available.

A conspicuous example: a compact battery of these machines, at work on production control in the factory of a leading radar manufacturer, has so speeded the flow of materials that 8,500 workers are meeting production schedules originally set for 11,000.

Another "case-history": a famous submarine builder, who prided himself on a payroll department comprising one employee for every 100

production employees, adopted Remington Rand Punched-Card Accounting. Today, preparation of the weekly 11,000-name payroll requires not 110 payroll department employees, but only 14.

We are proud that we were ready to contribute to the solution of industry's manpower problems, with advanced engineering in our products, and with our nation-wide staff of specialists experienced in office methods and control systems. These methods engineers have already helped hundreds of war plants combat shrinking manpower by saving man-hours. They can help you . . . call our nearest office to arrange for a demonstration of Remington Rand Tabulating Machines.

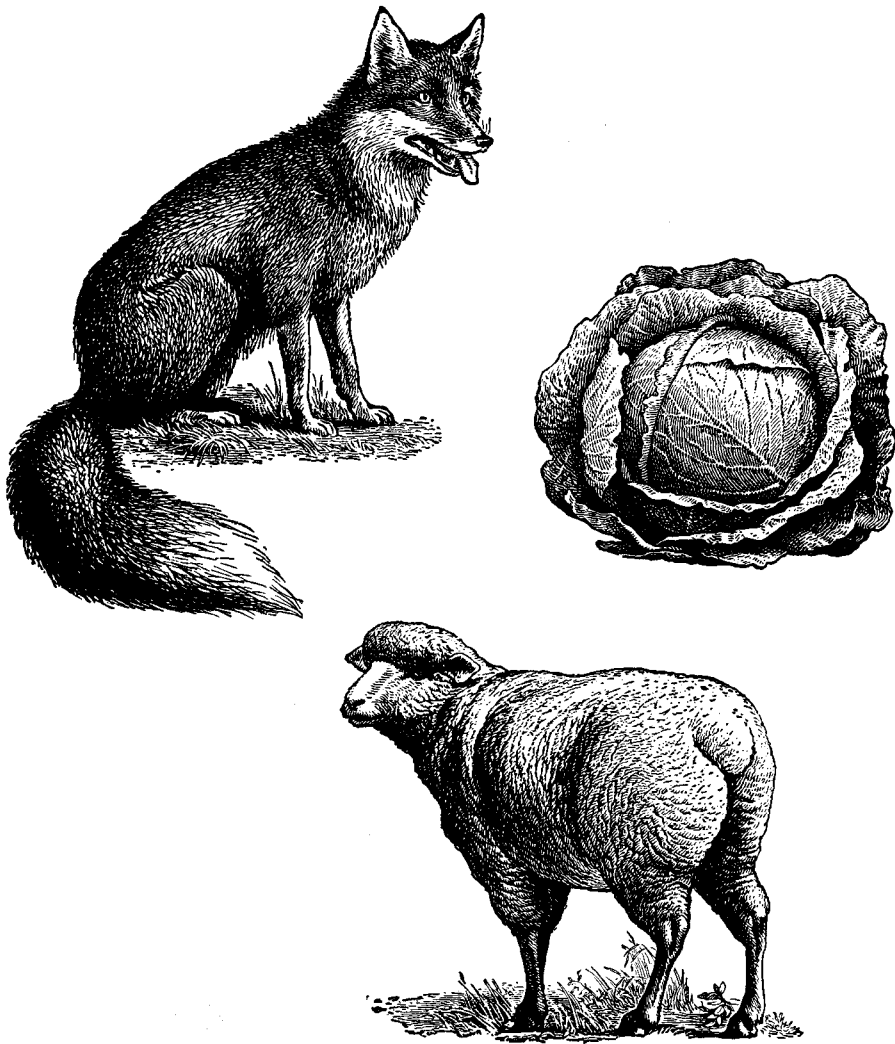
NOTE FOR POST-WAR PLANNING: New manufacturing and distribution methods, new products, new markets and new competition will require new controls and economies in the office. Plan your office procedures now.

Remington Rand

Hamilton Standard Propellers ★ Adding, Calculating and Bookkeeping Machines ★ Colt Automatic Pistols ★ Punched-Card Accounting and Tabulating Machines ★ Projectiles ★ Kortex Visible Control Systems ★ Shell Fuzes and Primers ★ Filing Cabinets, Methods and Supplies ★ Aircraft Rudders and Stabilizers ★ Safe Cabinets and Safe-Files ★ Ammunition Loading ★ Loose Leaf Systems ★ Machine Gun Parts ★ Photo-Copy and Micro-Film Equipment ★ Torpedo Parts ★ Library Furniture ★ Standard and Noiseless Typewriters ★ Electric Shavers ★ Radio Special Equipment ★ Business Machine Supplies and Nation-wide Maintenance Service ★ Secret Electronic Weapons Developed in the Company's Laboratories.

Block That Cold!

Continued from page 24



Can you get 'em across the river?

You've got a fox, a sheep and a head of cabbage, see? (Don't ask us how you got 'em—you just got 'em.) And you want to ferry all three across this river. You can make as many trips as you like, but you can't take 'em all at once. One at a time. Now, if you leave the fox alone with the sheep, he'll raise old Ned with the mutton. And if you leave the sheep alone with the cabbage, you won't find enough cabbage left to make a spoonful of cole slaw. How are you going to get 'em across the river?*

Our psychologist friend says if you can do this in six minutes you're right smart. And if you can do it in three minutes—why, you're a puzzle expert.

We're experts on puzzles, too—but a different kind. *Figures*—that's our specialty. Particularly when they're connected with business and industry. When a puzzle has something to do with costs and payrolls—we have a field day. We've got puzzles like that down to a system. Actually make *machines* do the work.

We call our machine the Comptometer. It's fast, to save manpower; economical, to save money. It's a vital weapon in Management's battle for increased production. Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago 22, Illinois. Makers of Comptometer Adding-Calculating Machines.

* If you can't figure this one out—write us.

from which it is made. We know what this substance is. It is vitamin A! We know that illness will reduce vitamin A stock and we know that oncoming colds will reduce it before the usual sneeze or shiver. The Eye-Dazzle Test measures the length of time it takes you to re-purplify the retina under standardized conditions. The longer it takes, the worse you are.

Here is a simple, standardized method: Look steadily for 30 seconds at a 75-watt lamp, 30 inches from the eye, with a 9-inch white paper disk behind it. (Stop if it hurts the eyes.) Now close the eyes and observe the "afterimage" of the lamp. See how long it persists. If it disappears in one minute, it is very good; two minutes, fair; three minutes, poor. A similar test in the physician's office makes use of the Snellen Chart.

The story of the research that brought the Dazzle Test up to the present point is too involved to be compressed into the limits of this short article. It started with a hundred men sitting silently for 45 minutes in a darkened room at the submarine base at New London; and it goes on through experimental physics, clinical medicine, the aviator, cloud bombing, a cigarette on a submarine miles away, eye goggles, baseball fielding, the spectrum, the eagle's sun-gazing eye, and the common—all too common—cold.

With this outline of the essentials of two precold signs; Toxic Tension and Eye Dazzle, we are ready to consider the third sign: The Circulation Slump.

If you are weak, tired out, sick, or about to become ill, your blood pressure may fall on standing. Your blood pressure may be the textbook normal, 120, lying down. If you stand up, your blood pressure may remain the same or rise to 130, which is good. It may drop to 100 or below.

This is bad; and we call it the Circulation Slump. If the blood pressure falls to 80 or lower on standing, the patient usually faints. Fainting is a typical Circulation Slump symptom.

These facts are little known by most people, and seldom referred to by phy-

sicians. Yet they are the basis of the circulatory test that every aviator in the United States Army or Navy must pass before he can get into the Air Corps. If he shows a falling blood pressure on standing at any time in his career as a pilot, the flight surgeon knows he is out of condition, overfatigued, or sick or about to become sick—and he may be grounded temporarily.

The author was the first to discover the Circulation Slump and interpret its significance to the medical profession. In the last war, Schneider studied it at Mineola and incorporated it in the more general and comprehensive Schneider Test, which is the military standard.

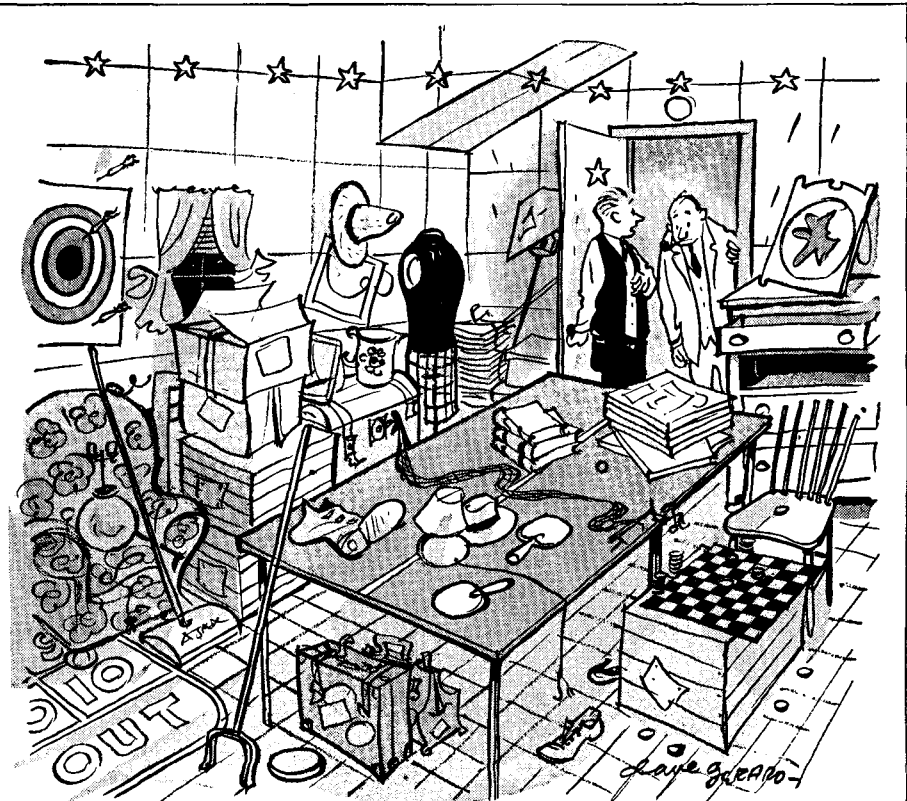
In 1903, when the blood-pressure machine was new, we took blood pressure on high-school students day after day, morning and night, lying and standing. We thought there must be some reason why blood pressure fell in some and not in others. There was. We found it. It was difference in "condition."

A Forecast of Fitness

For example, our best athletes, when they were in good condition, always showed a rise in blood pressure on standing, and never a Circulation Slump. We could tell beforehand the condition of athletes entered in tomorrow's race. The test was adopted by many colleges, and made standard by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of America as a prerequisite for admission to athletic contests, as it is now for entrance to aviation.

The discovery that the Circulation Slump occurred the day before a cold was something special. It came about as the result of a day-by-day recording of two-position blood pressures.

Larry Vorhis, one of our football stars and later All-American from Penn State, reported every morning and evening to help us get the record of the effect of the school day's fatigue in a "perfectly healthy person." Larry's pressure always rose on standing—no sign of slump. One Friday afternoon, however, the blood pressure unexpectedly fell on standing. This never



"We remodeled this old storeroom into a swell game room—then never could find anything to use as a storeroom"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



Will **OPTI-ONICS** vitalize* home movies?

Yes! The advancement is under way right now!

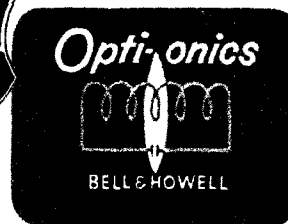
For out of the matchless accuracy and performance of secret OPTI-ONIC devices we make today for war, will come truly significant advances in your Bell & Howell Cameras and Projectors for tomorrow.

There will, of course, be mechanical refinements... cooler, quieter operation... simplified controls... improved general performance. But most important will be the new realism of the personal motion pictures of tomorrow... the apparent absence of mechanical intervention in bringing to your living room screen, for re-enjoyment, life's most treasured memories.

We don't imagine such things. We are certain of them... for the way to achieve them is already clear... through OPTI-ONICS, the successful combination of OPTics, electrONics, mechanICS... devised by Bell & Howell.

Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. For 37 years America's leading designer and manufacturer of fine motion picture equipment for home and professional use.

*Webster: to endow with life.



Trade-mark registered.

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Engineers with a finished background in electronic or mechanical design can find a great future in helping Bell & Howell explore the peacetime horizons of OPTI-ONICS. Send complete details and photo to: Chairman, OPTI-ONICS Development, 7100 McCormick Road, Chicago 45, Illinois.

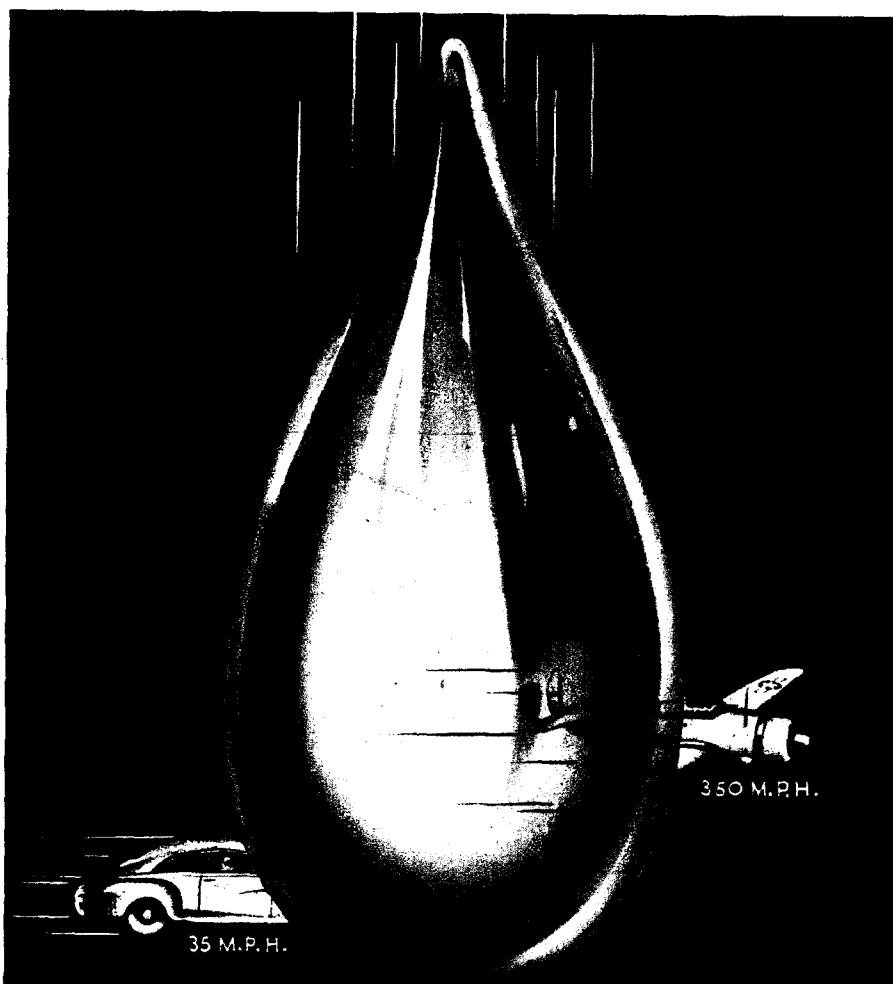
Bell & Howell

"WHAT YOU SEE—YOU GET"

What electronics gets... Bell & Howell lets you see...
that's Opti-onics

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35 M.P.H.

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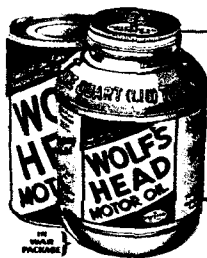
**At any speed...in any motor
IT'S THE BEST OIL
MONEY CAN BUY**

Don't be fooled into neglecting your engine because you're not driving much or driving fast these days.

These very things frequently result in engines operating at sub-normal temperatures—causing crankcase dilution, rapid sludge and carbon formation, and other trouble-making conditions.

Today, with parts and service increasingly scarce, proper lubrication is more than ever essential. And to be sure that your car gets the lubrication it needs, insist on Wolf's Head—the "Finest of the Fine" Pennsylvania oils . . . the oil that leading airplane engine makers use regularly for their critical breaking-in runs . . . the oil that Pan American has used to fly more than a BILLION passenger-miles . . . the oil preferred by big-fleet operators—everywhere.

(At any speed—and in any motor—Wolf's Head is the best oil money can buy . . . yet it costs only 35c a quart)



TRUCK OPERATORS: Extensive fleet tests show Wolf's Head HEAVY DUTY OIL is amazingly superior for truck and bus engines. Available in drums, halves and quarters. Write today for free booklet: "Heavy Duty Maintenance." Wolf's Head Oil Refining Company, Inc., Oil City, Pa., or New York 10, N. Y.

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happened before! It was rechecked. It was true.

"Larry, how do you feel?" he was asked.

"Great, Doctor, never better!"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure as can be, Doc. I'll go out in the gym and show you."

"Well, come in Monday and let's see."

But next Monday, Larry did not come in. He was home sick—a cold, fever and sore throat—and out of school for two weeks.

This meant that Circulation Slump preceded any obvious sign of approaching cold. This has been verified from time to time. It is important.

Circulation Slump is a cold-invasion symptom. It is seldom recognized, for who gets his blood pressure taken every day? But you can learn to recognize some symptoms of Circulation Slump—fainting or feeling as if you might faint, is one; dizziness on rising suddenly from a resting position is likely to be another.

If in Doubt, Lie Down

Circulation Slump points a lesson in colds, i.e., the need of resting. Assuming the horizontal position will relieve the circulation of the necessity of overcoming the gravity load in the standing position. When the circulation is weakened, it shows in an increase of pulse rate on standing. The heart may beat 135 on standing and quiet down to 90 on lying down. A difference of 45 beats a minute! The greater the difference, the worse the condition.

This test helps us to understand that a cold is not a cold of the nose or head only, but is a condition of illness of the whole man, and should be treated accordingly.

As to treatment, you must be guided by your physician. Here are the four main points to think about in treating colds:

The infecting agency. Kill it.

The nasal mucous membrane. Treat it.

The anti-infection body agencies. Help them.

Body supply services. Aid them.

1. The infecting agency. To kill it, we use argyrol tampons, sprays, inhalations and drops of sulfa drugs in the nose or down the throat. Sulfa drugs taken into the stomach may stop the bacteria in the nose, but the bacteria comes right back again. The problem is to kill the infecting agency but leave the mucous membrane of the nose alive. Sometimes it may take longer to recover from the medicine, sulfa drugs especially, than it does to recover from the cold.

2. Your nose. Treat it, but be kind. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat must overcome the cold or the cold will never be overcome at all. Remember that sneezing, swelling, "running" mucous and pus production, though often disagreeable and troublesome, are fighting methods, all parts of the local war.

The Eye-Dazzle Test has just shown us a new and promising aid in the treatment of colds. You remember that on the day before the cold, visual purple was diminished. Visual purple is replenished in the eye from body stock of vitamin A. Eye Dazzle indicates that we're low on vitamin A. Hence, in treating oncoming colds, we restore it. There are other reasons for believing that vitamin A gives the nasal mucous membrane pep and fighting power.

The writer has just published the results of his three-year clinical research, in the Medical Journal of the State of New York. Your doctor will know how vitamin A should be used. It is essential to use very large quantities, 150,000 A to 15,000 natural D the first day for "impact" effect, as in sulfa drugs dosage. The next two days, the dosage is continued at a reduced rate, for the cold may go away and then come back again.

This is new. It is becoming known as "The One Day Cure"—because so many cases (about 52 per cent) seem to be cured in 24 hours. But it is not a cure—it is an aid, and a good one.

3. Help the anti-infection agencies of the body.

"Cold shots" are used to stimulate body resistance against the cold. They are best employed the day before the cold starts. Our three signs, Toxic Mental Tension, Eye Dazzle, and Circulation Slump, will help you to gain this great advantage. "Cold Shots" are vaccines. They are also fairly efficient for prevention. Vaccines taken by mouth do not do quite so well, but that is all another story.

Some of our expert cold dodgers wait until they know by the early signs, daze, slump or sneeze, that a cold is on the way, then get a "cold shot." This gets up their antitoxins ahead of the ordinary body schedule. Some of them combine it with vitamin A method, and the proper bacteria-killing nose drops, and they just don't get colds any more.

You attack the cold behind and before; without and within, and you catch it in time. Thus our early signs give us an opportunity to employ three elements of our four-way technique. Now for the fourth.

4. Aiding the Service of Supply behind the fighting front. You back up the fighting mucous membrane and the body chemical weapon factories by a well-managed digestion, circulation and nervous system. All of the organs are stepped up to meet a war emergency. The pulse beats faster, respiration increases in depth and speed, and the fever rises, the war is on. Every branch of the Service of Supply is mobilized in support of the fighting front.

Meanwhile, all reserves are called in from nonessential activities. No "business as usual" in wartime. You do not go to work. You lie down. You know you are doing the right thing, so your mind is at rest. You put muscles to rest that thus reduce to a minimum the activity of a full fifty per cent of the whole body weight. And how grateful the hard-working organs are to you! They can now put all their effort into service of maintenance, supply and medical military action.

How to Feed a Cold

Feeding the fighting front most commonly includes the advice to specialize on fruit juices, which contain vitamin C. They must be fresh or just out of the can, for they oxidize rapidly. Lots of milk is good, with little coffee, and no alcohol. Vegetables low in starch are preferred. No sweets. Chocolate is strictly out. Alkaline versus acid foods is controversial because colds differ. "Much food or little food" is controversial because people differ. Opinion on alcohol varies. It is always bad for sinuses and yet it may save lives in severe, tornado-type influenza.

Keep the bowels clear, but don't make trouble for yourself here.

Oranges, lemons, grapefruit are best, together with pears and apples; grapes are good; plums and prunes are doubtful. But what must be constantly borne in mind is the fact that there is as much difference in colds as there is in people, and these generalized instructions must be individualized for you by your doctor.

So you rest, and give the whole mechanism every advantage. The fight goes on, on all four fronts—a foursquare, scientific program. Your intelligence department has read the signs and warned you. You summon your forces. You attack! You know how to do it—and let your doctor be your guide.

This is the way to catch a cold—in time!

THE END

Invasion Lies

Continued from page 12

rocks. A new type of plastic mine, which cannot be detected, is being used."

As the war goes on, the barrage of propaganda will increase in intensity. The world will be flooded with stories and broadcasts moaning that Allied air raids are destroying churches, hospitals and slaughtering millions of civilians.

Neutral businessmen and industrialists will be quoted as saying that the tremendous aerial blows are ruining the world economic situation; they will appeal to British and American colleagues to halt the senseless destruction. Then Hitler and Goebbels will try a new line—the line of internal dissension in Germany. It is human nature for a fighter to pull his punches when his opponent shows signs of collapse, so the neutral countries will be filled with rumors about an imminent revolution in Germany.

Expect a tale like this, possibly from Turkey, where the sly and able von Papen is the chief German propagandist:

"Unrest in Germany has reached such proportions that it may develop into a revolution. Reports received here indicate that Hitler is preparing to resign and place the government in the hands of the military High Command. Ambassador Franz von Papen is expected to leave here shortly to take a post in the new conservative government."

This will be the opening gun of this particular phase of the propaganda campaign. It will be followed by this sort of dispatch:

"Lisbon—A German diplomat who arrived here in a special private plane today, declared that the officers of the German High Command have drafted a memorandum to be submitted to the United Nations. They have taken Hitler into custody and will offer to surrender him as the price of an armistice."

You will even hear the names of the generals who supposedly have ousted Hitler. Most rumormongers say they are to be led by Field Marshal von Brauchitsch. But remember that the situation in Germany is complicated, and that if twenty generals should decide to rid the country of Hitler they couldn't do it. And von

Brauchitsch could probably do less than anyone; he has been a pliant tool of the Nazis for a dozen years, ever since Hitler financed his divorce so he could marry his mistress.

On the heels of the "ousting" of Hitler will come rumors that the Fuehrer is dead. Neutral radio stations will spread the report that Hitler "died of wounds suffered when an attempt was made on his life." No doubt Hitler will die some day, but, for my part, I shall not believe such rumors until I have received convincing evidence that armed conflict has broken out between the private armies of Hermann Goering and Heinrich Himmler, the latter numbering about 700,000 superbly equipped soldiers.

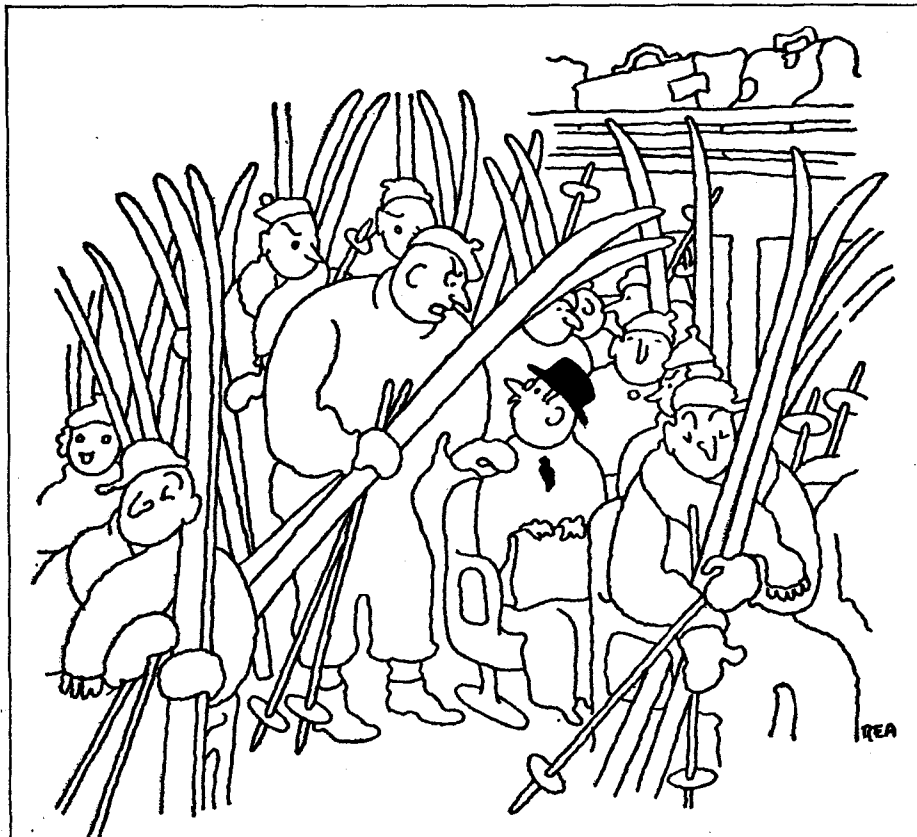
In considering the reports of Hitler's death or ousting, we must remember that both Goering and Himmler are still very much alive, and that they are younger than Hitler and fully as ambitious and energetic. Moreover, they hate each other, and any real collapse in Germany would unquestionably be the signal for open warfare between them.

Booby Traps in Industry

But even if that should happen, and we should know certainly that Hitler is dead, we must still be wary. There will remain the incredible network of German economic infiltration of the world, the tricks and traps set up by the professional supporters of German *Kultur* not only in neutral countries but also even in England and America. They are working constantly to salvage what can be saved of German power. We know that they have made deals with German industrialists and plan to resume close co-operation after the war.

There was a flurry of excitement in industrial circles when a Madrid dispatch a few weeks ago told of a conference between the German financier Doctor Hjalmar Schacht and South American businessmen "who are known to have good connections in North America."

You will hear more of Doctor Schacht during the great German propaganda



COLLIER'S

"Pardon me, sir, but is your trip absolutely necessary?"

GARDNER REA

Collier's for March 25, 1944

WINTHROP'S GLEN GRAIN

As smart as your favorite plaid—as rugged as a Scottish moor, Winthrop's Glen Scotch Grain is the leather for style-wise men of action. Combined with an extra-heavy sole—Hoot Mon, what a value!

WINTHROP SHOES

WINTHROP JRS. for boys

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Viewed from Arch St., Philadelphia, from a print of the Pomona

PHILADELPHIA

Port of Hospitality

86.8 proof • 65% Grain
Neutral Spirits



*"Imported in the good brig Pomona whereof William Baird is master,
from Surinam and now lying in the Delaware; Three hogsheads rum;
ten hogsheads sugar; twenty-seven bags coffee, Consigned to
Jno. Wilcocks"... from a ship's manifest dated 5th December, 1796.*

Launched from the busy shipyards of old Philadelphia, swift argosies plied the seven seas to build a vast commerce with the fabulous Indies and far Cathay. Little wonder that this seat of Colonial culture, waxing rich on expanding trade, should set a solid standard throughout the Colonies for warm hospitality and bounteous entertainment. Today this heritage is graciously sustained by a superb whisky... Philadelphia Blend. A whisky well worthy of its honored name... ordinarily reserved for special occasions... yet one you can afford to enjoy regularly and often.

FROM A SERIES OF PRINTS CELEBRATING THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND... FAMOUS SINCE 1894

campaign, for no man has worked harder for the Nazis and for German world supremacy. He organized the barter deals which wrecked the economies of the countries that Germany proposed to invade. He wept crocodile tears when the Germans spent foreign-loan funds on "white elephant" plants which he said could never prove useful. And these are the war plants which produced the German war machine.

Doctor Schacht and his associates are even now busily contacting their friends in England and America through indirect channels. Some of their messages go through the Bank for International Settlement in Basel. Others reach us by means of the social connections of important Nazis.

Many Germans married foreigners. Many others hold foreign passports. Switzerland swarms with them, and so does Portugal. They pose as refugees from Nazi cruelty, and soon you will hear them talk about the urgent need of preventing civil war in Germany or punitive action by Poles, Russians, Frenchmen or Norwegians. Some of them even manage to reach the United States. Others have excellent social connections here, particularly among women who are pro-Nazi.

One of the leaders of the pro-Nazi American social set has a fine home in Washington, where she entertains foreign diplomats with great lavishness, and even now, more than two years after Pearl Harbor, she denounces anyone who dares "malign Germany." We shall hear of her during the invasion; she is constantly receiving messages from her friends, German women in the pay of the Gestapo who have reached South America.

The German propagandists are fully prepared to take advantage of any mutual suspicion that may develop between the Allies and Russia; there is reason to believe them responsible for much of the misunderstanding that has already occurred. Expect to hear rumors like this:

"Privy Councilor Ritter of the German Foreign Office has arrived in Lisbon. He has been seen traveling to Castle Some-

thingo, where it is known Mr. X of the American State Department and Sir J Z of London have been staying for several weeks. Doctor Ritter is one of Germany's cleverest negotiators, enjoying the confidence of the Nazis as well as of conservative circles. It is understood that he is authorized to offer far-reaching concessions to England and America."

Will Stalin believe such a tale? Will his press ignore it? Perhaps, but many will believe it. The recent Pravda incident showed that Russia feels a certain uneasiness about her allies.

Mystery Woman Envoy

To make the English and Americans jittery about Russia, the Germans will plant rumors of this sort, probably in Istanbul if Turkey is still neutral:

"Who is the mystery woman at the Hotel X? Germany's ambassador has been calling on her. Her identity is a secret, but reports say she bears a remarkable resemblance to Madame Kollontay, the Russian diplomat. Well-informed circles say that Hitler's ambassador is trying to reach a compromise with Moscow's representative. He offers to withdraw to the 1939 border, to hand Narvik over to the Russians, and to help them obtain a port on the Mediterranean."

Whatever line the German propaganda may take, whatever Hitler and Goebbels may do, their sole aims are these: to slow up the invasion, to infect us with a bad case of "invasion jitters" calculated to weaken us in the crucial weeks which will decide the fate of the world, and to induce us to make a compromise peace before our armies can wipe out the Nazi menace for all time. Remember that!

Listen, if you like, to the German broadcasts, and read the Nazi lies and rumors; those are your rights and privileges as a citizen of a free country. But for the truth, seek our own and Allied war communiques and the statements either issued or approved by our own governments.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

On his record-breaking flight, Shorty not only confirmed the permanent place the turbo would have in high-altitude operations, now being demonstrated successfully every day, but he also brought back for solution many other problems of operation at great heights. Outstanding among these were: the necessity of diverting exhaust gases from the cockpit; new design to provide for an intercooling device between compressor and carburetor to reduce pre-ignition; improvement on the existing types of oxygen masks to insure a reliable and proportional feed; and suitable clothes to protect airmen from the bitter cold.

One of the documents recalling the past, which Shorty reads with understanding interest, is by his superior, Colonel Clark, who engineered the famous Clark Y wing section, the standard for plane designers for many years.

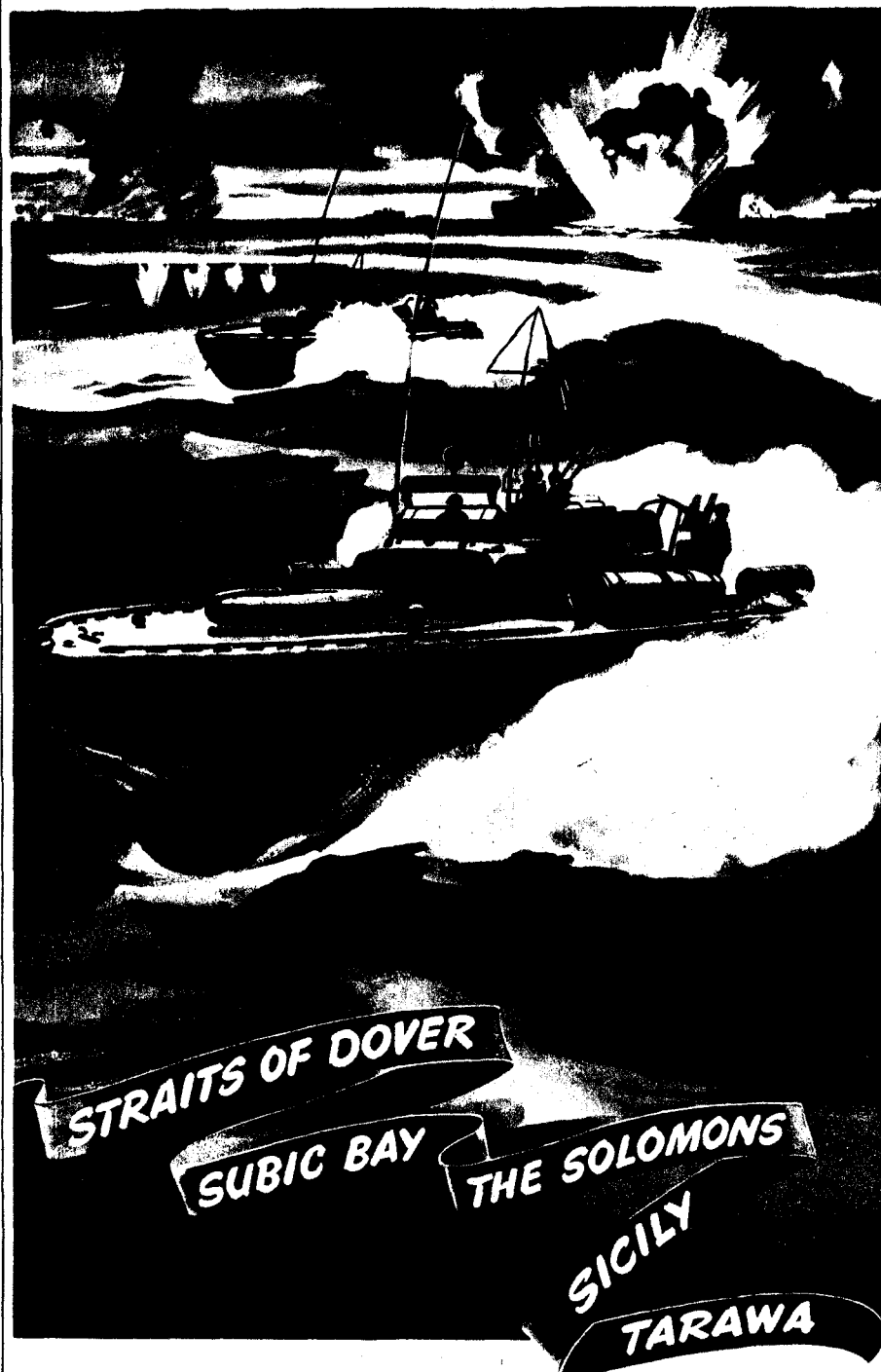
Colonel Clark's eyewitness account of the epochal flight is:

"As Major Schroeder expected a strong wind from the west at the high altitudes, he maintained a westward heading until, as it happened, he had broken the world's altitude record. In spite of the fact that he maintained a westward heading, the airplane was blown backward until it was almost over Springfield, Ohio, about twenty-four miles northeast of Dayton. At that time, in spite of Major Schroeder's best efforts to obtain livable oxygen supply, he became unconscious.

"When Major Schroeder regained consciousness, he found that his eyes had been frozen shut, making it impossible for him to read his instruments or to see objects on the ground. His senses of feel and hearing told him that the air speed was very high, and so he eased back gently on the control stick. After a bit, he was able to pry one eye open a little—enough to see that his altimeter reading was 3,000 feet, though he thought it should have been 23,000 feet. He flew around for a little while, trying to regain his faculties, and was finally able to see that he was quite low, whereupon he became convinced that his altitude was 3,000 feet.

"Actually, he had fallen unconscious, with the airplane diving out of control at terrifically high speeds, for more than 30,000 feet. He thought he saw buildings underneath and decided to try to fly straight until he was sure that the airplane was well away from any buildings and then he could bail out with his parachute. But remembering that it would be impossible to replace the supercharger and its accessories for many months, he determined to land the airplane. He lost altitude gradually with reduced power and effected a successful landing at McCook Field, which was quite small, holding an eye partly open during the actual close approach and landing.

"As he cut the ignition, he again lost consciousness, and was carried from the cockpit to the post hospital." . . . F. R. N.



BATTLE HONORS of the Champ!

Midget fighters whip opponents
50 times their size!

Wherever action is hottest you'll find PT boats in the thick of it.

Whipping ten to fifty times their weight. Dashing in to the kill, unleashing a lethal sting that no enemy ship can stand. PT boats are the scourge of the skulking Axis navy.

Designed for fast work, these hard-hitting egg shells, driven by thousands of horsepower, have made headline news ever since Nazi hordes went on the prowl. For fast, sure footwork PT's are equipped with Equi-Poise Propellers!

The coveted Army-Navy "E" awarded Federal-Mogul Marine Division (Detroit plant) for high contribution to American freedom.

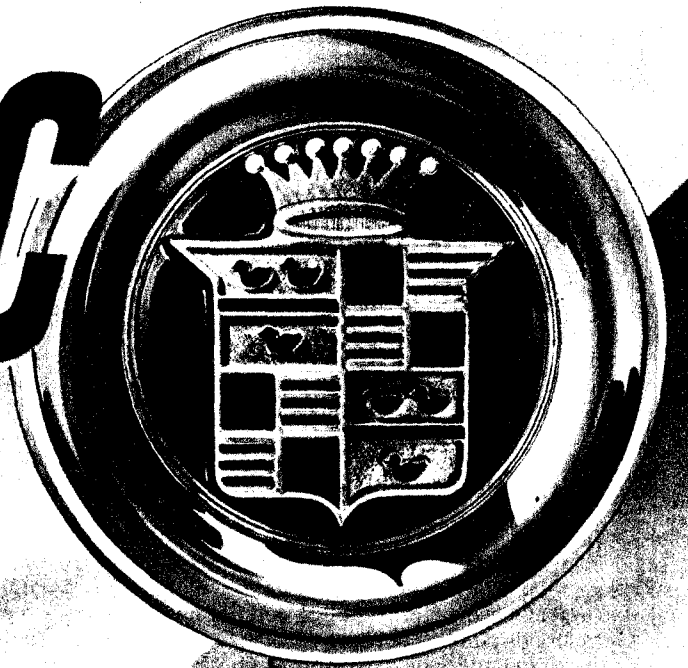
AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION PRODUCTS: Sleeve bearings, bushings and similar precision parts.
MARINE DIVISION PRODUCTS: Standard, Custom-built propellers from 8 in. to 12 ft. in diameter — Equi-Flex Stuffing Boxes, Shaft Logs, Struts, Rudders, Shafting, Equi-Puller, Equi-Dyne Balancer, Equi-Lock and Fairwaters.

First used on the famed Miss America X of speed boat days, then on the Scott-Paine MTB, the Elco, Huckins and Higgins PT and Vosper Victory . . . Equi-Poise has won new laurels for delivering extra speed with dependability.

Today we're working 'round the clock making propellers from 8 in. to 12 ft.—also related equipment for boats of the Allied Navies. Tomorrow, when "men sail for fun again," new techniques of precision manufacture will result in finer postwar products, Federal Mogul Marine, 4023 Beaufait Ave., Detroit 7, Mich.

FEDERAL Mogul

Cadillac



Some go Through – Some go Over !

Under the direction, and with the cooperation, of Army Ordnance—Cadillac has developed, and is building, what have proved to be two of the most effective pieces of armament in the Arsenal of Democracy.

One is the M-5 Light Tank—a fast, quick, highly-maneuverable weapon, armed with a high velocity, 37 mm. cannon. This tough, speedy, hard-hitting tank is one of America's great "surprise weapons"—ideal for upsetting enemy formations. Like a speedy halfback, it darts through the slightest opening in the line,

or "runs the ends," as the need may be. It is almost as fast as a motor car.

The other is the M-8 mounting the Army's 75 mm. Howitzer cannon. Utilizing the same chassis as the M-5, it gives to demolition artillery a degree of mobility it has never known before. With this weapon, big guns can follow their targets—keep the position from which they can do the most good.

The two units that give these weapons their power and maneuverability were developed by Cadillac in peacetime: the Cadillac V-type

engine and the Hydra-Matic transmission.

The quickness with which these peacetime units were sent to war not only attests their inborn quality of design and construction—but it indicates the splendid manner in which Army Ordnance has utilized the nation's resources to astound the world with its armament program.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

Hatchet Day for the Dutch

Continued from page 27

cruelty and to show that men were brothers no matter what the Nazis thought. And you learn, though you cannot repeat, how remnants of the Jews who could be saved were aided to escape from Holland or were hidden. The only Nazi penalty for helping Jews is death.

At the club, they will tell you that the best way to escape from Fortress Europe is to think up your own plan and carry it out. None of the routes stay open long, and what worked for a friend may become sure death if you try to repeat it. The Dutch coast is as flat as a tennis court, and there is a forbidden zone five to ten miles deep all along it. No sailing is permitted on the canals leading to the sea.

All Dutchmen arriving in England immediately report to their government and are given war jobs. Those who are sent to the Dutch Caribbean possessions or to Australia remain and form the nucleus of an armed force. Apart from the self-contained Dutch army, there are Dutch paratroopers and commandos in British units. In the Dutch navy, there are motor torpedo-boat flotillas, mine layers, mine sweepers, U-boats, cruisers, destroyers and squadrons in the Fleet Air Arm. In the R.A.F. there are Dutch fighter squadrons and Dutch naval air squadrons that operate under the British Bomber Command. The Dutch Merchant Navy functions in the Allied pool, and the Dutch fishing fleet fishes for England.

In Their Country's Service

In all these services and in all the branches of the government, you will meet members of that wonderful escapees' club, Oranjenhaven. One member, a tall, dark-haired young man who seldom visits London, is the commanding officer of a Dutch squadron flying Mitchells in daylight raids over France, Belgium and sometimes Holland. Last summer he was ferrying a flotilla of motor-torpedo boats from Florida to Curaçao, where they were needed against the German submarine pack then operating in those waters.

Another member, the present commander of an MTB flotilla stationed in England, made five unsuccessful escapes from Nazi prisons, having always refused to sign the German pledge renouncing escape. On his sixth attempt, though by then he was surely the most closely guarded man in the area, he succeeded and made his way to England. Now he has the practically nightly job of hurtling across the Channel in those flat-keeled, pale-painted deadly little boats to attack German shipping along the French coast.

A staff officer who learned to fly Spitfires at the age of forty-two made a famous escape that particularly delights the Dutch. He and a friend stole a German plane marked with Swastikas and flew it from Holland into a welcome of British anti-aircraft fire with two definitely unfriendly Spitfires on their tail, crash-landed in an English field and announced they were Dutch and had come to join up.

There are also two club members who spent eight long months making frequent round trips between England and Holland on a job which cannot be described yet. They got the Dutch V.C. for that—a decoration that takes some getting. They talk of their round-the-world trip, the original voyage from Holland to England, as if it were the jolliest outing imaginable.

There are girl club members now employed in the Dutch government offices who wear a narrow blue and orange ribbon, the cross of merit, sewed to their inexpensive utility dresses. They, too,

made that long perilous journey through Fortress Europe and presented themselves to their government in London, asking only to work to help in hurrying the day of liberation.

Wherever you go among the Dutch, whether it is to a bomber station or to an MTB flotilla, a government office or Oranjenhaven, you feel a special atmosphere which is hard to describe. The Dutch are serious, tireless and efficient, but the Dutch are gay. The Dutch are constructively critical of themselves and they are critical of what they call "Our Hundred Years' Sleep."

But it is as if now they were fiercely and somehow happily alive. Each man knows the value of his work; no man or woman is wasted. They are solidly together and solidly determined, and they rejoice in every inch gained on the long triumphant road home. They want more than the liberation of Holland and the Dutch East Indies. They want very much more than victory. They want a fine peace; they intend not to waste this war.

The winning of the war is the great immediate aim for which no sacrifice is too heavy. But there is a wonderful thing, the future, and the Dutch are not afraid of the future. The Dutch are going to try to write history well. You feel that these people have learned through the brutality of war and occupation to respect forever the dignity and the rights of men.

Recently a Dutch broadcaster said, "Queen Wilhelmina has declared that immediately after the freeing of all territories of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, a round-table conference of all the peoples and races involved should be called."

It would be against the principles of democracy to make specific arrangements at the moment when the peoples for whom they would be made are still under a foreign yoke. But after the war the Kingdom of the Netherlands would be converted into a commonwealth—not a commonwealth of white peoples, as has already been known in political history, but a commonwealth of white, brown and yellow races. The Dutch are going to do their honorable best to make the future fair.

The Dutch outside of Holland will tell you that they get their strength from Holland, from the silenced, jailed millions of their own people who will not give up, and whose courage and good sense are constant guides.

The Dutch underground press, which speaks for these people, is certainly amazing to read. Four or five national secret

papers have a monthly printing of 150,000 copies. Besides these, there are scores of local papers, village newsheets, and trade or group or party journals. These newspapers, printed in tiny type on wretched paper, are handed on until they are worn out. School children, as extracurricular activity, make carbon copies of whole pages or separate articles from these secret papers and pass them on.

The underground press wants no articles from London and receives none; all the writing is done in Holland. From Holland, there come requests for documents for the Beveridge Plan, the text of the Moscow Agreement, and speeches of President Roosevelt in full. The newspapers are earnest, thorough and quiet in tone. At the risk of penalties ranging from torture and death to deportation for forced labor, these newspapers are written, printed, distributed and read. The titles of the leading articles in them are astonishing to us who read freely what we like and who often read lazily.

Thoughts on a Free World

The Watchword, a national underground paper, carries such articles as Social Monarchy, the Re-education of German Youth, Freedom from Want in Liberated Holland, the Press After the Liberation, Christianity and Humanism. Another large-circulation paper called Free Netherlands publishes pieces entitled Germany After the War—Not a German but a European Question; Our Democracy After the War; Money in the World of Tomorrow; Democracy in Industry.

Three months after the occupation of Holland, these secret newspapers started to appear and new ones are still being founded. Among the latest of these are the Communist Signal and the Free News Forum. In the beginning, the role of the underground press was to be a morale builder to counteract German propaganda and to hold the Dutch together and keep them faithful to one another. The press served as a link between people who could not meet or talk.

The Dutch inside Holland, who never doubted the final victory, now take that victory for granted. Their chief present concern is how to win the peace. And the Dutch government's concern is to

Two Dutchmen stole a Nazi plane and flew it to England. They had Spitfires on their tail most of the way

maintain paternal contact with its enslaved children. Its medical section is already laying plans for the treatment of the chronically ill. It knows, for instance, that the tuberculosis rate has doubled in Occupied Holland.

A social section plans the return of the Dutch deportees from Germany, arranging for physical examinations before they dare be released into a community which has already endured epidemics of infantile paralysis, typhoid, diphtheria, etc. The social section also plans for the re-integration of hundreds of thousands of men into a country that will lack everything from shoes to houses.

There are eight million people in Holland, and the government calculates that 419,000 men have been deported for forced labor in Germany, 6,500 students were deported, 20,000 officers and noncommissioned officers are in concentration camps, 120,000 Jews have been sent away to die. They say that not one loyal family in Holland remains intact; from all of them, some man has been amputated. Further, the government estimates that 20,000 persons have been executed by the Germans apart from the wholesale deportation and massacre of the Jews.

The Germans are systematically destroying the possible leaders of the Dutch people. Hostages are taken before a crime has been committed. There is a selected pool of hostages, and these are specially able people whose death weakens the national life. It can be seen how the Dutch would hate any of their compatriots who agreed to help in such destruction.

The Dutch may have been asleep for a hundred years, as they say so harshly of themselves, but they woke magnificently and they are not going to tire.

THE END



The Nazis caught the boy talking along a pipe. They pierced his eardrums so he would never hear again



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

OLD GRAND-DAD



**ALWAYS
A RARE TREAT**

One taste will tell you why

PLEASE BE PATIENT! We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Well, Forget It

Continued from page 17

her the swivel chair. When she sat down, he offered her a glass of milk.

"I'd rather have a cigarette," she said, with a grin, "if you think it's safe."

"I hope it's not," George said. She was wearing perfume, lovely stuff. George realized with a shock that one did not often smell heady perfume in Red Saddle; only on the Lyttleton girls, and everybody knew about them.

"It was a put-up job," he said, collecting himself, being stern and cynical. "The whole business. It was an act."

"If you mean that Mavourneen is not the kind of stuff they go for on Fifty-second Street," she said, "you're right. Could you find a match?"

He gave her a light. His hand trembled. She caught his wrist, smiling at him, and held it firmly until her cigarette was going.

"You're beautiful," George Holly said. She dropped his wrist and looked at him. "Well, thanks," she said, smiling. "Coming from the opposition, that's something."

"Only you're a phony. You're phony, and you're a menace."

"What does that mean?"

"That means you're like your uncle, you're like the great Senator Wickersham. You're deceiving the people. That's a nasty thing to do."

"I like Mavourneen," she drawled. "I think it's a pretty song. And these people are sweet. They're all nice people."

"Sure, they're nice," George said. "They are the ribs and bones of the world. And like most nice people, they would rather trust their fellow citizens than suspect them. That's good, too, only it means that cookies like your uncle can take them for a ride. Everett B. Wickersham has had them on the merry-go-round for twenty years."

"And now you're going to show them the light. Is that it?"

"That's it," George said.

"The only trouble is," she said, "they aren't going to give you the chance."

SHE was right, of course; George knew this. Sitting up there on the cannon, watching the citizens of Red Saddle go home, he had realized that he was licked.

Unless, he told himself, staring at Abbey Vale, unless I get a new plan of action.

"And now," she said, "I'd better go home, because I'll bet it's indecent to be out after eleven in Red Saddle. Or am I wrong?"

"You could try it," he said to himself.

"Hey," she said, laughing at him, beginning to look a little uncomfortable.

After all, they do it all the time in the movies, he reflected; Alan Ladd, for instance.

"What are you looking at?" she said, embarrassed. "Is my face on crooked, or something?"

"Well, why not?" George asked himself.

"I'm looking at you," he said to her. He looked straight at her, at the round brown eyes that had lights behind them, and he smiled. "I like you," he said. He reached over and got hold of her hand.

"Hey," she said, laughing at him.

"You're a nice girl, and I like you," George purred. "Come here."

She got her purse from the desk and moved in the opposite direction. "If this was a bachelor apartment," she said, "I would know how to handle it, but a newspaper office is a different thing. I'm going home."

"I'll go with you," George said softly.

"I can manage," she said, walking rapidly toward the door.

Just as she got hold of the latch, George caught her elbow and turned her around. "Come here," he said, with a smirk.

He slipped his arms around her expertly—well, almost expertly—and bent over her face. Her eyes were popping wide. George swooped down on her nice red mouth. But he never got there.

She put her hand under his chin and shoved—hard. She shoved so hard that his neck cracked, and he took three steps backward and almost fell against the stove.

"Good night," she said, and closed the door behind her.

George had a rally of his own the next night, which was Saturday. The senator had one, too. Abbey Vale sang again, this time on the front porch of the senator's big stone house. George hired Joe Wharton's Accordion Boys for his rally and he passed out free cider.

George, Joe Wharton's Accordion Boys, and the cider drew an attendance of exactly thirty-one.

HE DIDN'T see Abbey Vale—to speak to her—for almost a week after that. Abbey was quite a busy girl. She sang with the choir at the Reformed Church, having the offertory all to herself; she also sang for the Baptist Young People's Association, and made a speech about New York and the war. She rolled bandages with the Red Cross. She did a lot of other things.

There was a lot of stuff about her in the Des Moines papers. Pictures. Pictures of Abbey Vale in Ed Barnes' hog lot, scratching the ears of a big brood sow, with Ed grinning at her like the village idiot. Pictures of her with a nurse's veil around her head, rolling those bandages. Pictures of her giving Lucy Black singing lessons.

George was feeling lower and lower.

On the Thursday before election, Everett B. Wickersham had his Bean Feed. There were three big vats put up in the courthouse square; big pot-iron kettles, caked with soot, each kettle big enough to hold a man, easy. The cooking began before daylight. Eight hundred pounds of beans, six sides of pork, eighty-five huge pans of cornbread, twenty gallons of homemade catsup; all from the Wickersham farms (there were two of them). Two thousand cups of coffee.

SENATOR WICKERSHAM'S ELEVENTH BIG BEAN FEED said the sign that was stretched across Main Street between Jacobs' drugstore and the Black grocery.

The whole county came.

In the evening, Abbey Vale sang. She was terrific.

"You look lower than a rattlesnake's umbilicus," Hamilton Custer told George, who was sitting on the Civil War cannon. George didn't even answer him.

The senator was also sponsoring a dance at the Grange Hall, beginning at nine o'clock. Tommy Trotter and his High-Fever Five, down from Des Moines, played half the time; Roy Hayes' Ridge-Runners alternated. Spiced cider and little doughnuts were served.

George didn't want to go, but he had to; he had business. He got the business over as soon as possible. He tagged Abbey when she was dancing with Mr. Black.

"Gee, you're good!" she was saying to Mr. Black when George found her.

"A-a-h," said Mr. Black.

"Do you mind?" George snarled at Mr. Black, and swung her away without waiting for an answer.

He spun her once around the hall without saying anything. When she started to say something, he shushed her with a frown. When she let her chin slide up to touch his cheek, he ducked. He danced her into a dark corner, found a bench and sat her down.

"I came here," he said, "to make an

apology. For the other night. I apologize. It was strategy, not passion. I apologize." He got up. "So long," he said.

"What do you mean—strategy?" she wanted to know.

"Never mind."

Then Mike tapped him on the shoulder. Mike was the pressman and stereotyper and linotype man at the Sentinel. Mike was half the Sentinel's printing staff. He had no coat on, and looked excited.

"Come here," Mike said. "Out in the light."

They went out to the vestibule, and Mike gave him a clipping from a Chicago newspaper. "This is what we need, bub," Mike said. "In the back pages."

Joey Hammersmith, the cigarette king, was being sued for divorce, the story related. His sixth wife was suing him for divorce, which by this time was not news—a fact the paper indicated by giving less than two column inches to the story. But it was big news to George Holly.

Abbey Vale was named as correspondent. In addition to which, the sixth Mrs. Hammersmith was laying a side bet of \$100,000 that Abbey Vale had alienated her husband's affections.

"Wow!" George said. "Wow!" He stared at the clipping. "Wow!" he repeated.

MRS. REISBECK had meat loaf, red cabbage, potatoes and strudel for supper that night. It was a good supper—the food at Mrs. Reisbeck's was always good—and George tried to eat a little of it.

"Vot's the matter vit' the cabbage?" Mrs. Reisbeck said.

"The cabbage is fine," George said.

Somebody knocked on the door. Mr. Reisbeck got up and went to answer, his slippers slapping on the bare scrubbed hall.

"Vell, vy don't you eat it, then?"

"What, Mrs. Reisbeck?"

"Your cabbage."

"For you, Georgie," Mr. Reisbeck said. "He's in the parlor."

It was Hamilton Custer in the parlor, sitting in the middle of the sofa, chewing cloves. He had his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"You stink," he said quietly. "If I wasn't a peaceable man, I'd whip you. Got a notion to, anyhow, only you'd probably kick the hell out of me. And what's the percentage in that?" He spat a clove across the room, where it hit the chin of Mrs. Reisbeck's father. "You stink!"

"In what way?"

"I was in this afternoon and I was talking to your lousy operator and I saw what he was setting up, which was your lousy story, and believe me, you stink." Hamilton Custer looked right at George. "It's a low trick. It's a lousy, low trick."

"You mean that the Hammersmith divorce is scandal, and scandal is dirty politics," George said. "Look, if you knew some of the stuff the senator has pulled—"

"I don't give a solitary damn about the senator or the scandal," Custer shot back at him. "That's business, see? It's been good business in small-town politics for a hundred years, and I don't give a solitary damn, see? But this is different. I'm talking about the girl."

"I'm printing the news, see?" George said. "Big news about a prominent local character."

Hamilton Custer sighed and fished the bottle of bourbon from his side pocket. He took a long pull.

"Look, son," he said wearily, "these people like her. They think she's swell. She's sung for them and she's helped them take care of their kids and the other day she even helped an old lady hang out her washing. Sure, it's been an act. But not entirely. She likes it, too. So help me! She likes these people, and they like her. And now you're going to kick it around. You're gonna make the whole business messy and dirty."

"It was in the Chicago papers," George said, shrugging his shoulders. "They'd hear it, anyway."

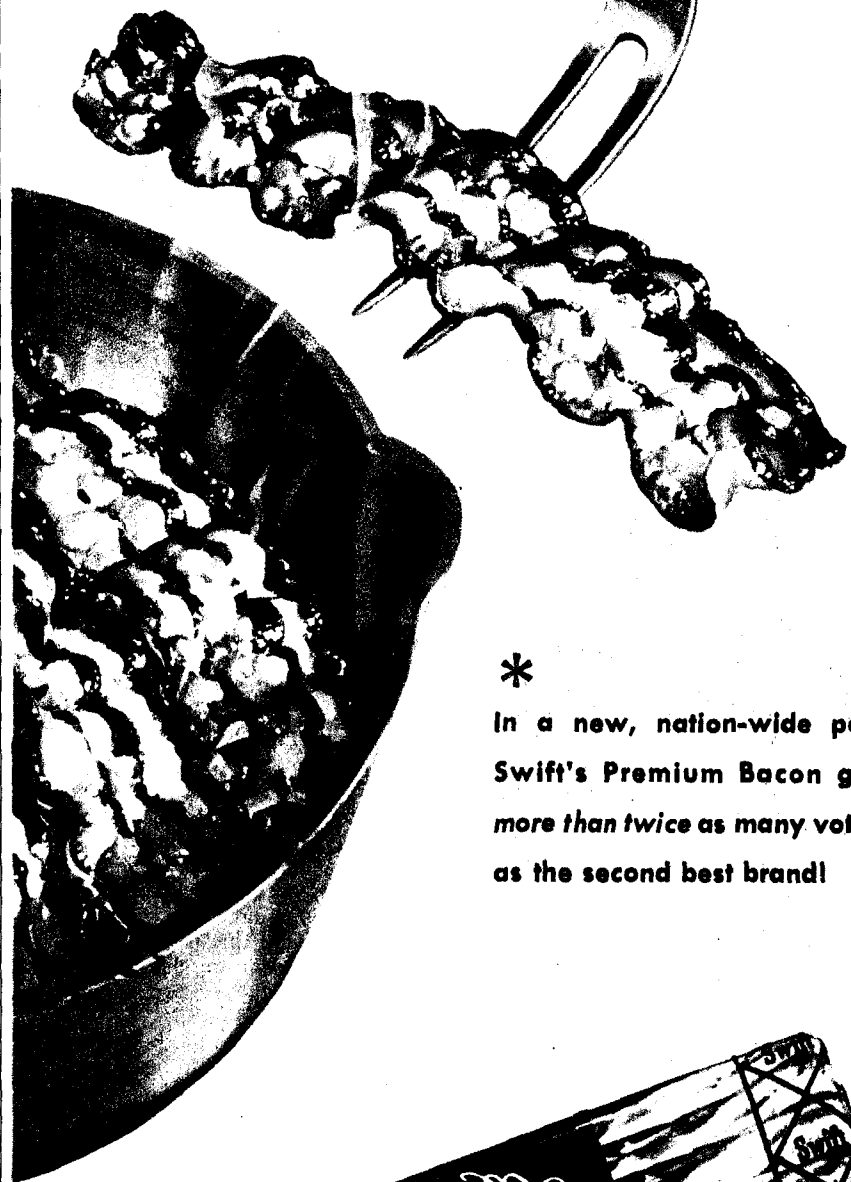
"Not for a while," Custer said. "They take the votes on Monday. She's going to leave the next day. Wouldn't it be nice if she left with a good taste in everybody's mouth?"

"If she gets mixed up with Joey Hammersmith and then—"

Custer crumpled his hat and smacked it into his palm. "She's not mixed up with him. She knows him. Hell! Why shouldn't she, when sometimes he pays a check of a hundred and fifty bucks for a single night at that club? The whole business is phony, and you know it. Mrs. Hammersmith the sixth will get a settlement out of the court, and Joey will start looking for number seven. The alienation stuff is for added color. Mrs. the sixth is getting publicity, and she hung it on the biggest possible name."

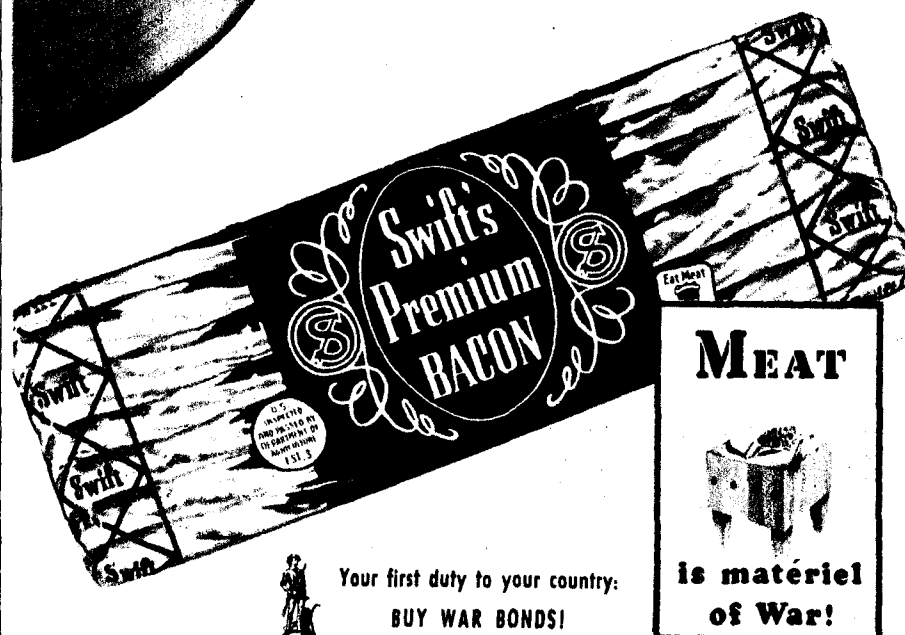
George shrugged. "I print the news," he said. "If it happens to shock the solid citizens and stop the building of a three-

Best by vote...this famous bacon with the sweet smoke taste!



*

In a new, nation-wide poll Swift's Premium Bacon got more than twice as many votes as the second best brand!



Your first duty to your country. BUY WAR BONDS!

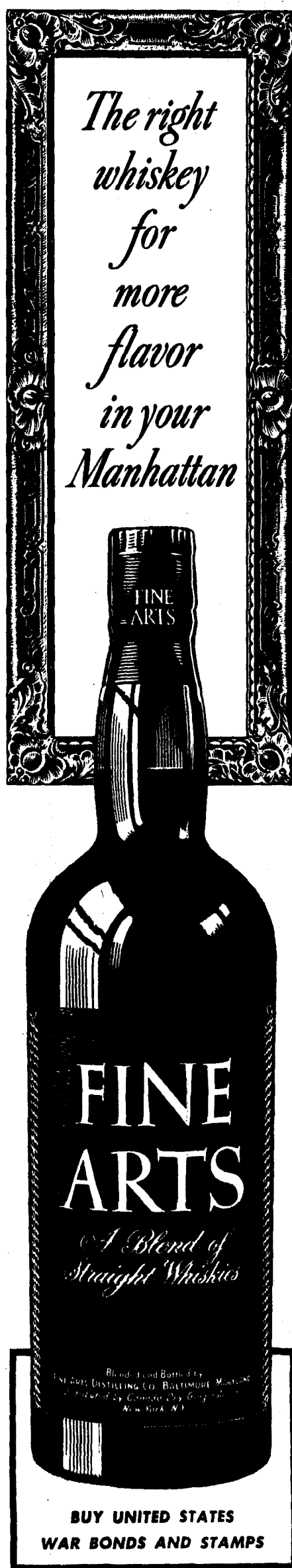
is matériel of War!



"After an hour of sparkling dinner conversation you'll all be our guests around the corner at Joe's Diner"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER



million-dollar monument to the cement business, why should I worry?"

Hamilton Custer dug some cloves out of his pocket and got up. He slapped his hat on the back of his head and started eating the cloves.

"You stink," he said. "I ought to paste you one."

"The crusader," George said. "The crusader for Good Will Toward All. Why don't you try pasting me one, chum?"

"I think I will."

"Go ahead!"

Hamilton Custer reached over and felt George's biceps. "To hell with it!" he said, and ambled out the door.

When George got back to the table, Mrs. Reisbeck was pushing some fresh cabbage on his plate. George looked at it without interest.

"The other got cold," she said. "Eat your cabbage."

"I don't want any cabbage," he said.

He went over to the telephone—the telephone which hung on the wall—and called the Sentinel office.

THE Sentinel made its weekly appearance on Saturday morning. George therefore took Saturday afternoon off; Sunday, too. On ordinary Saturday afternoons he might do several things. Take a walk with the twenty-gauge, for instance, when he could find shells, and try to get a rabbit or two. On this particular Saturday afternoon—this Saturday before the Monday voting—he took a nap. He had a rally in the evening, and he had been up most of the night, so he took a nap.

He woke up when somebody pinched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Your landlady," Abbey Vale said, "was awfully upset when I said I was coming to your room. I came anyway."

George sat up, blinking, and kicked the afghan off and sat on the side of the bed. He ran his fingers through his hair and yawned, fumbling at his necktie.

"How come?" Abbey said, throwing a newspaper in his lap.

It was a copy of the Sentinel. Most of the front page was occupied by the story of Ed Barnes' two-headed calf. There was quite a story on other agricultural freaks in the community, going back to 1889. There was an editorial pointing out, for the fiftieth time, that the biggest dam in the world wouldn't do any good on Tully's Creek. That was all. There wasn't a line about Abbey Vale.

"How come what?"

"How come you killed the story?"

George reached out and picked up a shoe, weighing it carefully in his hand.

"I decided," he said, "that politics is one thing and personal dirt is another. I am a very sensitive, clean-minded guy. I have high ideals. I am a square shooter, as your honorable uncle says."

He got up and raised the blinds.

"That's the reason?" she asked.

"I was also afraid that your uncle might hire maybe fifteen men to beat me to a pulp some night. I wouldn't put it past the old—"

"Any other reason?" she wanted to know.

George looked at her, blinking sleepily—at the nice brown eyes, the skin right off the top of the milk bottle, the good legs. He looked at her sitting there, the most beautiful thing he had ever set eyes on, and he felt himself melting away inside.

"That's it," he said. "My high ideals. My ethics, you might say."

Mrs. Reisbeck creaked up the steps and walked past heavily, clearing her throat, looking inside his room with arched eyes.

"I just wanted to know," Abbey Vale said. She folded the newspaper carefully and put it back into her purse. It was a big purse, one of those with a strap to go over the shoulder. "I know you've got a meeting tonight," she said. "There won't

be anybody there. The senator's got everything tonight. Two bands, free cider, trinkets for the kiddies, a colored moving picture entitled Through Alaska by Canoe and Pack Mule."

"And you," George said.

"And me. You come over when you're through," she said. "I am going to be something very special tonight. They won't get around to me until after nine. You come over when you're through."

"I can't promise anything," George said.

He held the door for her. She had started down the steps when he called after her.

"Look," he said, "if you think maybe I killed the story because I'm a little nuts about you . . . If you think that, just forget it, see?"

She looked at him for a long moment, smiling just a little. He cleared his throat and looked hard at the floor, which was still a little damp from the Saturday scrubbing.

"Okay," she said, "I'll forget it."

There were forty-three people at George's rally, which was held on the steps of the Consolidated School; these forty-three included an aunt, an uncle, and various small nonvoting children.

George got to the Grange hall, where Everett B. Wickersham and company were holding forth, about a quarter of nine. There were standees around three sides of the room. Through Alaska by Canoe and Pack Mule was flickering to a gaudy end when he sneaked in and hid himself in a dark corner, close to the door.

The lights came up, and the senator came forth. He made a little speech, not much of one, including references to Thomas A. Edison and Charles Steinmetz. He got a great hand, and he went carefully along, shaking hands with all kids who had their feet hung over the footlight trough. This impetuous, gracious action brought more applause and a good deal of indulgent laughter from all sides. George stood in the corner, sneering.

Then the senator introduced the Little Lady. He always called her that, the Little Lady. Sometimes he called her the Park Avenue Nightingale, too. The boys in the band began to make noises with their instruments. Somebody tried an A on the bull fiddle. The band fluttered and waited. The senator lifted a hand, and the band fanfared. They fanfared themselves right out of this world, and Abbey Vale swung in from the left side of the stage.

She was in evening clothes. She had on a long fur wrap which buttoned tight at the neck and almost went to the floor.

Tommy Trotter's boys went off into Moonlight Madonna, and she took off the wrap.

George blinked.

It was quite a gown. It was cut low, and the shoulder straps were narrow.

"Hey," Ed Barnes said, driving his elbow into George's ribs.

Abbey Vale started to sing and move at the same time. She moved slowly across the stage, not exactly dancing, but in a kind of swishy walk. She swished over to the senator and flipped his tie out of his vest. Then she sidled back toward the center of the stage.

As she did so, she touched one of her shoulder straps. The strap came off in her hand.

"Vote for Wickersham," she cooed softly, throwing the strap at Mr. Black, who was in the third row.

When she got to the other side of the stage, the other strap was gone. The good citizenry of Red Saddle sat cemented in their chairs, fourteen hundred people holding their breaths, George Holly included.

When she swung back to center, she turned her back to them. The trumpet player in the first row of the band gurgled off into nothingness on a high note. When Abbey turned around again, she had a garter in her hand. She sent it sailing out into the crowd.

"Vote for Wickersham," she said.

The garter landed in the lap of the Reverend Schultz.

SHE ambled over to the piano, propped one long leg up, and started to peel the other garter. George saw Everett B. Wickersham gulping in a great deal of air, his warm round face completely white, gulping like a fish out of water.

"Vote for Wickersham," Abbey Vale said, presenting him with the garter.

Tommy Trotter's High-Fever Five broke off the music in considerable confusion, all except the accordion player who happened to be 4-F because of his eyes. Abbey swished back to the center of the stage, 'way down center, almost into the crowd.

"Vote for Wickersham," she said, and reached for the zipper that ran down her front.

Somebody in the third row stood up, screamed and swooned away completely, knocking over a good many people and scattering folding chairs every which way.

George was not particularly surprised to notice that it was Mrs. Black. . . .

There was rain Monday night. Not heavy; just one of those nasty drizzles which looks light and then soaks you like



"For weeks now, 'cold, wet, muddy Italy!' We're going to have a heck of a time selling 'em Italy after the war"

THE AIR AGE.. its biggest part is on the ground

Let us think of air transportation in its true proportions, a mountainous business with a very broad base on the ground.

To measure the future stature of air transportation, don't look at the two million jobs turning out twenty billion dollars worth of military planes. And don't think of the airplane as the second stage of "rich man's toy" for flights of fancy.

But let's be realistic about it.

Aviation is a huge business. When the war ends it will be literally left up in the air. America is not prepared with adequate ground facilities for great numbers of commercial planes.

Of all the major cities practically none could expand existing facilities in order to land bomber-sized craft. Only one city is equipped to handle on a commercially profitable basis international traffic of significant quantity. There are, moreover,

between fifteen and twenty thousand communities which could justify an airport but which have no facilities at all. Military fields are mostly in the wrong places for civilian usefulness.

A nationwide airport building program is necessary before the airplane can take its place as a job-maker alongside the railroad and automobile.

But beyond that, not airports, nor manufacture, nor even the operation of aircraft begins to measure the greatest promise of the Air Age to postwar prosperity. That promise lies in the ever-widening rings of peripheral employment; in fundamental changes of living brought about by faster transportation—the shift of housing farther

from the city—the opening of new territory—the redesigning of merchandise for lighter weight—the expansion of man's mind to world concepts; this last alone can reshape the nation.

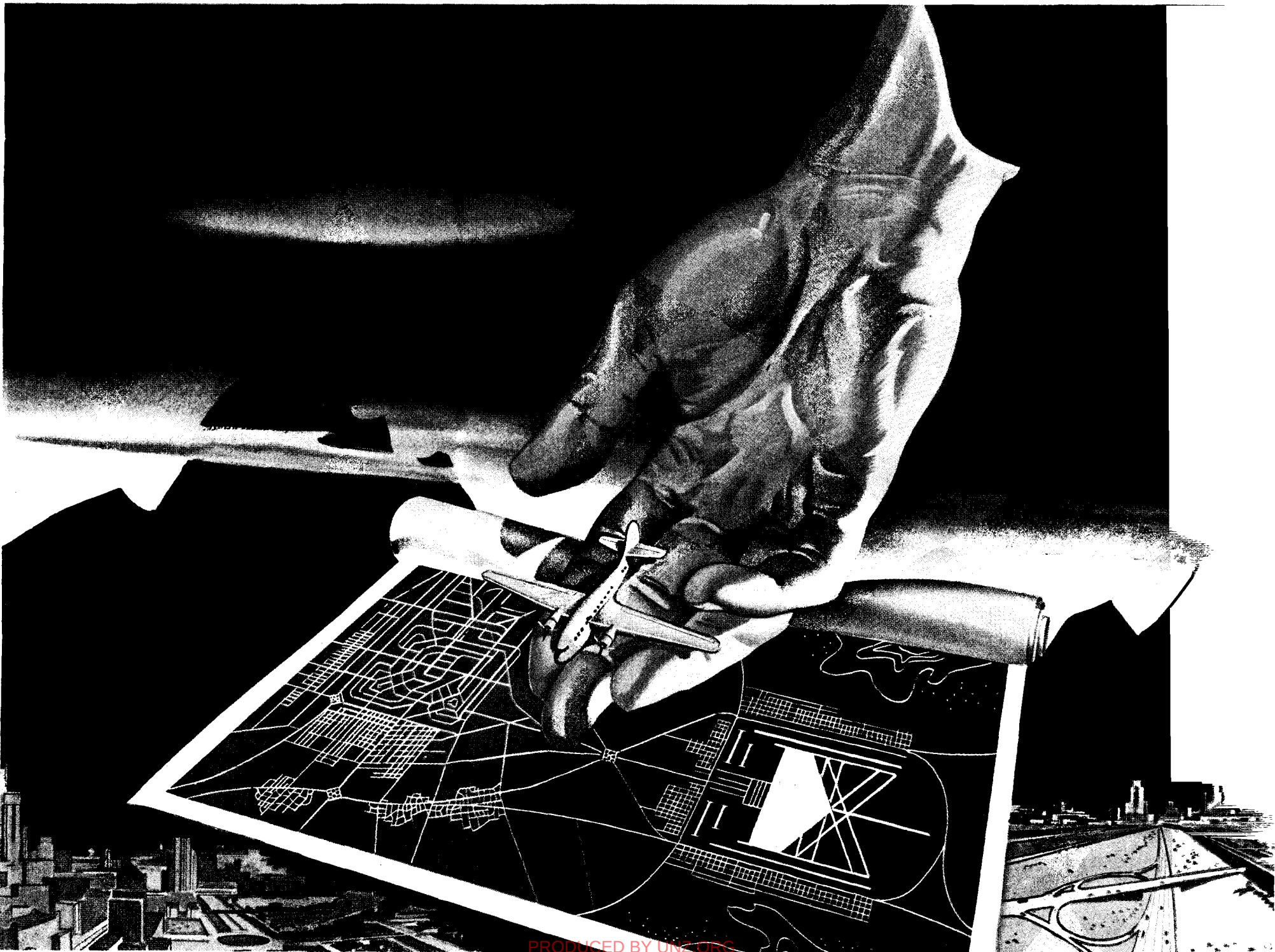
In its broadest influence, the airplane creates a demand, not only for the aluminum of which it itself is made, but for huge tonnages of every kind of basic material, for construction and reconstruction; for every other form of transportation—shipping, railroads, motor transport. Its changes and requirements reach deep into industry, into farming, into the nation's cultural life. All this means employment.

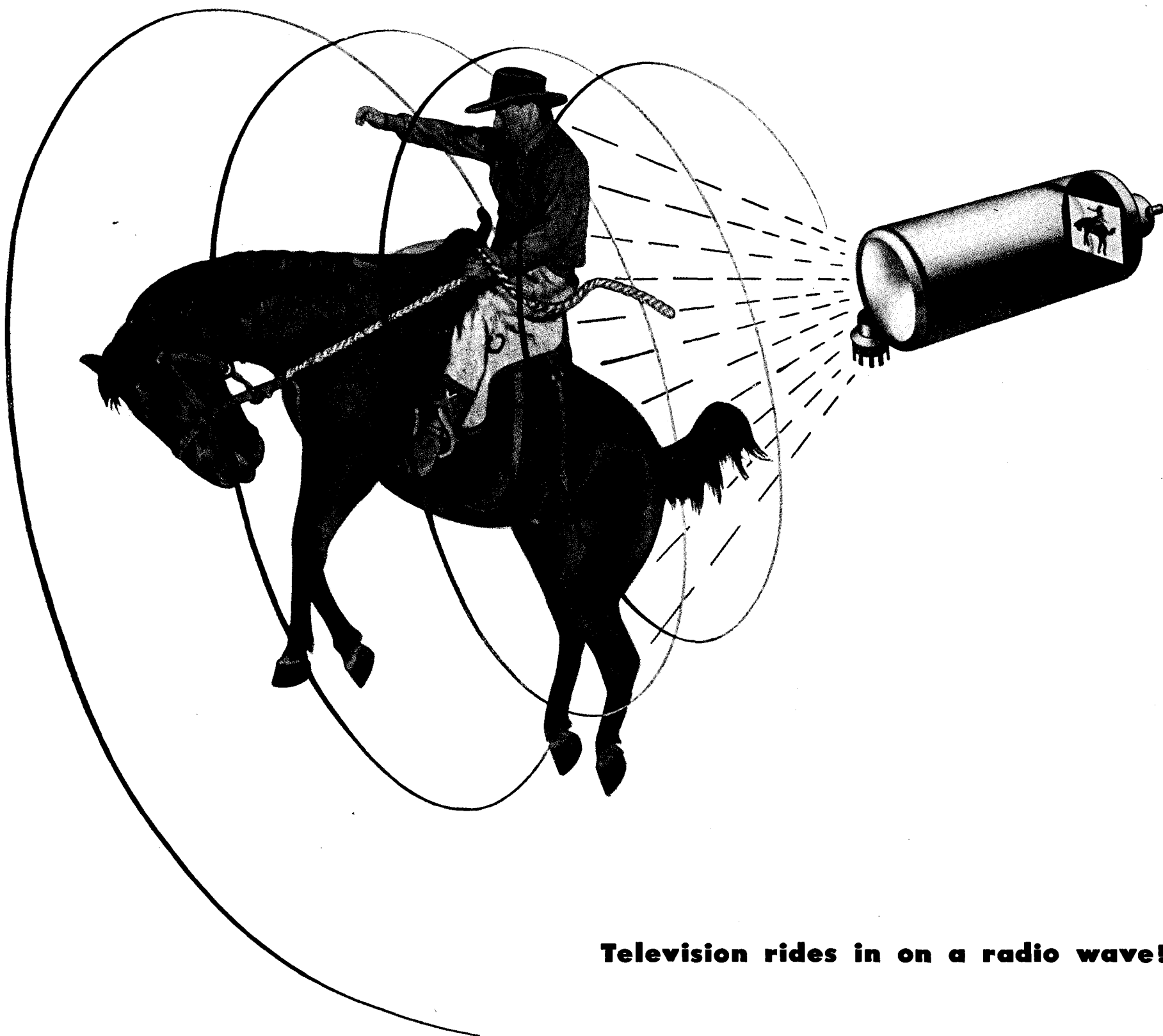
The air is something for every American to concern himself with—for his own sake.

ALCOA ALUMINUM



*The metal
that flies Best*





Television rides in on a radio wave!

Television gives eyes to radio! Employing the fabulous science of *electronics*, it saddles and bridles radio waves so that pictures as well as sound can ride them through space straight into your home.

Television is radio, movies and the living theater all in one. Like radio, it carries music and voices over mysterious air-trails. Like movies, it brings you pictures with action. And like the theater, you see and hear instantaneously — at the very moment the action takes place miles away.

Scarcely 18 years ago, electronic television was only a theory, its first crude tubes and circuits slowly

taking shape in a small Farnsworth laboratory. To-day it is complete — waiting only Peace to make the view from your home as wide as the world.

For war has halted television's public growth. In the plants and laboratories where Farnsworth television was perfected, the Dissector Tube and other equipment developed, and where the superb Capehart was made, the only business today is military . . . precise electronic communications for attack and defense.

But television and radio techniques are forging ahead. Finer phonograph-radios will come from

Farnsworth after the war. Then Farnsworth equipment for television studios, and for special commercial and industrial applications.

And finally, Farnsworth home television sets — eyes to let you see news being made, the sports and entertainments of the day, where and while they are taking place!

EVERY WAR BOND YOU BUY IS A STEP TOWARD THAT DAY!

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.
Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.



N. W. AYER & SON

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

PRODUCT OF
FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

an old dishcloth when you step outside.

This was a big night for Red Saddle. Besides being Election Night, the Rocket was going to stop. Nobody knew how that was arranged, but the rumor was that Everett B. Wickersham had something to do with it. The Rocket was going to stop, but there was nobody there to see the event except Hamilton Custer and Abbey Vale and George Holly.

"The polls didn't close until a few minutes ago," George said, "but most of the votes were in by three. Last count I heard, he had exactly fifty-nine votes. Bachelors, I expect."

They stood in the shadow of the platform, out of the wet, with the seven blond buckskin bags piled around their feet.

"Congratulations!" she said, laying a hand on George's shoulder. "Congratulations, Senator!"

"Congratulations from me, too," Hamilton Custer said, putting the bottle back in his coat pocket.

The Rocket hooted around the curve, throwing the trestle over Tulley's Creek into an uproar, the big swivel light cutting the night wide open. Al Esterhazy began gathering up the bags. George got hold of a couple himself. They moved out into the rain, near the track.

"And if you think," Abbey Vale said, looking up at George, "that I threw the election because I'm just a little bit nuts about you—well, forget it. I was just serving the cause of the people in my own little way."

THE Rocket braked to a stop, klaxon hooting, the little bell ringing hysterically through the rain-soaked night.

George didn't even have to reach for her. She just came over and put her arms around him.

"So long, Senator," she said.

He kissed her wet face—kissed her twice. "Look," he said, "there wouldn't be any chance—"

Hannegan—in Again!

Continued from page 14

state as well, for federal prosecutions had turned Pendergast's Kansas City machine into a pile of junk. According to long-established custom, a "country boy" should have been nominated for governor, but the Dickmann-Hannegan combine decided on a St. Louis man.

Bad enough in itself, but made still worse by their selection, L. E. McDaniel, Dickmann's Excise Commissioner. At no point did his campaign rise above mediocrity. He lost the state by 3,613 votes, although Roosevelt carried it by 88,000, and Forrest Donnell became the first Republican governor in twelve years. In the darkness that fell on the Dickmann-Hannegan machine, there was only one faint ray of hope, and that was the smallness of Donnell's plurality. At a St. Louis meeting called by Hannegan, it was decided to press for an "investigation" by the legislature, still safely under Democratic control.

To this day, the responsibility for what followed has never been fixed. The legislature took the bit in its teeth and barred Donnell from assuming office, pending an "investigation" by one of its committees. Governor Lloyd Stark, retained by this maneuver, vetoed the resolution and denounced the whole business as a "shameless steal."

The legislature, nevertheless, plunged ahead, and Donnell appealed to the State Supreme Court, another Democratic body. This tribunal, after due deliberation, ordered his induction into office, and on February 26, some six weeks later, he was finally seated. McDaniel filed a contest, but faded from public view when a recount developed that Donnell had been elected by 10,000 votes, not 3,613.

Vindication by Friendship

Bob Hannegan's friends still insist that neither he nor Dickmann approved the legislature's roughriding tactics, but press and people made them the goats, refusing to let uproar over the "steal" die down.

When the mayor stood for a third term in April, 1941, scarcely more than a month after Donnell's triumphant induction, he was buried under a landslide of votes. Dickmann himself was picked out of the ruins of the machine by Mayor La Guardia, then head of the Office of Civilian Defense, but his fat job as a consultant ended abruptly when Senator Harry Byrd developed that the setup included everything from eurythmic dancers to co-ordinators of yachting and horseshoe pitching. Today, however, by grace of Senator Harry Truman and Sen-

"Not likely," she said, smiling up at him, touching his cheeks with her finger tips. "Red Saddle is nice, but Fifty-second Street is home. Anyhow, I hate that capitol building in Des Moines. I've seen it, and it's awful."

"Yeah, that's right," George said. "It's pretty awful."

She went up the steps quickly.

"So long, you lousy knight in shining armor," Hamilton Custer said. "So long, Senator."

At the top of the steps, Abbey turned. "Feel free to call on me, though, Senator," she said, "any time you think you could use a spot of strategy."

The porter pulled the steps up and slammed the door. The Rocket took a long breath and lunged into the wetness of the night. George watched it go.

What with the rain and the excitement and everything, his ulcers were kicking up quite a fuss, but he didn't even notice.

THE END

ator Bennett Clark, he is once again on the public pay roll, this time as Acting Postmaster in St. Louis.

Bob Hannegan, for his part, quietly resigned his chairmanship of the City Central Committee and went back to the practice of law. There he might have stayed but for a burst of gratitude from Senator Truman, who owed his very narrow margin of victory in 1940 to the St. Louis machine. When the post of Collector of Internal Revenue at St. Louis fell vacant in the early months of 1942, he proposed Hannegan to Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury. The press got wind of it in March, and straightway let loose with everything from bullets and bombs to brickbats and dead cats.

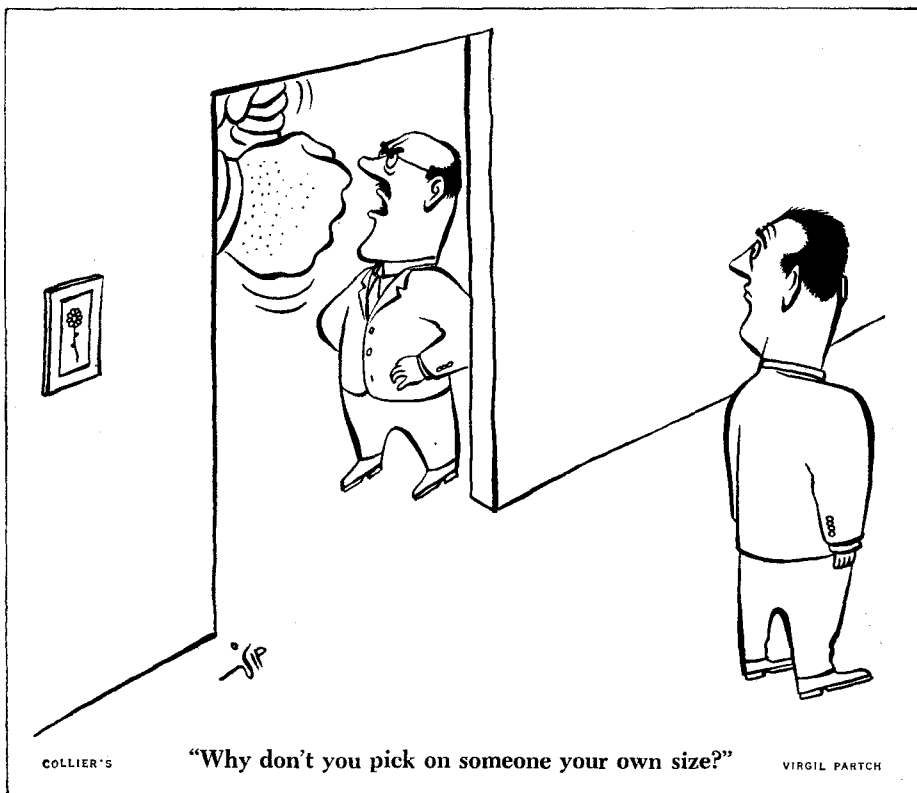
The St. Louis Post-Dispatch laid down the most furious barrage, but the other papers were not far behind. The Globe-Democrat, after calling Hannegan, "the most discredited boss of a discredited political machine," went on to editorialize that the appointment was a "disgraceful example of plum-passing," and would reward "a party henchman whose record is inextricably linked with the brazen attempt to steal the governorship of Missouri."

That was when Bob Hannegan, instead of declining the appointment as he had intended, shucked his coat and started fighting. Right in the middle of the battle, Senator Truman gave this public statement: "Hannegan carried St. Louis three times for the President and for me. If he is not nominated, there will be no Collector at St. Louis. I think I have enough friends in the Senate to see that no other person gets the job."

A Threat to Patronage

That maladroitness excited the St. Louis newspapers to new frenzies. Both the White House and the Treasury were bombarded with clippings, and the President was urged to disregard "senatorial courtesy," and make an appointment without reference to Truman.

The fight against Hannegan's nomination raged for a full two months, during which time the White House was no less silent than the Treasury. Veteran Washington correspondents, however, were never in doubt as to the outcome, shrewdly observing that Senator Clark was a ranking member of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, which considers tax legislation, while Senator Truman was head of a Special Senate Committee to investigate national defense. Their confidence was confirmed eventually, for



Collier's for March 25, 1944

A Few Drops Give

Grand Relief if your nose gets STUFFED UP TONIGHT

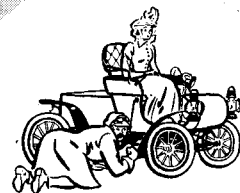
Specialized Medication
Quickly Makes Breathing Easier
INVITES RESTFUL SLEEP

If transient congestion clogs your nose tonight — makes breathing difficult, keeps you from getting to sleep — see how fast a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol start to bring relief! Va-tro-nol shrinks swollen membranes, soothes irritation, helps clear clogged nasal passages — makes breathing easier. Paves way to restful sleep. Follow directions in folder.

**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep.

**VICKS
VAPORUB**



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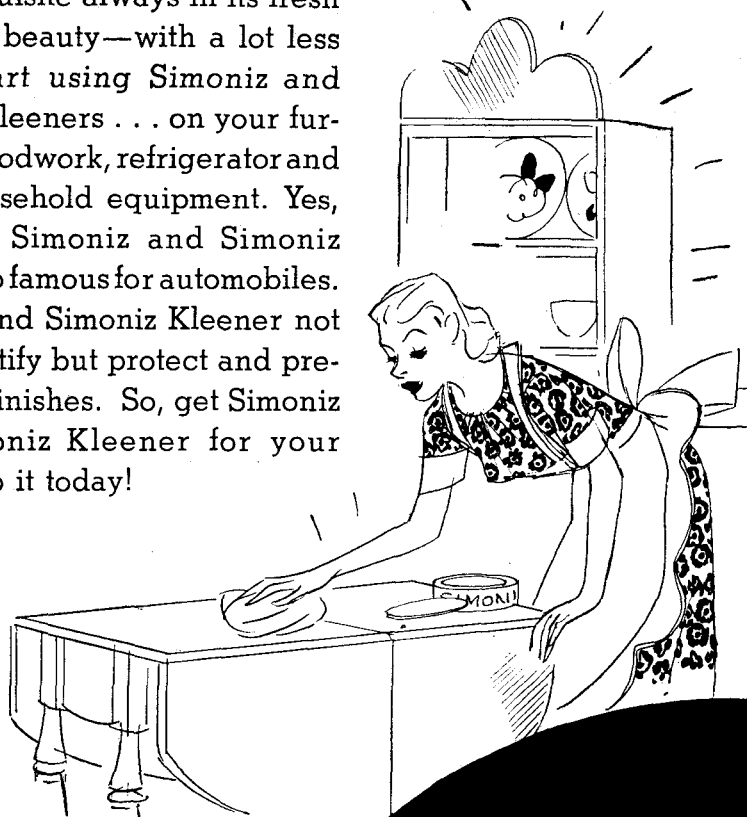
Step out smartly this season in a Paragon Bombardier. This mellow, comfort weight felt is yours for a song... a spring song. See this Paragon featured in better stores everywhere.

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Make it easy for yourself! Enjoy a home exquisite always in its fresh gleaming beauty—with a lot less care. Start using Simoniz and Simoniz Kleeners . . . on your furniture, woodwork, refrigerator and other household equipment. Yes, the same Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener so famous for automobiles. Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener not only beautify but protect and preserve all finishes. So, get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your home. Do it today!



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Automotive, Paint, Drug and
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stations and garages.



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Your Car . . .
to Save its
"After Victory"
Value!**

Protect and preserve the finish on your car! Simoniz it now . . . the sooner you do the more your car is worth on a trade-in when victory comes. In the meantime you'll get more pleasure per "rationed mile" because the finish stays beautiful. Besides the less you drive the more it needs Simoniz. So don't delay! Plan to Simoniz your car right away!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO (16), ILL.

on May 4th the President appointed Bob Hannegan.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, bloody but unbowed, denounced this as a "thoroughly unworthy appointment," and moaned that "the President's action is an affront to thousands of citizens, including many who voted for the President."

Every paper in St. Louis and a goodly part of the population undoubtedly offered up prayers that Bob Hannegan would make an unholy mess of the job. Instead of that, he gave the best administration in the history of the office. Bouncing up on his duties and tax laws at night, he was first to arrive in the morning and the last to leave. Procedure was streamlined, courtesy and efficiency were made orders of the day, and, instead of dragging in a bunch of ward workers, he made the merit system his Bible. For weeks St. Louisans went about in a daze.

Now came the fall months of 1943, when Guy Helvering left the Commissionership of Internal Revenue for the federal bench, and Secretary Morgenthau announced that the vacancy would be filled from the field. As this seemed to bar politicians, no particular interest was exhibited in the selection, and then, out of the blue, came the nomination of Robert Emmet Hannegan. His rating, said the press release, was higher than that of any other collector, and his appointment was to be regarded as a recognition of merit. And not a single St. Louis newspaper emitted a yelp, only the Post-Dispatch mumbling something to the effect that its opinion remained unchanged.

Leaving his wife and family back home until he could "get the hang of things," Hannegan went to Washington and hit his new job all spraddled out. Instead of leisurely luncheons, he wolfed down bites at noon at his desk or in the cafeteria, along with his office associates. "Give the public every possible break" was the word he sent down the line, "but no special favors. That goes for everybody."

In a month, the people in Internal Revenue swore by him, and a quick intelli-

gence and engaging personality won him friends in high places. All of which—and this is betraying no secret—was watched with unconcealed delight by Senator Harry Truman. At the turn of the year, it had become apparent to everyone that Henry Wallace had lost his peacock feather and yellow jacket, and that Frank Walker panted to get out of the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee as the hart panteth for the water brooks.

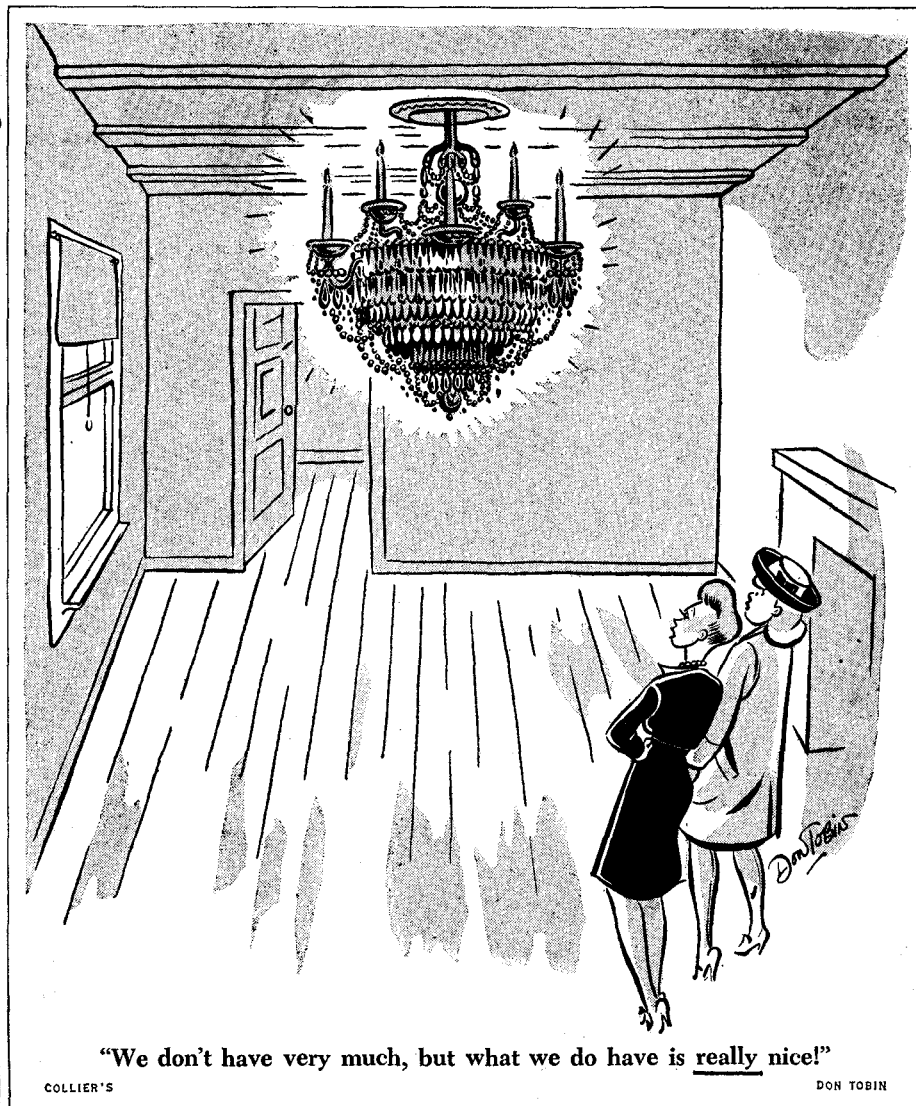
What more politically sound, argued Senator Truman, than a Vice-Presidential nominee from Missouri, and one who has earned quite a reputation as a watchdog of the people's interest? And what more helpful, from a purely Truman standpoint, than to have the new chairman from Missouri, and therefore intimately acquainted with the splendid gifts of a certain gentleman from Kansas City.

The Man for the Job

There is no question that the first suggestion of Bob Hannegan to fill Frank Walker's shoes came from Senator Truman, but it is equally certain that the decision to make him chairman had no relation to Senator Truman's ambitions. With Jim Farley gone beyond recall—too busy even to attend a solemn Democratic ritual like the Jackson Day dinner—what better than to get the nearest possible approach to him? And who more nearly filled the bill than Bob Hannegan, handsome, husky, cordial, an Irishman, a Catholic, a devoted family man, and a practical politician, reformed of course, but remembering the tricks of the trade; above all, a man who does not drink or smoke.

The wise money is down on Bob Hannegan, betting that he will make good, or at least as good as can be expected under the circumstances of 1944. No man who staged such a comeback can be laughed off. And to quote another Democratic veteran, "Harrison Spangler's going to be a big help to Bob."

THE END

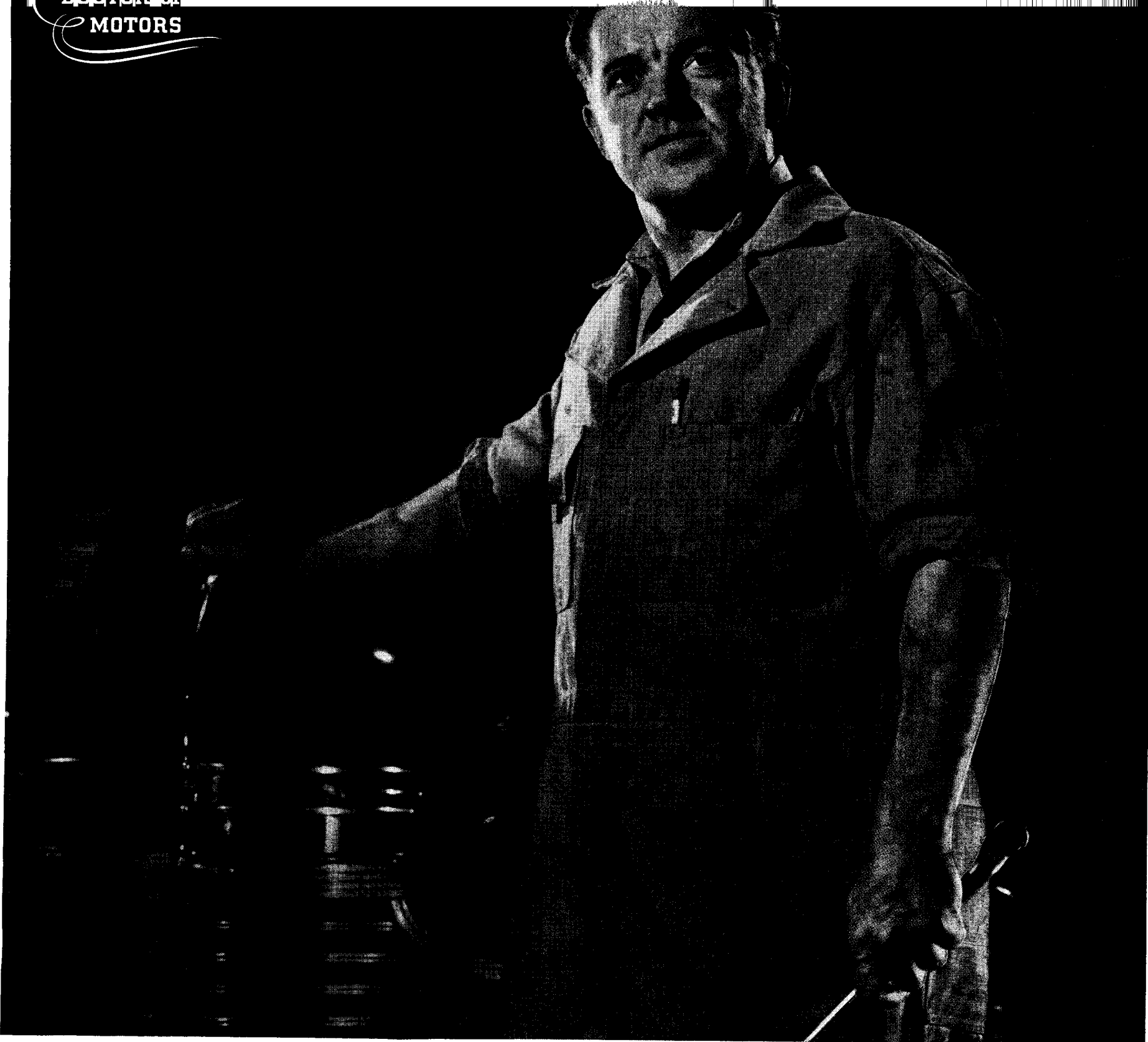


"We don't have very much, but what we do have is really nice!"

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DOCTOR OF
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PERFECT
CIRCLES
✓
Call Garage
TODAY

"THIS IS MY JOB... AND I'M DOING IT!"

It takes a *good man* to know where he's most needed these days...and to "stay in there and pitch." That's exactly the kind of man the Doctor of Motors is.

He knows that America's cars, trucks, buses, and tractors must be kept in active service on the homefront.

That's his job—and *he's doing it*. The Doctor of Motors is painstaking in his

work, exacting in his demands. He insists on piston rings that save oil and gas and increase power.

Because Perfect Circles have met his requirements, he is installing them in ever-increasing millions every year.

The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Canada.

Buying War Bonds TODAY is an Investment in Security Tomorrow

Care for your car for your country

Install

PERFECT CIRCLE

PISTON



RINGS

The Week's Work

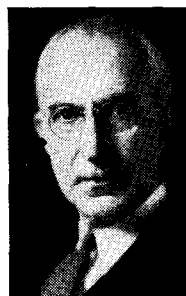


Sigrid Schultz

AFTER 40 years' experience with colds as a physician, and 60 years of personal combat against them, Doctor C. Ward Crampton, the author of *Block That Cold!*, p. 24, now believes that he is heading toward victory against the enemy.

Doctor Crampton for years has led advances in preventive medicine. He was the first chairman of the Committee on Preventive Medicine of the Medical Society of the County of New York, and the first chairman of the Health Examinations Committee of New York State. He originated the Crampton Test of Circulatory Efficiency, now part of every aviator's examination. He is the author of 12 books, and the latest one, *Fighting Fitness*, is praised by military authorities for its usefulness in preinduction training of teenagers. He organized and directed the Health Service Clinic of the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, where for the first time it was possible to get so thorough an examination for \$5.

C. Ward Crampton, M.D.



Part of the material for Doctor Crampton's current article was published recently in the *New York Medical Society Journal*. His conclusions about colds are based on four years of intensive experiment and research. At the end of the first two years he wrote out his results, but because the findings were so new and striking, publication was deferred. The article was placed in the *Medical Society* safe until six months ago, when it was taken out and revised to include the results of further research, and published for the medical profession.

Since Doctor Crampton believes that the medical profession's ever-increasing knowledge of preventive medicine cannot be utilized fully unless social conditions improve, he has done what he could to improve them.

Doctor Crampton has taken an active part in programs of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Boy Scouts of America, the Hartley House Settlement, the Y.M.C.A. He introduced the daily hygienic inspection of New York's one million school children and improved school sanitary conditions.

A GREAT—very great—many readers wrote to ask who, now, was the beautiful girl in the checked bathing suit on the cover of the February 12th issue. All right. Her name is Mary Mullen, and she's a dancer at the New York night club, Copacabana. She also sings—radio. Between shows and lessons, she plays tennis and golf, and bowls, and goes horseback riding and she hopes for an early summer so she can get that bathing suit wet. So do we.

SIGRID SCHULTZ, author of *Invasion Lies*, p. 11, numbers among her acquaintances Hitler, Goering and Himmler. As chief of the *Chicago Tribune's* Berlin Bureau from 1925 until near the outbreak of war, Miss Schultz often talked with these men, and wrote stories detailing the steps of their rise to power. She was among those Cassandra prophets who warned a heedless world of the trouble brewing in Germany.

She still warns the world (less heedless now) of trouble to come, in lectures, broadcasts, articles, and in her latest book, *Germany Will Try It Again*.

Miss Schultz's journalistic background is rich. During the 20-year interval between wars, she witnessed a succession of history-making events, getting to know everyone of political importance in Central Europe. She attended the Sorbonne and the University of Berlin, learned to speak German, French, Polish and Dutch. A student of international law, she is also—strange for a woman—an authority on arms and armament.

In her *Collier's* article, she gives us a timely warning of the tricky propaganda weapons that will be used in the coming eventful months.

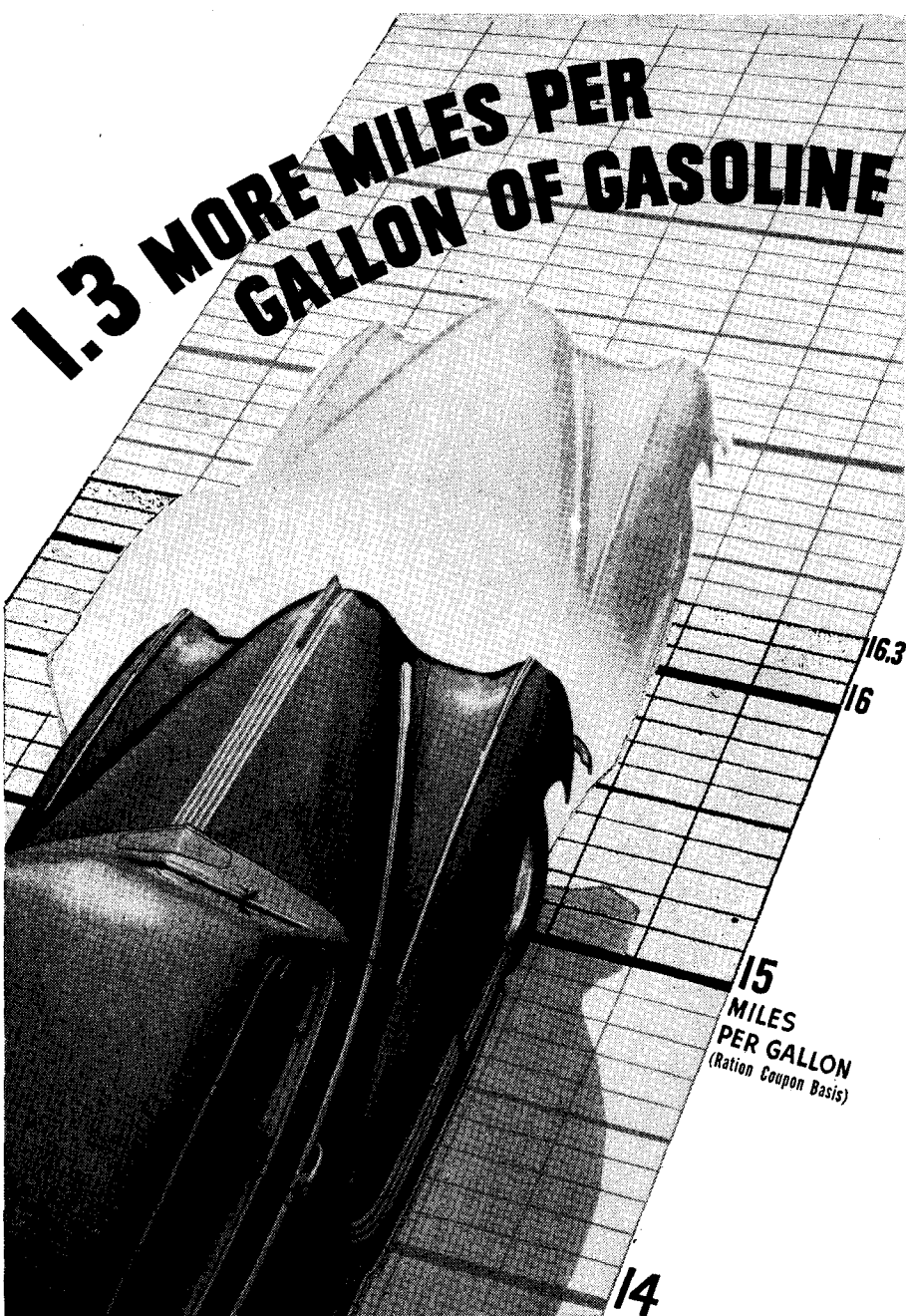
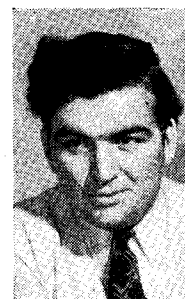
IF YOU are sure you could write a short story if only you could think of a plot, you might be interested to hear how William Porter came by the idea for his *Well, Forget It*, on p. 16. He writes: "I am a very conventional sort of hack. I have discovered that, to make a living at the typewriter, I have to be regular and plain in my working habits. Ordinarily, I work on schedule, sleep on schedule, loaf on schedule. Once every couple of weeks I produce a story, keeping track of the wordage written each day. As dull as that."

"This story, *Well, Forget It*, was a little different, however. We have a friend who was discharged from the A.A.F. for ulcers. One night I was unable to sleep; I lay in bed for three hours, thinking about many things, and at two A.M. I found myself thinking about Robert's ulcers. Thirty seconds later a story hit me, all at once. Blooie—just like in the movies!"

"I woke up my wife. She made three ham sandwiches on rye, unbuttoned two ginger ales, and produced a pot of coffee. She ate two of the sandwiches and drank both the ginger ales. Then she went back to sleep. I worked until daylight in a blaze of creative frenzy."

Porter says that *Red Saddle*, scene of the story, is a composite of the places he has lived: Parsons and Lawrence, Kansas; Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Pullman, Wash., and Iowa City, Iowa. . . . A. P.

William Porter



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By reducing friction RING-FREE reduces waste—gives more miles per gasoline gallon—cuts down motor wear—prolongs motor life.

But those are not the only advantages of Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil—it removes carbon while you drive. Start today getting the benefits of RING-FREE! Keep on using RING-FREE to get all the benefits, all the time.

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 Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
 Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
 Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
 Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
 Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
 Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
 Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
 Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
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 Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
 Chicago, Ill., Wiabold's
 Cicero, Ill., Sekera Furniture Company
 Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillita Co.
 Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
 Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Company
 Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostraw, Inc.
 Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
 Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
 Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
 Decatur, Ill., Gas Refrigerator Sales
 Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Co.
 Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
 Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
 Durham, N. C., Carolina R. E. Quinn Company
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 Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
 Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
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 Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
 Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
 Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
 Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
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 Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
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 Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumont Bros.
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 Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.
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 Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company
 Mobile, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company
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 Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
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 Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company
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 Pontiac, Mich., Stewart-Glenn Company
 Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.
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 Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances
 Reading, Pa., Goldman & Adler
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 Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.
 Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting Co.
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 Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporated
 San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.
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 San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Company
 Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company
 Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture Co.
 Seattle, Washington, MacDougall's
 Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
 South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company
 Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
 Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.
 Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop
 Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
 Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store
 Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales
 Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company
 Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store
 Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's, Inc.
 Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.
 Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
 Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
 Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.
 Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
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 Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
 Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company
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But after Victory, these same bonds will have other work to do.

To thousands of youngsters like you, they will mean college — and a start in life.

For your elders, bonds will buy new homes, new cars, new comforts and conveniences.

Things we now are doing without.

Things that make the American way of life.

Industry, like bonds, has gone to war today.

Sparton plants are pouring peak production into the Victory tide.

But when peace comes, they will turn to building *wanted* things your bonds can buy.

New and finer Sparton radios —

Improved by the magic of electronics and other new refinements.

Other wonderful electrical servants, too—
 Bold and startling in design.

Into these products will go a lifetime of experience in precision manufacture — in both peace and war.

That is our promise of finest *quality*.

And they will come to you under a new money-saving plan — The Sparton Way.

That is our promise of the best in *value*.

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

The Sparton Way — Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way—a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower prices through *one exclusive dealer* in each community.

The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan, Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Precision Builders Since 1900—Radios and Other Electrical Home Products—Automobile Horns, Sirens, Warning Signals.



Warlock paid no attention to the man in the doorway waving the lantern. He stepped inside the temple door

The Temple Thing

BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

MAJOR MAURICE WARLOCK had become a big name in the Army Medical Corps through his successful use of hypnosis in treating nervous cases back from the front. He was proud of his success; he was a trifle arrogant about it.

He stalked past people in corridors without seeing them; a tall, hawk-nosed man with large dark eyes, heavy brows, a tight mouth. He swung into his office this morning, nodded to the slender nurse and picked up the appointment list.

The first name on the list was Henry Smith, an Air Forces captain, a pilot invalidated home from China, a man whose nerves had gone to pieces, who lacked confidence in himself, who seemed unable to rid himself of the memory of a terrible experience. He had entered a special request for hypnotic treatment. Warlock recalled that he had arbitrarily moved this man back on Monday and also on Tuesday.

Warlock leaned back in his chair. The nurse was still waiting. "I'll see this fellow Smith!" he said.

The man entered the room slowly: a stocky, hard-shouldered man of medium height, dark brown hair, gray-blue eyes, square jaw, straight, unsmiling lips.

"Your name is Henry Smith," Warlock said. "Tell me about yourself."

The man nodded toward the card on the desk. "Most of it is on there, I imagine."

Warlock smiled. "What I want is your own story. Start anywhere. Your boyhood, if you will."

Smith frowned. "There is nothing in that. My trouble didn't start until the night that I just didn't quite make it." His lips tightened.

Warlock's keen dark eyes were fixed on the man's face. "You were flying somewhere in China," he prompted.

"Assam. Not far from Tibet, not far from Burma. But that's not important."

"Perhaps it is. You were alone when you had your accident."

"That's right. In a P-43A I'd been flying too much. I was tired. It was a helluva rainstorm. I couldn't make it. I pancaked on the side of a hill. In a little valley, it was."

"Were you frightened?" Warlock was leaning forward, his dark eyes wide, interested.

"That's not important," Smith said. "What happened next is important."

Warlock thought that it was very important, probably the key to the man's condition but he believed in humoring a

patient up to a certain point, in letting him tell what he wanted to tell. Later—when he had the man hypnotized, he would search the reticences.

Smith leaned back in the chair. "I found the temple in the rain," he said, "and it was there that the Thing got into my brain."

Warlock straightened. "The what?"

"The Thing! It has been in my brain ever since. It happened this way." Henry Smith leaned forward, his eyes glowing. "I was wet—very wet—and I found this temple. There was a monk—a monk with a yellow hat. He was holding a lantern—a lighted lantern."

WARLOCK kept his eyes on the man's face. It was strange, he thought, how the man repeated certain words for emphasis.

Smith was still talking. He gestured with one hand. "I wanted to go in, to get away from the rain, but that monk waved the lantern at me. Back and forth. Back and forth. He was warning me away, and I kept coming. When I reached the door of the temple, he spoke to me—in English. 'Holy ground,' he said. 'Holy ground. Better die than go in.' But in I went."

Henry Smith drew a deep breath and gestured with his hands. "I only saw one

thing in that temple—only one thing. There was a statue—an idol. Light was hitting it—a shaft of light. I couldn't be sure whether it was a man or a woman. One of those Oriental faces—white, dead white. Slanting eyes. And arms! Seven arms, Doc. Palms out, all seven of them."

Henry Smith's voice had a droning quality. "I stood there looking at it. All of a sudden it started moving—moving slowly. All those seven hands moved . . . rhythm in them . . . beauty . . . very slowly, Doctor. Then it started coming toward me, Doctor Warlock. It came straight at my eyes—straight at my eyes."

Maurice Warlock leaned forward, gripping the desk. His eyes were concentrated upon Henry Smith's face, and suddenly all he could see were the eyes of the man: blazing blue pools that narrowed, then widened, keeping time like the beating of a pulse. He heard the steady throb of the man's voice: "I never felt it when the Thing hit me, Doctor. I felt it when it landed on my brain, though. It is there yet, walking around on my brain."

Maurice Warlock could feel the sweat standing out on his forehead. He was staring straight into the blue eyes and suddenly he saw IT.

The Thing was ivory-white and gleaming, and there was a barely perceptible smile on the narrow Oriental face. The arms, seven of them, waved like the fronds of palm trees, a strange, graceful movement timed to some incredible, unheard music that kept them all in motion with no sense of the grotesque. The legs, thick, animal legs, moved up and down, prancing, in synchronization with the arms.

ALL of this Warlock saw, as through a blue window, the window of a man's eyes. Then he was falling—the terrible falling that man experiences along the borderline of sleep.

He jerked out of the fall with no sensation of impact. He was lying on his back and staring upward through a blue haze.

A structure loomed ahead of him. He rose to his feet, then moved toward it. It was, he saw, a domed structure, rather vague and blurry in outline. A man stood in the doorway waving a lighted lantern.

Warlock paid no attention to him. He took one step inside the temple door. There was a shaft of light that touched an ivory-white figure—a figure with a strange enigmatic face, with seven arms, palms outward. Warlock stared at the white face and suddenly remembered everything. He knew now where he was.

He was in the brain of Henry Smith.

He took a step forward, and the flooring beneath his foot was suddenly a vaporous nothing. He fell into it, and gray threads and streamers curled around him as he fell. He, who had probed the brains of men, had fallen into one of those brains, was being absorbed into it, destroyed.

His body jerked, and he had reached the end of falling. He opened his eyes and stared across the desk into the amused eyes of Captain Henry Smith.

"You were right about my crack-up being the important thing, Major," Smith said. "It was. I lost my nerve and I couldn't get it back. Not till now."

"The temple?" Warlock asked.

Smith ignored that. "You made me mad, Major, when you passed me over twice. That was good for me. It made me want to fight."

"The Temple! The Thing!" Warlock gasped.

Smith rose to his feet. He seemed taller, stronger, more a soldier than a patient now. "I invented that for your benefit," he said softly. "I even made you see it. I'm a better hypnotist than you are. I made a living at it once—and I started on you today before you were ready. Sorry, Major, but I had to lick somebody at something."

A high-contrast, black and white photograph showing a group of people, likely soldiers or military personnel, gathered around a table. They are looking at and pointing to a large map or document spread out on the table. The scene is dimly lit, with strong highlights on the map and the people's faces. The background is dark and indistinct.

The ablest officers and the bravest men can win this war only with *your* full support. They must have weapons, food, supplies—more and *more* and MORE of them. Make sure they get them. Buy War Bonds, *more* War Bonds and STILL MORE!



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It's like this. In America this year, our total income after taxes will be about 133 billion dollars. But there'll be only about 93 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend it on. If we all start trying to buy as much as we can, prices will shoot up.

As prices rise, people will ask for—and, in many cases, get—higher wages. That will put up the cost of manufacturing, so up will go prices again. Then we'll need another pay raise. If we get it, prices rise again. It's a vicious circle.

The Government has done a lot to help keep prices down. It has put ceilings on food and rent . . . has rationed scarce articles. But the Government can't do it all alone. It needs *your help!*

Your part in this fight won't be easy. It will mean foregoing luxuries, perhaps doing without a few necessities. Tough? Maybe . . . but don't say that where the veterans of Italy and New Britain can hear you!

You *want* to do your part, of course. So do we all . . . farmers, laborers, white-collar workers, business executives. And the way to do your part *right now* is to observe the following seven rules for Victory and a prosperous peace . . .

1. Buy only what you NEED. And before you buy anything, remember that patriotic little jingle: "Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do or do without."

2. Keep your OWN prices DOWN! If you sell goods, or your own time and labor, *don't ask for more money* than you absolutely must! No matter who tries to talk you into asking more . . . *don't listen!*

3. No matter how badly you need something . . . never pay more than the posted ceiling price! Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the required coupons. If you do, you're helping the Black Market gang—hurting yourself!

4. Pay your taxes cheerfully! Taxes are

the cheapest way to pay for a war! The **MORE** taxes you pay now—when you have some extra money—the **LESS** taxes you'll pay later on!

5. Pay off old debts. Don't make any new ones! Get, *and stay*, square with the world!

6. Start a savings account. Make regular deposits, often! Buy life insurance. Keep your premiums paid up.

7. Buy War Bonds . . . regularly and often! *And hold on to them!* Don't just buy them with spare cash you can easily do without. Invest every dime and dollar you don't actually **NEED** . . . even if it *hurts* to give those dimes and dollars up!

Use it up . . . Wear it out.
Make it do . . . Or do without.



The Goose with the Golden Eyes

Continued from page 15

her up high on his chest, making it impossible for them to look each other in the face and he began to cough again in an unnecessarily loud manner. But she just drew her soft, consoling wings more snugly about his hands and leaned her head against his shoulder, and in this ungainly, nonspeaking fashion, the journey from Tilbury's to home was completed.

Grandfather put her in the henhouse. He laid her carefully by the corn bin without removing the gunny sack, patted her tenderly on the head and went into the kitchen. Grandmother was standing by the range, tasting something.

She greeted him, smiling, and he removed his coat and hat and went into the living room where, in the interior dusk, the big-bellied stove glowed and pulsed. He stood up close against the stove and began to get himself warmed, turning and rubbing his hands, standing as much of the sharp, sweet heat as he could.

Grandmother came in and asked, "Did you beat him?"

"I beat him," Grandfather said, "but I didn't get any more than I had coming."

"How big a one?"

"Oh, ten-twelve pounds. Nice white one."

"It's cold out," she said. "A body could do with a muff this weather."

Grandfather looked at her. "A muff," he said, with some tiredness. "A muff."

"Exactly." She stared at him. "More sensible thing to buy than bear traps."

Grandfather coughed indignantly.

"You didn't," she said, her eyes narrowing, "you didn't dicker with him about those traps again, did you?"

"No."

"Well, come in the kitchen. You can put your feet on the oven door."

"Maybe next year you can get a fur muff," he said, with a sigh.

"Ah, next year," she said. She went back into the kitchen.

SO GRANDFATHER stood there before the stove, rocking back and forth on his feet, feeling angry about the muff, feeling greatly disturbed about the goose, feeling half warm, half cold, and a little hungry. Where the firelight spilled through the isinglass and fell upon the floor, there were strange shadows and figures. Some of them looked like geese in flight and geese walking and geese being carried; some of them looked like fur muffs with frost-reddened faces peering up above them; some of them looked like Horace Tilbury with his hooked nose, sharp eyes, and thin, predatory fingers.

Grandfather looked at them all and said, "Damnation!"

He stood there, rocking on his feet, summing things up, but not looking at the shadows any more until Grandmother came to him from the kitchen. She was stirring something in a bowl.

"Arthur," she said, "are you going to stand there until it's too dark out to do anything? The ax is by the well; I chopped some ice with it while you were gone. Ar-thur . . ."

That word, Grandfather says, went through him like ice. He stopped rocking on his feet and turned to her. "What?"

"If you're going to kill that goose, you'd better hurry; it's getting dark out."

"Oh! Oh . . . the goose. Yes. Yes, where did you say the . . ."

"It's right by the pump."

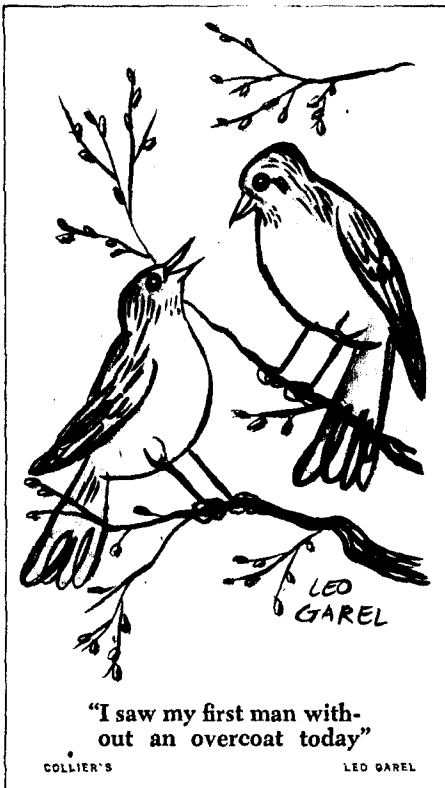
"All right," he said. He rubbed his hand over his chin, wondering if he hadn't ought to shave first. Anyone could see he needed a shave badly. Better to shave now than wait till after supper. More light, for one thing, and for another . . .

"Ar-thur!"

He went outside. It had grown colder, and the wind had lengthened, driving the snow straight and fast before it. It was much darker; the grayness of day had been overlaid and nearly obscured by the oncoming darkness. Grandfather found the ax leaning against the pump. He took it to the henhouse, leaned it against the wall, and went to the woodshed, reappearing in a moment with a block of ash. He took the block into the henhouse.

THE goose lay in the same position by the corn bin, a lumpy object darker than the shadows, but palpably alive, breathing and living. Grandfather sighed deeply, sat down upon the wooden block, and peered at her. Her eyes gleamed back at him in the dimness, and there was a rustling sound, as if she were trying to rise. Grandfather resisted the impulse to pick her up, but in a moment had given way to it, even before he had fairly organized his resisting impulses. He found himself holding her in his lap without quite realizing that he had intended to do so. He felt discouraged.

He held her like this for several min-



"I saw my first man without an overcoat today"

utes and finally he placed her where she had been. Then he went back into the kitchen, taking the ax with him.

"Needs sharpenin'," he explained, avoiding Grandmother's eyes.

He took a smooth stone and sat by the range, pushing his chair back against the wall, so that he was all but hidden behind the reservoir. Then, moistening the shiny, thick blade frequently with spittle, he started to dab at it with the stone, pausing at every third stroke to flick the edge with his thumb. Supper came, and he hadn't finished.

Grandmother eyed him often and curiously as they ate, but he never lifted his eyes beyond the semicircle bounded by the saltcellar, the bread, the butter and the bean dish. She didn't speak to him but she eyed him, and toward the end of the meal, she sniffed once or twice in a meaningful way. She knew something was wrong, and Grandfather knew she knew.

He returned to the ax and the smooth stone once more and, as he hedged and delayed, listened to the progressive after-supper sounds. He marked the clink of the china when it went into the cupboard

in the pantry, and the tinny sound of the pans as they were put away. There was resolution and firmness in the noise and he quickened with the stone when he heard it.

Then there was a screeching sound, which he recognized as that of the lantern. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Grandmother come from the pantry carrying it. She set it by the door. It was lighted. She passed him and returned, dressed for outside, and she took the ax from his hands as she came back. She didn't say a word, and he didn't look up at her. When the door closed, he got up, went into the bedroom, removed his clothes, and crawled abjectly beneath the quilts, crawling as far beneath them as he could.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, he made a lame excuse about "having to see after something" and went up into the hardwoods to be alone. The wind had fallen off and the snow with it, leaving the fields cleanly swept, glittering blue and white in the ascending sun. He took the trail that curved through the slough and, rising, skirted the tangled cedars that lay in a broad, irregular quarter circle around the higher ground.

When he got in among the smooth, towering beeches, he felt better at once and for a time almost forgot the unhappy day just past. He felt good enough to mark some trees tentatively for cutting and to make some estimates regarding the amount of cordwood they would produce. But when he left and had retraced his steps, the unpleasant feeling began to return.

He went back into the house through the front door and threw his coat on the settee, and his cap and gloves on top of the coat. Blowing softly on the tips of his fingers, he stood back against the big-bellied stove and swore softly under his breath. Then he sat down in the rocking chair, closed his eyes, and leaned his head against the cold wicker roll of the chair back.

When Grandmother came into the living room and spoke, he sat up with a start, and then reluctantly followed her into the kitchen. He saw without looking that the table was well laid with food, steaming and glistening. Grandmother sat down, and he sat down. She handed him the platter.

At first, he just stared at it, then he looked across the table at Grandmother, and his face began to redden. Her face was flushed, too, and with something more than the exertion of cooking. He couldn't help grinning, and she smiled back at him in a tender, misty way. He felt the platter trembling in his hand and he looked at it again. It was chicken, all right. It wasn't the goose with the golden eyes. She had killed a couple of her prized chickens and let the goose live.

"H'mm," he said, gulping. "Didn't hear 'em squawk."

"Didn't squawk much," Grandmother replied.

AND that was the way it was. Two days later, Grandfather had built her a box behind the reservoir of the range, and the goose moved in with them to stay.

They named her Claribel, which Grandmother said meant "brightly fair." They filled her box with soft straw and installed her in it with all the care and ceremony of acolytes. But it was not enough merely to fix her a warm nest; Grandmother also prepared a small blanket with which to cover her at night, since no fire was kept in the range after supper.

That was the way it was. Grandfather says that when Claribel would look at you

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ANSWERS FOR THE PRONUNCIATION TEST ON PAGE 42

1. KU KLUX KLAN

ONEROUS
DOLOROUS
RIO GRANDE

2. VISCOUNT

HERCULEAN
BEETHOVEN

3. DIPHTHERIA QUINTUPLETS LIMOUSINE DOMICILE

4. PHILATELIST NUMISMATIST CONVERSANT IMBROGLIO

5. ESPLANADE PERGOLA FAÇADE MUSEUM

6. AGENDA

TREATISE
PROGRAM
INTESTINES
SECRETORY

7. CHICANERY STALIN SPOUSE GIBBET

8. PURGATIVE CAPSULE DRAUGHT COGNAC

9. VERBATIM ERRATA ARGOT MUNICIPAL

10. MEZZO-SOPRANO SOTTO VOCE CELLO BALALAIKA

Accent first syllable, as in FEW-ducks-can.

First o short, rhyme with HONor-us.
Accent first syllable with short o.
Accent the gran with broad a (GRAN-d).
Accent first syllable with long i, omit the s.

Accent second syllable.
Accent first syllable with long a. The h is silent.

Gran, not grain. Accent first syllable.
Dif, not dip.
Accent first syllable.
Accent last syllable with a Z.

Sil, not sile.
Accent the LAT. Make first i short.
Accent the MIZ.
Accent first syllable.

Omit the g, accent BRO.
Accent last syllable with long a.
Accent first syllable.
Accent second syllable (fa-SOD).

Accent the ZE.
Accent second syllable with a j. Rhyme with ad-DEN-da.

Tiss, not tiz.
Ram, not rum.
Tins, not fines.
Accent second syllable with long e.
Short i, long a.

Accent first syllable (ALL-in).
Rhyme with plows, not house.
Accent first syllable with a j.

Hard g, accent PUR.
Long u, accent CAP.
Broad a, rhyme with LAUGHED.
Accent first syllable without the g (CONE-yak).

Long a.
Rate, not rat or rot.
Omit final t, rhyme with FAR-go.
Accent syllable NIS.

Not mez or met but med, accent PRAN.
Still Italian (SO-tow VO-chay).
Not sell, but chell.
Accent third syllable (baa-la-LIKE-a).

with those eyes of hers, there was simply nothing you wouldn't do for her. And yet, he says, he wasn't happy about it at all. He could never get over being a little irritated and angry at the weak and helpless feeling that would come over him whenever he gazed at her sad, beautiful eyes and serene countenance. He always felt, somehow, that she had put one over on him but, of course, he kept his anger and irritation to himself and took great pains that no one should ever see it.

Grandmother, on the other hand, showed never the faintest shadow of such emotions. From the very first, she hovered and clucked over the goose as if she were, in truth, its mother. She would sit for hours, humming and stroking Claribel's silky back and she was forever preparing some little tidbit—some little delicacy made of bran and honey or cornmeal and raisins—to feed her. In fact, things came to such a pass between them that Grandfather often had to get out of bed and speak sharply to Grandmother in order to keep her from sitting up half the night, talking and clucking to the pet.

But out of all this came one great and shining good. Not once since Claribel's adoption had Grandmother mentioned a word about the fur muff. Not the smallest hint had dropped from her lips, and it seemed—it really seemed—that she had forgotten about it, completely and permanently.

Grandfather could hardly conceal his joy when he fully awoke to this particular change in their affairs. The situation developing around her desire for a fur muff

had become a difficult and bitter one, and now it appeared that the solution would be quiet and simple.

The problem had never broken out into open argument but had lain simmering, awaiting the day when Grandfather should have saved enough money to purchase the muff. That money, however, Grandfather planned to use in the acquisition of some bear traps which he coveted strongly and which belonged to Horace Tilbury. Now it looked as if the traps were his. The goose had settled it nicely.

TO MAKE things even better, about two weeks after Claribel's arrival, he sold a whopping load of wood to John Falkins and, what is more, sold it for cash money. That, added to what he had already saved, made just enough to buy the traps. Grandfather was a little uneasy when he returned home with the money that night, but Grandmother didn't say a thing about it. She went about her work as quiet and unconcerned as if she had never in her life thought of owning a fur muff.

Once, when her back was turned, Grandfather winked at Claribel, who was looking up at him in a contemplative way. She didn't wink back at him, of course. To suggest that she did would be carrying things a little too far. She didn't wink, no, but she did something else. She grinned. She gave Grandfather such a broad and deliberate and impudent goose-grin that it amounted almost to a smirk.

He turned his head away at once, scowling, and at that moment he felt more

keenly than he had ever felt before that "something had been put over" on him. There was no sound reason for the feeling; it just came over him in a most annoying way.

It was soon to be forgotten, however. Late that night, in the darkness and coldness and stillness of their room, Grandmother spoke to him and her voice was faintly troubled. "You know," she said, "that blanket isn't very warm."

"What?" he said, stirring and listening. "Claribel's blanket. It's thin. It's not any too warm."

"Why," he asked, "is there . . . ? There isn't anything wrong, is there?"

"No," she said, "no . . ."

"She isn't sick, is she?"

"I . . . I don't think so. It's just that her head felt a little hot to me, that's all."

"Think she might have a fever?" Grandfather asked anxiously.

"I don't think so," Grandmother said. "Her head felt a little hot, though."

That ended the conversation but it didn't end the thinking. For a long while they both lay with their eyes open in the dark, each knowing the other to be awake, but not saying anything about it, both thinking the same thing—pneumonia. It had been reported in the neighborhood. A cousin of John Falkins, who lived near Little River, had died of it.

NEXT morning Claribel's golden eyes were red-rimmed and dull. She lay listlessly in her nest and scarcely moved when they spoke to her. Grandmother fixed another, warmer, blanket for her and also cooked some gruel into which she put a little oil of wintergreen. Claribel ate the gruel obligingly enough but at noon she had shown no improvement.

After dinner, Grandmother sent Grandfather to the corners to get some Higby's Powders and when he returned he found that Grandmother had put two chairs together near the wall by the reservoir and on them had placed Claribel's box. The floor was drafty, she explained, and she could watch Claribel better this way.

Grandmother made some more gruel, carefully mixing the Higby's Powders with it, and all that afternoon she sat by the nest, gently coaxing the goose into eating it. Toward evening, Claribel had brightened perceptibly, and a kind of grateful expression came into her face, as if she were trying to tell them how deeply thankful she was for their care and devotion. But after supper she began to wheeze softly with each third or fourth breath, and Grandfather and Grandmother looked at each other in alarm.

They kept the fire up in the range after supper, and Grandfather brought in an extra armful of wood to keep it going during the night. Later that evening, Grandmother put a pan of steaming water under the chairs on which Claribel's box rested. She put some camphor in the water, and soon the kitchen was filled with the cool, bitter camphor smell. They sat up with her until nearly midnight, watching her and not talking, and at last, sadly, they each drank a glass of Higby's Powders themselves and went to bed.

Early in the morning, when they were considering what else they might possibly do for her, they heard the jingling of harness in the yard, and Horace Tilbury came in, stomping and blowing, his beak-like nose agleam and his little eyes crackling.

"Judas, but it's cold!" He whistled. Then he sniffed, and his eyes darted around the room. "Somebody sick?"

Grandfather nodded wearily. "What's this?" Tilbury asked, his eyes lighting on the box by the stove. "Why, it's a goose." He looked at Grandfather with a questioning twitch of his bushy eyebrows.

"Just so," Grandfather said. "Looks like the goose you got from



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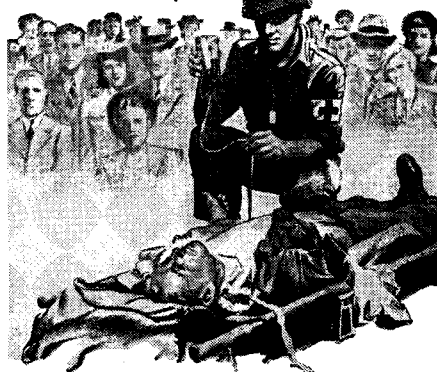
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me, day before Christmas," Tilbury said.

"Just so," Grandfather said.

"She's the one that's sick," Grandmother explained.

"Sick?" Tilbury asked. "Well, h'mm. Sick, did you say?"

"We think it's pneumonia."

"H'mm!" Tilbury said, stroking his chin. "Didn't expect you'd keep her. Thought you were going to have her for Christmas."

Grandfather and Grandmother stared at him without expression.

"H'mm," Tilbury said again. "Well..." He pulled up a chair and sat down, crossing his legs. "Well," he said, taking a deep breath and looking at Grandfather, "well, how are you, Arthur?"

"I'm all right," Grandfather replied.

"Wondered how you were. Haven't seen you. Had to go to the corners this morning and I said to myself 'Guess I'll stop in and see how Arthur is.'"

"I'm feeling pretty good," Grandfather said.

"Yes? Glad to hear it." Tilbury uncrossed his legs and crossed them the other way. "Yes. Well... when I was getting the sleigh ready, happened to notice them bear traps, the ones we were talking about. Remember? Yes. Just threw them in the sleigh—they were right handy there. Thought you might be interested, h'mm?"

"Not right now," Grandfather said.

"No?" Tilbury said, with some surprise.

"No, not right now, I guess."

"But..."

"Not with the expense of a veterinary and everything," Grandfather said.

"A veterinary?"

"Yes," Grandfather said, looking Tilbury straight in the eye. "A veterinary. For her. For the goose."

"Claribel," Grandmother said.

"Well, I'll be..." Tilbury said. He stared at the goose, then at Grandmother. Then at Grandfather. He twitched his bushy brows and stared at them all. Finally he got up and left without saying another word.

At noon, Claribel had an extremely bad spell, and they saw then that there was no hope for her, that not even a veterinary could do any good any more. All that afternoon they stood over her, watching every breath, and at last, toward sundown, she raised up a little, gave them both a long, last, brave, patient goosy smile, and with a little sigh laid down her head and died.

And that's how it was.

THE following morning, Grandfather buried her. While Grandmother kept to her room, he shoveled the snow from a little space at the edge of the garden and chopped the frozen ground away with an ax. And when at last he had replaced the last bit of ground and snow, he went into the woodshed and struck a beam with his fist and swore fervently that never, as long as he lived, would he have another goose around his house. Never!

Not that he hadn't loved Claribel, for he had. Not as much as Grandmother had, perhaps, but he had loved her and loved her truly. It was that other thing—that helplessness and, above that, the feeling she gave that something had been put over on him.

If there was one thing Grandfather could not bear, it was to feel that someone had put something over on him. It would nearly set him crazy. But now, with Claribel's passing, he felt a lifting of that terrible oppression. Now things would return to normal.

The sense of relief and release was so strong that Grandfather sat down at once on a wooden block in the shed and started making plans for the future. First off, he'd buy the traps from Horace Tilbury and then, if he had any luck with the bears at all, he'd buy some more, and in a little

while, he'd have the biggest trap line in the county bringing in mink and beaver and maybe even an otter or two every day. It was all in getting started. Tilbury's bear traps would give him that start.

Grandfather was all but whistling when he returned to the kitchen. He stood by the stove with his hands behind him, rocking on his heels and summing up things, and it seemed at last that the joyless days had gone. He had stood there perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, thinking these things, when Grandmother entered. She went up to him and stood in front of him, holding out her hand and saying quietly, "Will you give me the money for the muff now, Arthur?"

"WELL," Grandfather says, when he tells the story, "I just stared at her. I tried to say something, but the words got stuck in my throat and, before I knew what I was doing, I just naturally reached down and pulled out that bear-trap money and gave it to her. I'd have killed the man that tried to take that bear-trap money away from me, but when she held out her hand and looked at me and said, 'Will you give me the money for the muff now, Arthur?' I just reached down and gave it to her easy as pie. Just like that."

"It was something about the way she smiled and something in her eyes. I didn't know exactly what it was but I had a sneaking suspicion that I had come upon it before somewhere. For days after, I went around in a fog, trying to figure out what it was. And then, little by little, I began to understand."

"It was that goose, Claribel. She was no more dead than I was. I had buried something, yes, but it was nothing more than a box and a bunch of feathers. The real goose was still alive and had somehow got into Grandmother. I don't mean *actually*; I don't believe in that kind of hocus-pocus. What I mean is: That goose, before she died, had taught Grandmother every danged trick she ever knew about how to put something over on a man; taught her every little trick of smiling and getting that heartbreaking look in her eyes and everything that goes with it. That, by Jim, was what they were talking about every night when Grandmother would sit up after I had gone to bed. Don't ask me how they understood each other. The main thing is—they did. That's one of those secrets womenfolk have."

"Wasn't only the muff, either. Forever after that, whenever she wanted something or other—some little knickknack for the house or for herself—all she had to do was look at me sad and meltinglike, the way Claribel had taught her, and I'd hand over the money, meek as a lamb. Just couldn't help myself. Even her eyes had taken on a kind of golden glint and, whenever I'd look at them, well, I was a goner. Took me three years, by Jim, to save enough to get those traps and, by then, the trapping was all shot, and I wound up losing money on the deal."

"Yes," Grandfather concludes, "there's something between them. There's something between women that no man understands, and maybe women don't even understand themselves. But it's there, deep and everlasting. And when I say 'women' I mean females of all species. They're in league with each other, females are; they'll put something over on you every time. Don't tell me different. I know."

And that's the story. It's not my story, though; it's Grandfather's. So if you have any quarrel with it, you'd better go to him. You can find him any afternoon on his back porch with his musket across his knees, dreaming about the Civil War and waiting for that varmint Beauregard to show his head. But, as I said in the first place, approach him carefully. He's a mite jumpy and the musket has a hair trigger.

THE END

Report No. 4 on
HONESTY ENGINEERING
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HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
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Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

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clear of the drifting hulk when you get into the water.

While viewing the situation, make a note of the relative positions of boats, rafts or large groups of survivors already in the water. These elements, easily seen from a few feet above the water, may not be visible in even a moderate sea once you are swimming.

Now, for getting over the side: *Don't jump*, unless there's no alternative. A leap from any appreciable height is an invitation to a broken neck or to getting yourself knocked out by the slap of the life belt against your jaw. Further, you cannot be certain that, just below the surface, there isn't some obstruction, such as a projecting hull fitting, which may end your life right there.

If there has been time to rig cargo nets, your descent is a simple matter. Most of us, however, have had to employ other means. First choice is a fire hose, if there's one rigged which reaches close to the surface. Because of its "squeezability," the hose offers a surer grip than does a rope. But, if you use a hose, look out for that nozzle at the end. Don't let it sneak up on you unawares during your downward progress. It can be very painful.

Lacking a hose, you will have to take a rope. First, be certain it has been belayed. That may sound like superfluous advice. But it is a fact that we grabbed one young man by the nape of the neck just as he was going over the side from the flight deck on a trailing line that was secured to nothing at all.

Once on the rope or hose, remember the cardinal rule: *Don't slide*. Go down hand over hand. If you slide, you may not be able to stop. And, if you have not provided yourself with a pair of stout gloves, your efforts to stop will result in reducing your hands to a pulpy, seared mass. Be always alert for any tendency to slide unintentionally (ropes become slippery from water, oil, and blood).

There's good use, on a hose or rope, for the old station-keeping axiom, "Remember the next astern." Only in this instance, it's for your benefit, not his. The next man on the rope after you may elect to slide. In that case have your head out of the way so that you take the shock on your shoulders.

Arriving at the end of the line, ease yourself into the water. *Don't jump*. Under stress of abandoning ship, with familiar marks dislocated by rolling or listing, it is all too easy to misjudge the distance to the water. Try not to let go until your feet are immersed. Then get under way smartly on the previously determined course, putting as much distance as possible between yourself and the ship with an initial speed run. You want to get a couple of hundred yards away as soon as you can.

Danger Area Near the Ship

It is near the ship that the danger of falling debris is greatest. Even though she isn't blowing up when you go over the side, she may at any moment. It is near the ship that the almost inevitable leaking fuel oil is thickest, with consequent danger of fire on the water. One way to determine that you are beyond this peril is to look at the oil in the water. If it is broken up in small, isolated globules instead of forming an unbroken sheet, you are reasonably safe from fire.

Upon reaching a safe area, slow down, and thereafter swim as slowly as possible. From here in, as a corollary to the major premise of reaching a rescue ship, is the important matter of conserving your energy against the possibility of a long

Recipe for Survival

Continued from page 23

stay in the water. Should there be a rescue ship within swimming distance, head for it. But not with maximum speed, for the ship may get under way before you can reach it. Many of us had this disheartening experience, because enemy submarines were near.

If there is no rescue ship within reasonable distance, steer for a raft or for a large group of survivors. A rescue ship's lookouts will be more likely to see a large group than a lone swimmer. It's the straggler whose name turns up on the "missing" list when the final account is reckoned.

If you go to a raft, remember that, to help a large number of persons, a raft should be hung onto, not climbed onto. Except where there are only a few people, climbing on a raft will only tend to submerge the thing, may even turn it over, with consequent possibility of loss of emergency rations. You don't gain anything by climbing on board in numbers sufficient to partly submerge the raft. The slight advantage of being on board should be rationed to those in bad shape from injury or exhaustion.

You may see sharks. We did. Don't let that panic you. If there has been any depth-charging going on in the vicinity, the chances are the sharks will have been pretty badly pushed around and won't be looking for trouble. We observed, after the destroyers had dropped a few ash cans, that the sharks were quite lackadaisical in their behavior, showing no inclination to bother anybody.

Above all, don't do a lot of loud, needless alarm-spreading just because you see a fin above water. Many of your fellow survivors will be on the ragged edge of cracking up, and a false alarm can do a lot of harm. If you are reasonably certain that there is a shark present, and that he is interested in your group as a source of nourishment, quietly pass the word, get

out your knife, and have all hands make a commotion in the water.

If you attach yourself to a raft, it's not a bad idea to follow the picturesque practice of rigging some sort of signal, such as a rag attached to the end of a stepped oar. Under a heavy overcast, on a darkened, wind-swept sea, even a fairly numerous group of survivors may not show up well, particularly as they are most likely to be coated liberally with fuel oil. A signal will help rescuers to find you.

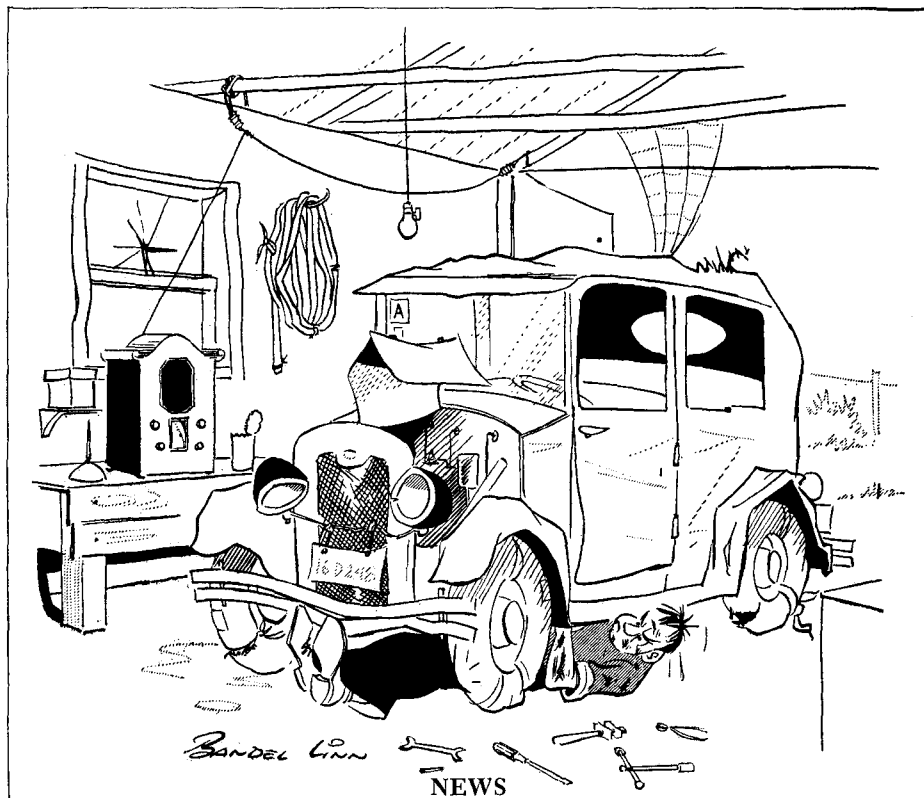
Should your ship be in company with others at the time of its destruction, you probably will be picked up in three or four hours. Once aboard the rescuing vessel, try not to make a damned nuisance of yourself. If you have suffered some slight hurt (a bit of rope burn, a small cut), get hold of a first-aid kit and fix yourself up temporarily. The ship's medical people will be busy aiding your more seriously injured shipmates.

When Rescued, Get Below

If you are picked up by a destroyer or similarly small vessel, get below decks right away. Sure, you'd like to stay topside and see what's going on. But a destroyer that has taken aboard 600 or 700 survivors (and individual tin cans have rescued that many) is in a precarious state of balance. People staying topside may well cause the ship to turn over.

There is a large element of that imponderable factor called luck in surviving the destruction of one's ship. But luck alone cannot be counted upon to effect your salvation. When the time comes, you're going to have to think your way out. And the more thinking you've done ahead of time, the more likely you are to be in a position to tell your grandchildren a highly embellished account of what happened.

THE END



"... and since 1941 approximately 2,500,000 cars have been scrapped. You cannot buy a 1942 model automobile to replace your old car unless the old car has been driven 60,000 miles—and even then the local rationing boards are being urged to issue permits only to persons showing great need. If you are a salesman, you cannot expect to take advantage of this situation, however. OPA is tightening eligibility rules for new cars because of the shortage. It is my advice, then, to take care of the car you now own! Examine it carefully—and often! Replace worn parts, when possible, and be sure to see that it is greased and lubricated thoroughly at regular intervals!"

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SINGING SAILORS

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

SMASH hit of the first World War was the Great Lakes Revue, featuring a couple of kid sailors: one a comedian, the other a tenor-dancer. Much like *This Is the Army*, the Navy troupe toured the cities, entertaining vast crowds with their antics. The first youngster went on to fame as Jack Benny; the second became a country preacher.

But the turn of the wheel brought the stem-winding parson back to the world's greatest naval training station a second time, to become a sensational hit in Navy presentations on the radio and in the movies. They call him the Sousa of this war in making music a morale builder. He does with voices what the great band leader did with instruments.

He is Lieutenant Commander Hjalmar F. Hanson, chaplain of the U. S. Navy and director of the famous Bluejacket Choir—really 13 choruses totaling nearly 1,000 sailors—which sings to between twenty and thirty million people weekly on the *Meet Your Navy* broadcast on Friday nights and the *Great Lakes Choir* broadcast on Sundays, each program carried by 156 and 118 stations, respectively. The sky pilot and his boys are high lights, too, of the new film, *The Navy Way*.

The dynamic Hanson is proudest of the 12,000 alumni of his choir (now scattered over all the seas) and of the fact that other thousands of singing sailors are pouring out to battle.

It's a flying procession out of which Chaplain Hanson forms his miracle choir. Every six or eight weeks he has a complete turnover of his men; they come, he molds them into a magnificent singing unit, they perform like veterans, and they're gone. Only 20 per cent of them can read music readily, and fewer than one-half ever belonged to a choir or chorus—yet he and his assistants drill them until they can sing 15 or 20 numbers with a dash and a harmony—or majesty and dignity, as the case may require—that amazes veteran chorus directors.

Every Sunday morning the Bluejackets break up into units of about 60 men each, and from 7:15 o'clock until noon they sing at the various chapel and synagogue services at the station, providing the music for 62 devotional programs attended by 64,000 men. Then at 10:05 A.M. 200 of them go on the air.

In addition to that, they roam the Middle West, helping the war effort in countless ways. During 1943, they sang to more than half a million civilians at War Bond rallies; to 100,000 at an outdoor music festival, and to 8,000 teachers in convention; to 25,000 at Chicago's reception to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, rendering, at her personal request, *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. They range the hospitals at the station during visiting hours, singing to their sick buddies, and entertain at the "Happy Hours." They can muster at a second's notice a complete, well-trained Protestant, Catholic, Jewish or Negro choir, as may be needed.

A Wisconsin boy of Norwegian ancestry, Hanson showed a flair for music as a youngster. He sang in school and liked it, and when he entered the Navy in 1917 he joined the choir and played in the Great Lakes Revue. Later, he was a member of the famous St. Olaf's College Choir at Northfield, Minnesota, and after



Lt. Comm. H. F. Hanson, Navy chaplain, directs the Great Lakes choir

graduation taught music in high schools. Acting as assistant pastor of a congregation in Minneapolis, he federated 35 church choirs of that city and St. Paul into the Twin City Lutheran Choir of 500 voices.

As a CCC camp chaplain in Kentucky, with seven other chaplains under him, he got thousands of boys rolling out the melodies. Finally, he went to a country church at Green Valley, Wisconsin, as pastor. But his choral genius wasn't overlooked: he was made president of the Eastern District Choral Union, covering Norwegian Lutheran choirs from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Coast.

The Parson's System Works

In 1940, Hanson re-enlisted as a chaplain and was assigned to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, when only 2,500 sailors were in training there. He tossed together a choir soon after his arrival and, before long, the music wave was really building up. Surging thousands of new men brought tremendous possibilities.

The chaplain has a system that works to perfection. He gets all the new men for a few minutes, gives them a whirlwind speech, and asks how many would like a choir tryout. Out of a company of 120, between 25 and 50 volunteer. Of these, two to five are selected. The choice is quickly made. He gives a new man a few do-mi-sol-do's, and asks him to repeat it; then he has him give a few bars of his own favorite song. If the parson's sensitive ear detects that the fellow has a good voice and can carry a tune, and that he shows signs of having musical ability—regardless of any training or not—the lad's in the choir right then and there.

At Great Lakes, the singing Bluejackets are formed into separate companies, with their own barracks. They even have a piano on each deck, the chaplain having wangled the instruments out of his friends. But all their choir work is extra. They carry out the full training schedule of the station, getting beans for breakfast twice a week, and having streamlined G.I. haircuts the same as the rest. Yet they manage to carry away most of the honors.

Altogether, Hanson has five companies of 120 men each, and three choirs of 350 voices composed of Negro sailors. Most of the Bluejackets appear in groups of 60 to 120—half a company, or a full company. But at the weekly graduation at the station, the massed choir performs.

There's no instruction in theory or technique; the men learn the words and tune

of a hymn or anthem and drill does the rest. Seven able choral directors and four organists are Chaplain Hanson's assistants. They're in the Navy, too, and they do the preliminaries, the parson-chorister giving the finishing touches.

One day before Christmas, 1940, Chaplain Hanson drifted into an almost empty chapel where a sailor was playing *Silent Night* on the piano. Another lad near the front was humming.

"Like music?" asked the parson, looking for singers as usual.

The boy nodded.

"Sing for me, please," Hanson continued.

The boy stood up and the melody of the ancient carol rang out clearly.

The astonished chaplain learned the youth's story. A singer with a popular band in Kansas City, he came down with a severe throat infection. Physicians told him his voice was probably impaired permanently. He enlisted in the Navy and didn't sing for months. When Hanson found him his voice had greatly improved and the chaplain gave him helpful exercises.

The young sailor was soloist of Hanson's first choir for months, then went to sea. He was on the aircraft carrier *Lexington*, later sunk. One day in an accident his back was broken. He was given a medical discharge and back home he went—his spirit downcast. The chaplain took him on as civilian soloist and introduced him to radio friends. They put him on and he soon became the singing sensation of CBS, and Hollywood has called him for a movie. You doubtless have heard him—Danny O'Neil. He's the soloist on the Sunday broadcasting of hymns.

Another one-time Bluejacket Choir soloist and superfan is Chief Petty Officer John Carter, the noted Metropolitan Opera tenor.

Admiral William D. Leahy heard the Bluejackets perform one night at a "Happy Hour" program—and requested that four hymns be recorded and sent to President Roosevelt with his compliments.

The motto of the choir is "Singing Men Are Fighting Men!" and, as a sort of foreshadowing of that fact, the Great Lakes Training Station has yet to enroll a choir company that has missed winning the "E," the award given to the company rating highest in its regiment. The singing sailor outfits continually take prizes in intelligence and physical fitness, win laurels for being the best marching companies and, to top off everything, demonstrate that they are the champion marksmen of Great Lakes. ★★★

The Whistle in the Hills

Continued from page 13

Miss Nettie, the organist who played the hymns at Elijah's meetings, gasped and said, "Lord help us, Elijah! Look!"

Elijah saw a quick whip of skirt as a woman jumped to the front end of the coach. An instant later, the door was pulled open and she stood at the head of the car, a pistol in each hand and a seraph's smile on her face. She had black hair tucked up inside a fawn-colored hat, and an uptilted nose in a face as round as a batter bowl. Her black eyes had the shine of a girl's at her first dance.

She said, "So you're Elijah Taylor?" Her voice was merry, but it had an impudent, mocking tone, and Elijah drew himself erect with his head back and his paunch adjusted in graceful, imperious flow.

"Young woman," Elijah said, "put those guns away." He said it in the deep voice that had brought them trembling to the mourners' bench, the portentous voice that had made Sin turn pale and slink away from scores of arbor meetings.

But when she heard him, the girl with the pistols only smiled more broadly and said, "Just like Pop told me. He heard you preach once, Elijah, and he swore if it was the last thing he ever done, he'd hear you again."

ELIJAH rocked back somewhat on his heels, pleased. He said, "I'm opening a meeting in Jericho tomorrow night, young lady. I'll be happy to welcome your father there." He pursed his lips. "And you'd better come with him. It looks to me like you're in need of some religion yourself."

She shook her head slightly. "Pop ain't welcome in Jericho. He figured we'd just have a special meeting tonight, and you'd preach a sermon just for him, so he sent me to fetch you, Elijah."

"I make my own appointments, young lady," he said.

"Have you forgot you've got the call, Elijah? If there's a soul to be saved do you ask that soul to come to you, or do you go out and find that soul and redeem it? Answer me that."

Elijah's shaggy white eyebrows came down over his eyes. He examined the young woman with interest, looping his fingers in his gold watch chain. "Who is your father?" he asked.

"They call him Bald Pete."

Miss Nettie gasped and hunched lower in her seat, but Elijah only smiled. "And you're his daughter, the one they call Curly Jo?"

"That's right, Elijah."

"You can put those pistols away," Elijah said. "If a sinner like Bald Pete sends for me, I'm coming. If I can bring that old rascal into the fold, I'll be a happy man. Where did you say he heard me preach?"

"I didn't say, but it was down Dallas way."

"Ah," Elijah Taylor said, with a knowing intonation. "So it was him robbed my collection box down there in Texas?"

The girl waved one of the guns. "You coming?"

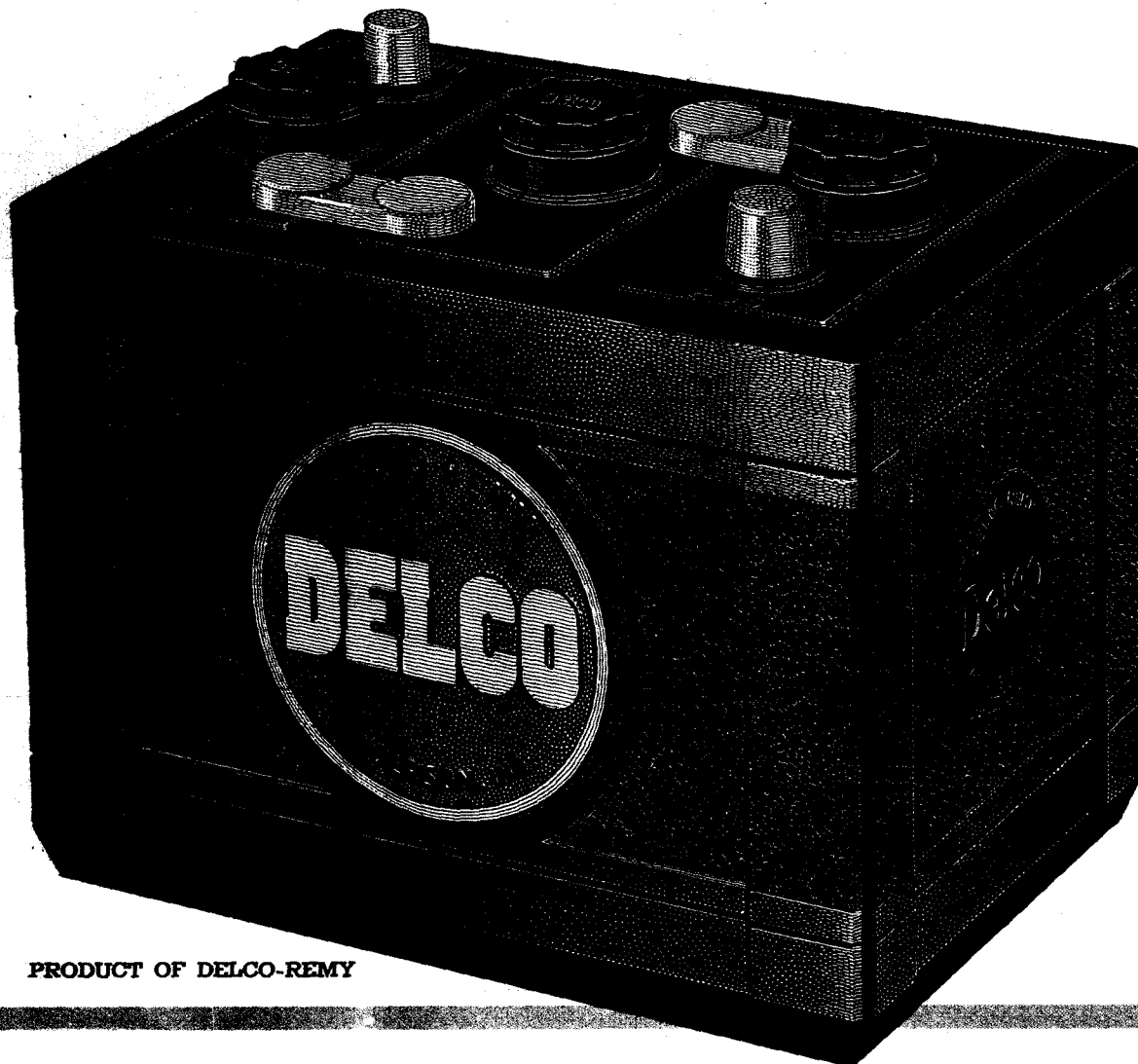
"No, Elijah," Miss Nettie said, catching his hand. "You mustn't do it."

"I'm going," Elijah said. "Don't you fear, Miss Nettie. No harm will come of it."

He walked with majesty along the aisle, and Curly Jo said, "Just step over to the engine, Elijah. I reckon we'll borrow it for a spell." She called out, "Where's that engineer?"

A big man got up from the pile of wood in the tender. "He didn't wait to answer no questions, miss. He took out."

Curly Jo frowned. "Who are you, then?"



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"I'm the fireman, miss."
She liked his smiling, alert face and the confident clasp of his teeth on his ripe corn-cob pipe. She asked, "You know how to run this contraption?"

"I got an idea which levers to pull, but this here is my first trip. I ain't a railroad man. I'm a bartender."

He held up his hands, and Curly Jo understood. They were big hands, with thumbs as wide as silver dollars, and the thumbs were his stock in trade in those gold-mining days when a shot of red liquor cost a pinch of gold dust and the bartender did the pinching. Any saloon owner in a mining town would take one look at his thumbs and tell him to put on his apron and get behind the bar, and Curly Jo knew it.

She nodded understandingly, but Elijah Taylor said, "A bartender and a train robber! An unholy ride this will be!"

"But we got you along, Reverend," Curly Jo reminded him. "You—what's your name?"

"Tom," the fireman said.

"Well, Tom, roll them logs off the tracks and uncouple the engine and let's get started."

Tom jumped down to the embankment and walked ahead of the locomotive. He rolled away the two logs with two great sweeps of his shoulders. Then he returned, unpinned the coupling, and climbed, grinning, to the tender.

The girl stepped into the cab, her eyes bright, and called over her shoulder, "Tom, which one do I pull?"

"That one on the right, I believe," Tom said. He opened the fire door and tossed wood into the hot flames.

CURLY JO pulled the lever, and steam hissed, the big driving wheels turned, and smoke belled from the huge brass funnel. Old 62 moved along the tracks, gathering speed, and Curly Jo looked at Elijah and whooped ecstatically. "Don't it beat all?" she said and reached for the whistle cord.

The hills sent back the shrill echo of the whistle, and the wheels clicked faster underneath. She had the throttle wide open, and the fireman said warningly, "Better ease her up when we turn onto the bridge."

Elijah had his head out the cab window. The bridge rushed toward them, and cinders stung his face. Curly Jo never put

her hand near the throttle, and Elijah found himself grinning and gasping at the same time, as the locomotive spun around the curve and rushed across the wooden trestle. The brown river water was close down below.

"River's up," the girl said. "River's way up. Tom, pile on some more wood."

Tom kicked open the fire door, said, "Lay off that whistle or we'll lose all our steam."

"You just keep putting on wood," Curly Jo said.

"We must be going fifty miles an hour," Elijah said, with his head still out the window, and his words rushed away with the wood smoke.

THE roaring sound of the trestle crossing ended abruptly, and Engine 62 started up a slow grade at the other side of the river. The girl said, "Reverend, how do you like the life of crime?"

Elijah pulled his head in, recovered his dignity. "Listen here. Do you know how to stop this thing?"

"Nope." She turned her head. "How do you stop her, Tom?"

"One way is to quit piling on wood," the fireman said, puffing as he threw another log into the firebox. He met the girl's eyes, and Elijah noticed the spontaneous exchange of smiles.

Elijah asked, "How far are you taking us, young lady?"

"Just a couple more miles. Pop will be waiting."

"I wonder he didn't come himself," Elijah said severely. "I wonder he sent his young daughter instead."

"Pop met with an unfortunate accident, Elijah," Curly Jo explained. "Pop carried off more metal than there was in the stage box. He's got a little piece of it in his shoulder."

Elijah shook his head sadly. "That old devil won't come to mercy in a day and a night. That old devil owes a mighty big bill, and I don't know if he can ever pay it."

"Maybe you'll endorse his note, Elijah," the girl said gaily.

Elijah pursed his lips. "I wonder how much was in that collection box down in Texas."

"Thirteen hundred—what collection box?"

"Thirteen hundred and what?"

"And a leaden half buck," Curly Jo said. She sat down on the woodpile,

smiled at Tom. "Where did you last tend bar?"

"I've been everywhere," the fireman said and paused to light his pipe. "Silver City, Deadwood, but mainly in St. Louis. I'm bound for Jericho to make me a stake."

She shook her head. Some of her black hair had strayed from under the brim of the fawn-colored hat. "You'll never make a stake tending bar," she said.

"Maybe not. But ever I do, I'm going to open me a saloon in St. Louis. That's my town."

She turned her head. "Say, it's about time to stop this contraption. How do I go about it?"

Tom stepped into the cab, eased off the throttle and applied the brakes. Old 62 hissed to a stop. They were in a cut through pale, limy ground, fringed by a sparse growth of scrub oak.

Curly Jo jumped lightly from the floor of the cab to the bank of the cut. She waved a gun. "Come on, Elijah."

Elijah was past the days of jumping. He climbed down to the cinders and scrambled up the side of the cut. Tom jumped over.

"Follow me," Curly Jo said. "We got to walk a piece."

They went in silence among the trees, the girl swinging ahead. Her short skirt slapped her knees, and her boots clicked on the rocky ground. Tom grinned, watching the impudent swing of her walk, the confident bearing of her slight shoulders. Here was a woman, this Curly Jo. She could shoot a gun or dance a reel, and she wasn't afraid of life or death.

They came suddenly to a ledge of limestone striking from a hillside, and in the shelter of the ledge a man lay with his head on a saddle.

The girl sang out, "Pop, here's Elijah."

Elijah advanced curiously and looked down at the face of old Bald Pete. The blackness of his mustache showed how pale he was, and there was a glazed look to his eyes. Elijah saw at once that the old man was worse than his daughter knew. He dropped to his knees, and Bald Pete said, "Howdy, Elijah. I'm sure glad to see you. I sure do want to hear you preach."

Elijah shook his head slightly and glanced up at Curly Jo. She stood with her feet wide apart, smiling down at her father.

Elijah rose, still looking at her, and said, "Your father needs a doctor more than anything else, if it ain't already too late."

The girl's face paled, and her lips pressed together.

Bald Pete heard her quick intake of breath and smiled up at her. "Honey, one more piece of lead ain't going to weight me down. I'll be up and around tomorrow."

"More likely you'll be gone tomorrow, Pete," Elijah said regretfully. "I'm sorry to say it. There ain't time enough to save your soul."

Bald Pete chuckled. "Elijah, I don't want you to save my soul. I just want to hear you preach."

"You heard him, Elijah," Curly Jo said tightly. "Now you preach."

TOM was squatting with his back against the ledge, and the girl sat beside him. He saw the moisture in her eyes and his hand went out, touched hers in sympathy. She did not withdraw her hand, and his fingers pressed comfortingly around hers.

"Pete, I forgive you making off with my collection box down in Texas," Elijah said. "But there's one thing I'd like to know. How much was in it?"

Bald Pete grinned. "Thirteen hundred and forty-two dollars, Reverend. Not counting a lead half buck."

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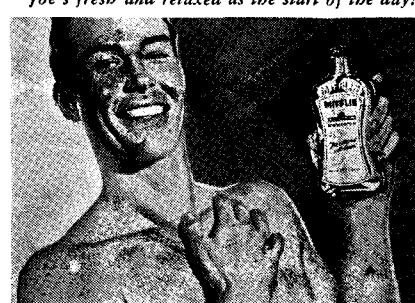
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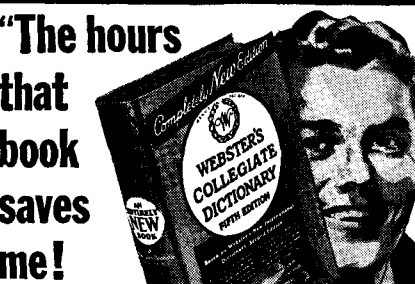
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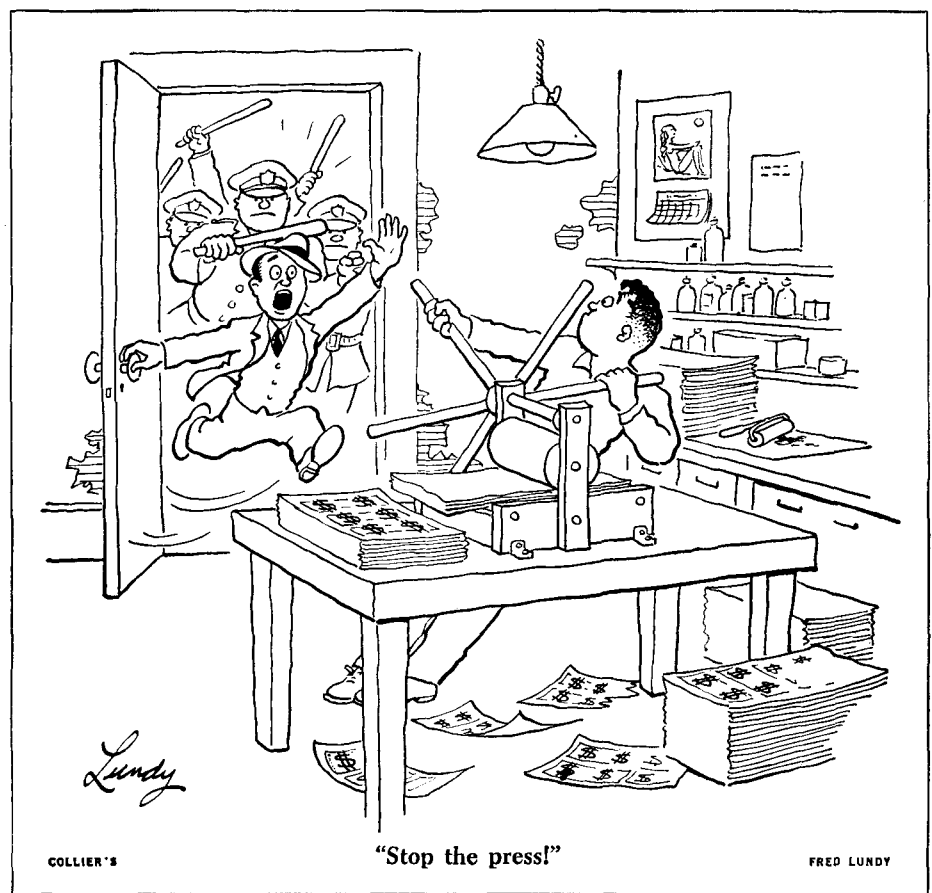
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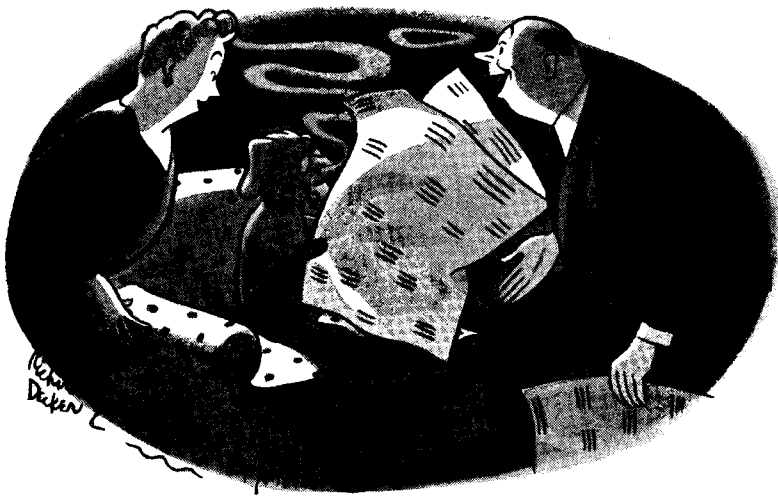
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...first thing on arising

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work for the Lord, Pete," Elijah said. "That's a mighty heavy count against you."

"Pop just wants to hear you preach, Elijah," Curly Jo said brokenly.

Pete weakly raised one hand. "Honey, don't you bust in. The reverend's right. I owe him that money and I want to pay it to him now. I'm tickled to pay that money to hear you preach, Elijah. So, honey, will you count it out."

Curly Jo raked aside some leaves and pulled a strongbox from a shallow hole. She measured gold dust into a canvas sack and handed it to Elijah and said, "Pop passed that lead half buck in Dodge City, Elijah, but here's a good one to make it up."

"Now preach, Reverend," Pete said.

"I'm going to preach, Pete," Elijah said, stuffing the sack in his pocket. "And I'm going to pray for you, too. I'm real sorry there ain't more time. Maybe I could have done something for you. Maybe I could have made you see the error of your ways. At least you like preaching and in your fashion, Pete, I don't suppose you're a *bad* man. Ornerly, maybe, but not low-down. You rob and steal and sashay through life with guns in your belt, but did you ever kill a man?"

"I never did, Reverend," Pete said. "That is, not that I recollect. Naturally. I shot some Indians."

"Yes, of course," Elijah said. "Now you got some points in your favor, Pete. You never killed a man, and you never caroused and consorted evilly or—or did you, Pete?"

"No. I didn't, Elijah," Pete said. "If you want to wet up before you start to preaching, there's a jug there under that blackjack oak."

"Don't mind if I do," Elijah said, and reached for the jug. He took a swallow and passed the jug to Tom.

"I'm not one of those who holds that whisky itself is evil," Elijah said. "It ain't more evil than guns are or money is. It's what people do with money and guns and whisky that makes them instruments of evil. Now, Pete, you claim you always left the evil lay in the jug, and never poured it out, and you claim you never let the evil out of the business end of a pistol, and I guess you never used the evil power of money to foreclose a mortgage and force a widow woman out on the street, did you?"

"No, I didn't, Reverend," Bald Pete said in a faint, choked voice.

"It boils down to this," Elijah said. He was warmed up now. "Pete, you stole. That's the sum and substance of your crimes. Of course, that's bad enough. But, Pete, the serious part of it ain't the money you stole. What is money but a form of tender established to facilitate the commerce of individuals and society. Metal mined from the ground. Paper printed in Washington. No, Pete, what you got to account for is that you stole a soul. You stole your own daughter's soul. You led her upon the path of the unrighteous. You . . ."

"Reverend, I hate to interrupt you, just when you was beginning to lay it on," Tom said. "But I'm afraid Bald Pete is gone."

THE girl dropped to her knees at her father's side, and Tom gently patted her shoulder. Elijah shook his head slowly and picked up the jug. It was a fitting act, he thought, to drink to the passing of an old rapsallion like Bald Pete.

The girl said in a voice of anguish, "Elijah, I'll answer for myself. Pop don't have to answer for me. I've got Pop's spirit in me and I'm proud to have it. Pop wasn't afraid of nothing and neither am I. If he made me that way, I guess he's responsible for it, but I'm proud I had a father like him."

"I wouldn't pass judgment," Elijah said.

"That ain't for me. I'm here to help, not to hinder with self-righteous criticism. I try to point out the errors and the sins of mankind, but it ain't my right to pass judgment."

Tom stood up. "You're a good man, Elijah," he said, and put out his hand.

Elijah shook it warmly, then passed the jug. He said softly, "Let's step aside and leave her be for a while."

They walked off into the woods. Tom chose a plot of level ground under an oak tree and went to work digging a grave. It was dusk by the time he finished, and when they returned to the limestone ledge, Curly Jo was sitting on the strongbox, silent.

Elijah said the burial service, and the girl brought her father's saddle to place at the head of the grave. In the twilight, they walked back through the woods to the locomotive.

Tom was anxious. "Curly, do you know what you're going to do?"

"I'm going to ride back with you two," Curly Jo said matter-of-factly. "That's the first thing. I left my horse back there by the train."

Tom threw wood on the fire until the steam pressure rose again, then pulled the reverse lever. As they backed away the girl seized the whistle cord and pulled it hard. Engine 62 sounded a long, mournful dirge for old Bald Pete, the highway robber.

The brass smokestack sent sparks showering into the night, and in their light and the glow from the firebox, Tom saw the girl's white, strained face. When at last she took her hand off the whistle cord, and the noise rolled away into the hills, he moved nearer her, put one hand on her shoulder.

"Honey, don't you worry," he said. "You ain't alone."

SHE broke away, whispered angrily, "I can stand on my own two feet. Pop taught me that."

Tom turned away. They were backing down the grade in the darkness, and he could barely see the shine of the tracks. Elijah sat silently on the woodpile, studying the girl's silhouette against the cab window. Her shoulders had lost their straight, impudent bearing.

Old 62 reached the bottom of the grade and rolled out on the trestle, and Tom noticed that the roaring noise of the trestle crossing was absent. Instead, he heard a splashing noise, that died suddenly. With a hissing sound, the locomotive stopped. Curly Jo had whistled away the steam.

Tom looked out the window, cried, "Hey, the river is up over the trestle."

The floodwaters had come down fast as they did in this bare country, swelling the rocky channel of the river. Water washed over the tracks, flowed between the spokes of the huge driving wheels.

Elijah looked over the side of the tender. "Better get on across, Tom."

"Can't," the fireman said. "We lost our head of steam."

"Then we'd better build it up."

Elijah began passing wood, and Tom tossed it into the firebox. In the brighter light, he saw Curly Jo's face. She met his glance, managed a wan smile.

Tom dropped the log Elijah had passed him and stepped toward her. "Honey, I meant what I said. You don't want to be alone. Nobody does. You know that. But I'm here with you, if you want me, any time you want me. I'm just a bartender looking for a job, but some day I'm going to have me a big saloon in St. Louis, and we'll have everything of the best. What do you say?"

"You better put some more wood on, Tom," she said. "The river's still rising."

Tom turned and picked up the log, kicked open the fire door. After he had thrown the log furiously into the flames, he glanced up and saw her face. She was smiling.

"All you need is a stake, Tom?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

"I've got a stake," she said. "Fifteen thousand dollars back yonder in the strongbox. That ought to be enough."

"Thanks," Tom said. "I'm going to earn my stake, though. I ain't going to borrow it."

"Here, here," Elijah said. "Take this log, Tom. You want us all to drown?"

"I didn't mean to lend it," the girl said. "I meant a stake for us, Tom."

"Take this log," Elijah said impatiently, then saw that it was useless. He went forward and opened the fire door.

AS HE fed wood to the fire, he glanced aside and smiled and shut the fire door. Even in the darkness he could see their blended silhouette against the cab window.

"Bless you, children," he said softly. He went for another log but straightened without picking it up. "It beats me," he said, "but it looks like the Lord buries a man's sins deep when he dies, and Bald Pete done some good, just by dying. But, Tom, why don't you forget about that saloon? Why don't you open up a restaurant?"

"Elijah," Curly Jo said, "did you know there was a reward for me?"

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Elijah shook his head in the darkness. "Child, you're worth more than that."

"But, you see, they'll be looking for me." Her voice was anxious.

"They'll be looking for Bald Pete's daughter," Elijah said. "They won't be looking for Tom's wife."

"You're a good man, Elijah," Tom said. "It would make us happy if you said the marriage service for us."

"Here on a railroad trestle in the middle of the night?" Elijah shook his head. "Without any witnesses nor a light to show the bride's smiles? It ain't fitting, Tom. A man ought to get married proper, with his license and his witnesses, before a pastor in the church."

"We'll be traveling cross-country and we won't see another preacher," Tom said. "Day we get to St. Louis we'll have a church wedding, Reverend, right and proper. But it would make us proud to have you say it, Elijah."

Elijah considered. "If you promise me something."

"What?"

"Will you forget about that saloon?" Elijah asked.



Tom hesitated, and the girl said eagerly, "I can cook, Tom."

"All right," Tom said. "It will be a restaurant, then, but we'll have a bar in the corner and some sawdust on the floor."

Elijah smiled. "Face me, children." He had difficulty keeping his feet, and swayed back and forth as he recited the marriage service. He put his hand to the side of the cab to steady himself as he said, "Do you, Tom, take this woman to be your lawful, wedded wife?"

"I do," Tom said.

"Do you Jo"—Elijah began, and the floor slanted steeply under his feet. He staggered, clung to an upright piece of metal, and heard the rushing sound of river water, the creaking of timbers strained to breaking. He finished, "—take this man to be your lawful, wedded husband?"

Elijah never heard the response. Engine 62 swung sideways as the trestle collapsed, and a flood of brown water rushed in and swept Elijah away. He had a brief glimpse of Curly Jo clutching for support and grasping the swinging whistle cord and he heard the deafening roar of the whistle as he kicked his way free and was snatched away by the current.

He went under, swallowed sour river water, and fought his way to the surface just as the mighty whistle was choked off in a great gasp of steam. The water boiled up where Old 62 went down, and white steam shimmered in the night, and the echo of the whistle rolled mournfully back over the water.

Elijah saw no trace of the other two and already he was out of breath. He struck out for shore, impeded by his clothing and his shoes and weighted by the sack of gold dust in his pocket. Luckily he got his hands on a section of floating timber. Clinging to it, he kicked his way to shore.

HE FOUND a footing in the mud, pushed up the bank, and dropped, gasping, in thick saw grass. He lay there, regaining his breath and looking up at the stars, until a long shout brought him upright, listening. He heard it again, coming across the swirling torrent from the opposite shore: "Elijah!"

He got to his feet, called, "Over here."

"Are you all right?" It was Tom's voice.

"Yes. Both of you there?"

Curly Jo's voice floated over, "Both of us, Elijah."

Elijah smiled in the darkness. He cupped his hands to his mouth, shouted, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Tom answered, "Thank you, Reverend," then it was still.

Elijah waited, but heard no more, and after a long pause on the bank, he pushed his way through the saw grass to the railway embankment. There was light enough to see the shining rails, and he followed them in the night until he rounded a curve and saw a campfire laid beside the tracks and in its glow the black form of the stalled coach.

He went, smiling, along the tracks and, as he stepped into the firelight, Miss Nettie saw him and jumped up. "Elijah! You're all right?"

"Perfectly all right, Miss Nettie," Elijah said. "A little wet, but with spirits undampened." He patted her hand. "It was a sad sight, indeed."

"Sad? What was sad? Have they harmed you, Elijah?"

"Of course not, but we were stalled on the bridge when the floodwaters came," Elijah said. "The trestle was swept away and us with it. I was lucky enough to find a log to cling to. But Curly Jo and that young man... she went down with her hand on the whistle cord, and maybe you heard the piteous sound of that last long melancholy whistle? It was enough to make you shiver. Poor creatures! We must inform the authorities in Jericho."

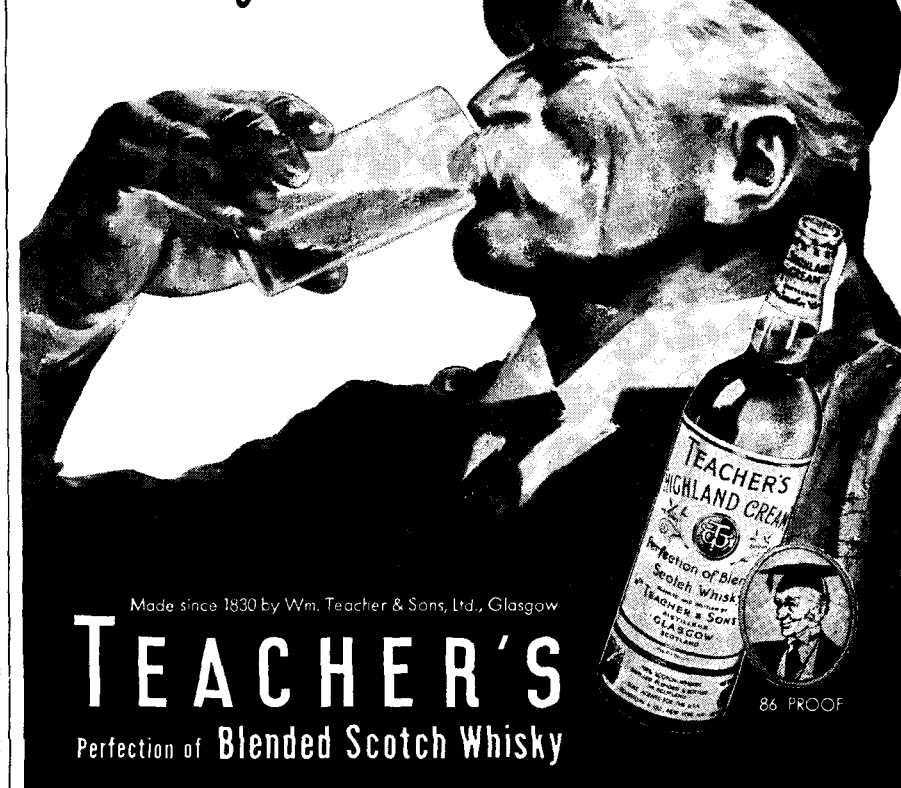
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DISORDER IN THE COURT

THE United States Supreme Court, supposedly packed or unpacked a few short years ago so that it would be forever "liberal," is now splitting up into at least two factions. One of these is made up, as a general rule, of Chief Justice Stone and Associate Justices Black, Douglas, Murphy and Rutledge—the so-called "liberal" group. The "conservative" group—Associate Justices Jackson, Reed and Roberts—clusters, curiously enough, around Justice Felix Frankfurter, who was advance-billed as a radical.

To make the matter more intriguing, the noble judges have taken of late to aiming pot shots at one another in dissenting opinions and individual memos attached to majority decisions. These cracks have led some solemn lawyers to protest that the Supreme Court is confusing and bedeviling the law, so that lower courts and the legal profession can't keep up with it.

We sympathize with the lower courts and the befuddled lawyers, and hope the Supreme Court will not go too far in hashing up the precedents and upsetting ancient principles of tried value. But, aside from that, we feel more encouraged than discouraged by these dissensions on the high bench.

It was hoped by zealous believers in totalitarianism that the packing or unpacking of the Supreme Court would make that body permanently subservient to the Executive branch of the government. There were dreams of a rubber-stamp Supreme Court plus a rubber-stamp Congress, both dutifully roaring "Ja!" to every act or proposal of the Executive branch.

The present uproars in the Supreme Court are signs that these dreams have not come true. We have an independent-minded Supreme Court still, and one whose members insist on being themselves. That is precisely the kind of Supreme Court the Constitution calls for, and the kind of Supreme Court we have always had.

It is the kind of Supreme Court, further, which we hope we shall continue to have. The Constitution's framers did not divide our government into Legislative, Executive and Judicial branches just for fun. They did it because they mortally hated and feared the idea of a dictator ever coming to power in the United States. They set up the Supreme Court to be a sort of umpire between the Executive and Legislative branches. Now that the Supreme Court is insisting on performing that duty, and now that Congress has ceased to be a rubber stamp, we feel reassured about the health of American democracy.



Triumphant Over Pain

TO THE best of our knowledge, the most poignant story yet to come out of the American part of World War II is the story of the five Sullivan brothers, who "always wanted to be together," got their wish from the Navy, and were killed on the cruiser Juneau in one blazing South Pacific battle.

Our colleague, The American Magazine, has recently published the story by the boys' mother, Mrs. Thomas F. Sullivan of Waterloo, Iowa, of how she reacted to the tragedy. It seems to us a most moving and inspiring document.

At first, says Mrs. Sullivan, she feared she might drown in grief, as people have done. There is literally such a thing as dying of a broken heart. After a time, however, she pulled herself out of it. Basically, she managed to swing her mind around from an introverted focusing on her own sorrow to an extrovert contemplation of the world outside herself.

Presently she was engaging in war work of various kinds. She and her husband, at last, rather reluctantly and shyly let themselves be persuaded to tour some war plants, on the theory that their appearances would spur production in the plants visited. The theory proved up, magnificently—which gave Mrs. Sullivan the quiet conviction that she was doing something real to help our war along. She found, too, she says, great consolation in the Church.

Today, though the wound doubtless will never be completely healed, Mrs. Sullivan has rounded this most terrible corner of her life. It can be done . . . and to go on living more fully, helpfully and effectively than before is the finest tribute one can pay to one's beloved dead.

Free Mail from Home

THERE'S no disappointment like the disappointment of a homesick G.I. at some dreary combat station, when he sees the last envelope in his company's mail sack handed out without his name being called. Commanding officers tell us that letters from home are as vital as blood plasma. And yet the first question of men and women serving overseas always is: Why don't we get mail more often?

Army and Navy personnel who write home have

the privilege of free postage. But getting mail to them is even more important than getting mail from them. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to grant free postage on all first-class mail going to men and women in uniform outside this country? The cost would be slight when measured against the return in the form of boosted morale—which may need boosting when invasion casualties get under way.

A Rev-Up for the Record

RECENTLY, Senator Robert R. Reynolds (Dem., N. C.) introduced a bill to distribute copies of the Congressional Record to the libraries of all Army camps and naval stations. Our reaction is: Why stop there? Why not rev up the Congressional Record to popularize it generally?

The Congressional Record (as not too many people know) is the day-to-day verbatim report of everything said and done in both houses of Congress (except time-killer filibuster speeches), plus an appendix wherein members can have reprinted various things which they admire, from efforts of deserving home-town poets to editorials from Collier's.

It is one of the most important publications anywhere, and if it had a bigger reading public, the American people would understand their own government better than they do. Yet the Record is printed on plain newsprint and its type face and make-up are a good substitute for sleeping pills.

Our notion would be to streamline the Record somehow. Why not a dashing cover design now and then in two, three or four colors? Why not some snazzy marginal cartoons by such old masters as Virgil Partch, Jay Irving, Gardner Rea, Garrett and George Price, Jefferson Machamer, et al.? How about a staff of editors to chop out repetitions, congressional courtesy stuff, etc., and boil down over long speeches to their essentials? This edition of the Record might be made a weekly or biweekly affair for general distribution, the verbatim version to be sold only to those who really wanted it.

All this will perhaps shock traditionalists, purists, and people who think it unhealthy for the general public to know too much about the government. Nevertheless, an interesting, well edited, sharply focused popular edition of the Congressional Record should give a lot of us an extremely valuable insight into our own elected Congress.



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